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FROM THE LEVANT,

THE BLACK SEA. AND THE DANUBE.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE COTTON FAMINE," &C. &C.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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FROM THE LEVANT.

LETTER I.

The Dardanelles—Mount Ida—A vain Frenchman—Turkish Defences—Sir H. Bulwer's Island—The Sea of Marmora—View of Constantinople—Stamboul—Scutari—The Golden Horn—Old Seraglio—Caïques and *Caïgjis*—Hamals—Up to Pera—Dervishes of Constantinople—A Street Fight—Coloured Houses—Turkish Women—Shoes and Hats—Turkish Cemetery at Scutari—Cypresses and Gravestones—English Cemetery—The Crimean Monument—Howling Dervishes—Their *Tekké* and Iman—Dressed for Howling—Drunk with Howling—Religious Fanaticism—Galata—Carriages and Horses—Turkish Veils—Houris of Stamboul—Turks and their Wives—Turkish Women's Rights—Mahometanism and Christianity.

THE little gentleman in "Punch," who being asked if in the travels of which he was boasting, he had seen the Dardanelles, replied, "Aw, yes, I dined with em," was not much more ignorant of these famous straits than I might have been if we could have passed them by night. But Turkish regulations forbid the entry of vessels after sunset, with the only exception of those

carrying the mails, and we so timed our departure from Salonica that we might arrive with morning light off the Dardanelles. Upon the Asian point, a miserable Turkish town, Koum-Kaleh—a nest of wooden sheds—stands near the mouth of the classic Meander. Our eyes could plainly trace the course of this river through the plains of Troy, towards its source in the snows of Mount Ida, which has no peak, but is rather a long mountain ridge, and not at all a comfortable-looking abode for gods and goddesses. Regarding the snowy mountain as the scene of the Judgment of Paris, I felt sympathy for the lovely trio, who, according to the pictures we have all seen, stood before him in so cool a toilette.

I was reminded, too, of a French naval officer, a would-be Paris, who lost his grade for a ludicrous act of presumption. The ex-Queen of Greece was very fond of dancing and riding, accomplishments which Her Majesty performed with singular grace; and, they say, that a good waltzer might calculate upon the honour of dancing with Queen Amelia at a Court ball, if his perfection in the waltz were made known. Perhaps it may have been for this reason that Her Majesty was supposed by this presumptuous officer to have glanced with favourable eyes upon himself. French vanity easily magnifies egotism so delicious, and Monsieur, happy in regarding himself the favourite of the Queen, resolved upon an original act of homage. He selected a

hundred rosy-cheeked apples, and with them sent a note to this effect:—"Madame,—Paris gave Venus an apple because she was the most beautiful; you are a hundred times more beautiful than Venus, therefore I send your Majesty a hundred apples." The Queen referred the letter and the apples to the French Minister at Athens, and Monsieur was degraded for his silly impertinence.

If you should ever be yachting in the Levant, do not prepare to sail up the Dardanelles after sunset. You cannot attempt it if there is a north wind, for there is always a strong current setting into the Archipelago, against which no progress can be made with a head wind. You may enter after sunset and anchor in the mouth, before the straits narrow up to where the castles of Europe and Asia guard the chaunel. On the Asiatic side, the low fortifications are very extensive; and to the north-east of them lies the town of Dardanelles, mostly a wooden-built place, except where a few good official houses front the shore. The round towers of the European castle, with a picturesque village rising behind them, are upon the point of a corresponding tongue of land, and if you attempted to pass these after sunset, you would receive notice to stop with blank cartridge, followed by cannon balls if you neglected to obey the harmless summons. To swim the Hellespont at this point, or to build a bridge of boats from one continent

to the other, are not very great feats, for the distance between the shores can scarcely amount to three-quarters of a mile. Yet Leander and Byron gained fame by the first, and Xerxes by the second, a more arduous undertaking, though in neither are difficulties to be encountered in any way comparable to the celebrity these acts have acquired.

After this, the narrowest portion of the Dardanelles, is past, the straits widen out into a channel, which I follow M. Théophile Gautier in comparing with the Thames below Gravesend. Though there are no very striking features in the scenery upon the European shore, yet we have no scenery in England so wildly wooded as the rocky undulations of the Roumelian coast, interspersed with patches of cultivation; the softer slopes of the Asiatic side must and may well have suggested to M. Gautier the lower coasts of Kent or Essex. Before daylight we entered the Sea of Marmora, of which the sunrise seemed to make a beautiful lake, gemmed with islands, the boundaries of the sea presenting no very bold outlines. When Sir Henry Bulwer was recently ambassador to the Porte, they say he spent more money than he could prudently afford upon a little island in the Sea of Marmora, and was obliged to get out of the undertaking by selling the property to the Pacha of Egypt. I can forgive him the extravagance invited and encouraged by a scene so

enchanting and a climate so deliciously suggestive of indulgence, so intoxicating with imprudence. But tongues will wag; the Levantines talk of the affair as if it were a national scandal, and certainly it is better to choose ambassadors for their talent than their genius, men of cooler spirit, patient in following the interests of their country, and not likely to do anything extraordinary except in the furtherance of this duty.

I have never read any description of Constantinople which gave me a correct notion of the place. From *Eothen* I learnt to think of it as a Mahometan Venice, and doubtless I, too, shall fail in attempting a word-picture of a city probably the most heterogeneous, the most coloured and curious in the world. The sunlight of a beautiful May morning gilded the white minarets and shone upon the lower cupolas of Santa Sophia and other great mosques of Stamboul, as we entered the Bosphorus from the Sea of Marmora. The minarets of the capital of Turkey resemble, like those of Volo and Salonica, large white candles with black extinguishers; but in the great mosques, there are two, and sometimes three balconies, which have the appearance of double or treble rosettes round these slender towers. If we were really "Turcophiles," I think we should agree, before proceeding, always to call the city Stamboul, as do its Turkish inhabitants and masters. They are aware that Constantinople is the name by which their city

has always been known to the Franks, but indeed the use of it is a protest against the Turkish rule in Europe. Constantinople of the Romans, Byzantium of the Thracian Empire, and Stamboul of the Turks, are all names of the city lying before us. From the Sea of Marmora we see, upon the extreme point of Europe, a long, straight bank of houses, red, white, and yellow; each seeming to stand by itself with green trees set about it, the whole interset with white mosques and bounded on the sea-line by a dull, brown cord, which is the wall of the Byzantine period, finished at the extreme north with the Castle of Seven Towers, by the Greeks called Heptapurgon, and by the Turks known as Yedi-Kule. The castle has seven round towers, all seeming to be closely clustered together, and all in that condition of tumble-down which is favourable to the picturesque. This long bank of houses, beginning at the Seven Towers and ending at the lighthouse which marks the northern point of the entrance to the Bosphorus, is the western slope of Stamboul, the Turkish quarter of the city.

The opposite point, the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, rises more abruptly from the sea, with a small cliff crowned with an English garden, which is the cemetery of many of our Crimean braves. The square formality of the vast building, lying behind, which was an English hospital, and is now a Turkish barrack, has

nothing Oriental in its construction, and the hills around the city support several such huge edifices, the Turks having, together with the coat and trousers of the West, adopted these factory-like barracks. The Asiatic town of Scutari, which is very Turkish, also appears in this view, beyond the cemetery and the hospital. But it is not until you have passed into the Bosphorus that you see the Golden Horn separating the Turkish quarter from Pera, the stranger's home in Constantinople. If you saw the Golden Horn covered with fog—as, if you visit Turkey too early in the year, is very likely—I am afraid you would be reminded of the Thames at London. But in May, the sky of Constantinople is generally of unclouded azure; and when, on such a day as that it was our good fortune to enjoy, you are entered upon the theatre of the city so that its three divisions surround you,—the blue waters of the Golden Horn, busy, and sometimes smoky, with the ships of every nation, separating the higher bank of Pera from the lower slope on which is Stamboul—as I will call the Turkish quarter only,—you will agree with me that, while there are no grand features in the scene, such as heighten the charm of Naples, yet that the Turkish capital has a situation of unmatched beauty.

The conflicting currents of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus trouble the inexperienced navigator who enters the port of Constantinople. We watched a

puffing tugboat dragging an Italian and an English barque beneath the walls of the Old Seraglio, a white palace set among cypresses and plane trees upon the triangular point of Turkish Stamboul, made by the meeting of the Bosphorus with the Golden Horn. Towing her double burden, the tug laboured against the current, with which we more easily contended. And as our anchor fell in the Golden Horn, we were surrounded by boats and caïques, manned with rowers of every colour, dressed in garments of equally various hues. The caïques of Constantinople, which dart about the waters of the city, are sharply peaked at head and stern, with no rudder and little keel. Consequently, they are not difficult to upset, and on the cushions, laid in the broadest beam, there is only room for two persons. The wooden lining of the caïques is often carved like the gondolas of Venice, and the lusty-limbed *caïqjis* steer with their oars, which are lashed with a leathern thong to a single rowlock, and balanced by the greatly-increased thickness of that part of the oar which is inside the caïque. While we were waiting for the permission of the quarantine officer to land, we surveyed the boatmen struggling and screaming for the first approach to the ladder of our ship.

The costume of these people was very much in harmony with the brightness of the scene. There was one caïque in which sat a stout-limbed negro, his black legs

and fezzed head appearing out of white baggy drawers and a white jacket. An old Turk, who gravely steered his boat, as near as he could, heedless of the stormy tongues about him, sat there motionless, waiting—overshadowed by his huge turban of twisted lilac cotton—for Allah to send him a freight. There were Africans in yellow, and Turks in blue, green, and red, and Levantine Christians, more full of curses and noise than any; there was every variety of complexion, from the pallid parchment of the old Turk to the shining ebony of the perspiring negroes. We, however, fell a prey to an English-speaking touter in broadcloth, who convoyed us to the Custom House, where, after a light and cautious searching of our baggage, the official murmured "baksheesh," which I affected not to hear.

Then the luggage was seized upon by "hamals," the porters of Constantinople, a most peculiar people. The *hamal* is a sort of human camel, who lives upon rice boiled with meat when he can get it, and at other times upon vegetables and water; his large feet are loosely slippered, the knotty calves of his legs are mahogany-coloured with exposure, and his coarse woollen drawers and short jacket seem the only articles of dress which cover his open shirt, displaying his brown breast, generally heaving with hard labour. A handkerchief, white or green, confines the errant tassel of his fez; and when at work he adjusts a leathern cushion upon his

back, with a strap round his chest. Then stooping, with his face quite turned downwards to the pavement, so that his shoulders and the cushion form a level platform, he takes upon this space almost anything you please, from a chest of drawers to a sack of wheat, and emits from his unseen mouth a guttural cry of warning to the unheeding passengers who block his way. Our "hamals" laboured up the heights of Pera, where houses rise behind houses in towering succession, —where all the hotels are situated, through dirty, narrow streets, over execrable pavement, crowded with a motley population, among which there are people of every country.

Horses ascend and descend the steps of the main street of Pera, but carriages must take a longer and less steep route. The narrow street is continued upon the more level heights, and bordered by embassies, hotels, and shops. Hotel life is dear in Constantinople, more costly than in Paris or London. I suppose this is occasioned by the pressure for space in crowded Pera, and by the necessity of importing everything into a city the manners and customs of which are so foreign to those of life in Western Europe.

There are certain sights which every traveller must see in Constantinople, and scarcely any one omits a visit to the howling and turning dervishes. As the howlers practise their peculiar fanaticism only once a week, and

their day was the next after our arrival, our first excursion was to the home of these devotees. To suppose that this fanaticism is common among the numerous priesthood of Constantinople would be a very great mistake. The dervishes of Mahometanism, like the fakirs of Buddhism, are religious extremes, and their ceremonies, which I will try to describe, are matched by those of fakirs, who condemn themselves to life in one unchanging attitude, or their finger-nails to any attainable growth, or their bodies to cruel self-torture, all with the same idea of approaching the Eternal God. By profession, a dervish, like a mendicant friar, is self-condemned to perpetual poverty; but I am told that the donations and legacies of the faithful have nullified this original precept. Certainly they have little in common with the muftis and the ulemas, the mollahs or regular priesthood of Mahometanism, by whom it is said they are regarded with some disfavour on account of their greater popularity. Yet I hardly think this can be the reason, because we observed that their *séances* were not crowded. That some jealousy exists is very probable, for the sufficient reason that the dervishes, with their established reputation for peculiar holiness, are more independent of public opinion than the priests of the mosques.

As the guides attached to our hotel were previously engaged, we had some difficulty in procuring the services

of a dragoman, and I was not very favourably impressed with the appearance of a young Greek, who, if his word might be taken for truth, knew every hole and corner of Stamboul. Under his guidance, we descended to the landing-place of Top-Hané, where a crowd of *caïqjis* each recommended his own boat. Our dragoman was arranging for the hire of a caïque to take us to Scutari, when, suddenly, we beheld one of the boatmen, a stout fellow, wearing a flaming shirt of red and yellow, and white drawers, rush upon him, and a scuffle commenced. I at once supposed that we had fallen into the hands of a dishonest Greek, who was being punished for some former knavery. When they were separated, in which neither the bystanding soldiers nor boatmen interfered, each poured his own tale, equally voluble—one in Turkish, the other in bad French—upon our unwilling ears. The guide's story was that he offered five piastres for the caïque, that the boatman wished him to demand ten, and said that, if the dragoman left it to him, he, the *caïqji*, would get ten piastres from us by force upon the water. This looked rather a lame story. The boatman's tale, interpreted by an Italian bystander, was that the dragoman wanted to obtain for himself five piastres, having told the *caïqji* to demand and divide ten,—a more probable tale, and one which reconciled me to the cuffing our dragoman had received, and probably deserved. The boatman had broken

the guide's umbrella upon its owner's arms, and the dragoman had in vain begged of me my stout stick that he might crack the *caïqji's* head.

An Englishman is all-powerful in a Turkish quarrel; he can adjust it with more ease than Mahomet's law; and we were soon seated in the caïque of another and more peaceful boatman, gliding across the Bosphorus. The houses of Scutari are mostly built of wood, and the majority are coloured red, the dark tint of dried salmon, very much like that of many barge sails upon the Thames, and I know of no colour which makes more pleasant contrast with the young, green leaves of spring. More than half the houses in Stamboul, and nearly all in Scutari, are built of wood, the stories projecting, the higher beyond the lower, like the houses of London city 300 years ago. Here, the plan gives more shade to the street; and as the houses are nearly all detached, the occupants can look at pleasure up and down their street from the projecting windows. In what a genuine Turk would call "the good old times," the occupant's creed was expressed by the colour of his house. Greeks were obliged to paint their houses red, and Jews must colour their dwellings black, while the faithful had a choice of all the remaining colours excepting green, the sacred sign of Islam.

Reform, introducing the manners and customs of Western Europe, is pushing its way with rapid strides

in Stamboul, but Scutari is more Turk and Tory. In the Asiatic town, you meet with comparatively few Frankish trousers, and the veils of the women are more opaque than those which only pretend to hide the beauties of Stamboul. A bed of tulips is not more brightly coloured than the street of Scutari with Turkish women. Their enveloping mantles, which appear as shapeless as a sheet thrown across the shoulders, are always of a single colour, and generally of one material, a sort of fine cashmere. Geranium red and rose colour, blues, violets, greens, yellow, white, a light drab and salmon colour,—these two last are most affected by old ladies. One or both hands find occupation in holding the mantle together in front, and in summer the women very rarely wear other than shoes or high boots of yellow leather, generally a pair of high boots, like short "Wellingtons," very loose upon the leg, with a pair of slippers over them which they throw off on entering a mosque or a house. The cleanly practice of wearing double shoes is very common both with men and women in Constantinople; indeed, among the higher classes it is universal out of doors, and I imagine there are many housewives in England, who, if they could choose between their guest's boots and his hat, would much prefer that his muddy soles should be brought in his hand into their drawing-rooms, or left at the street-door of their houses. The Turkish custom

of taking off the shoes on entering a building has in it much more of cleanliness than holiness—indeed, the majority of Turks do not enter a mosque barefoot; they merely drop their outer shoes at the door, and cross the matting to their chosen seat in spotless boots. The soldiers and the very poor wear no socks in summer, and these enter the mosques barefoot.

The latest fashion among the Turkish women is a small hat, framed and very light, fitting the head quite closely like a Scotch bonnet; and over this they twist the veil of white muslin, which descends to the eyebrows; another turn of the same veil covers the mouth and chin, the nose resting upon it. With most of the younger ladies of Stamboul this veil is so transparent that it rather enhances than conceals their charms, on Lord Macaulay's principle, that "drapery is more alluring than exposure." In the main street of Scutari, which ascends the hill directly from the Bosphorus, were several parties of women, shopping; they never do this in the company of men, and rarely alone. Sometimes four, laughing and talking through their veils, fill a carriage rattling slowly over the stones.

The houses of Scutari present as uneven a front to this street as is possible, with the least attempt at uniformity; and after struggling up the hill for half an hour, we arrived at the very unpretending doorway of the *tekké*, or monastery of the howling dervishes. But

we were too soon by an hour. Dervishes reckon time from the setting of the sun, and not with any regard to such innovations as longitude—a difference of reckoning which may have caused our error; however, we resolved not to waste the time, but at once to walk on through the Turkish to the English cemetery.

The Turkish cemetery at Scutari is the largest in Constantinople. Like all Eastern grave-yards this is unfenced, for it is always enlarging, and no one can tell to what limits it may attain. A dark forest of cypresses overhang a thick underwood of tombstones, which are nearly of uniform size, four or five feet in height, a foot and a half wide, and two or three inches thick. The road, passing through the cemetery, is bordered with the workshops of mortuary masons, who seem to have a great number of gravestones on hand, all made of the blue Marmora marble, which I suppose is to be had in any quantity in the Sultan's dominions. The stones for the men are finished at the top with a fez or a turban, which in many cases may be so precisely carved as to mark the rank of the deceased; the women's monuments, if not distinguished by their names and relationship, are indicated by a waving sprig of olive or jasmine, which curls in impossible coils up the tombstone. Many are set through a flat stone, in which a basin is chiselled to receive the tears or sweet scents offered by sorrowing survivors. These basins, and probably the

tears, were quite dry, but many women, like wild flowers beneath the shade of the cypresses, sat beside the graves.

It would not be difficult to prove by an argument drawn from these cemeteries that Mahometanism can never be universal, for the rule which gives to each person a separate grave would make of the world one vast sepulchre, in which there would be no room to produce food for the survivors or to bury them. There are several other cypress groves around Constantinople marking the resting-places of the dead. With each interment it is the beneficent rule, though rarely observed, to plant a cypress, and these grow to a height of forty or fifty feet, marking the landscape with their solemn foliage. Of the gravestones, some are painted red or blue, with the lettering gilded upon this bright ground, and of some the fez or turban is gilded. Very few long retain their pristine perpendicularity. I asked the price of one, unlettered, of moderate size for a man's tomb, and was told that it would cost twenty francs. In burying the dead, the Turks, so slow on all other occasions, hurry to the grave, believing that the deceased suffer while they are kept out of the bosom of the earth, their natural mother.

We were sorry to leave the pleasant shade of the cypress trees for the dusty road which led to the English cemetery, a carefully railed and walled enclo-

sure, furnished, as an undertaker might say, "with every English comfort." Gravelled paths, planted borders, and green lawns, surrounded the white stones which marked the tombs. Among these, there is nothing striking, but nearly in the middle of the ground stands the national monument to the Crimean dead, erected by "Queen Victoria and her people." Four angels, with their long wings peacefully folded, support the corners of the granite pedestal, and between these, in the languages of the four allies who fought together against the Russians, is an inscription of which I have quoted the last five words. Above the pedestal, which at least is massive, rises an obelisk, which is certainly not. In my humble opinion, an obelisk should be strongly built of large stones, if not a monolith,—or not at all. An obelisk constructed like this at Scûtari of small masonry, looks feeble and impermanent, as well as quite unworthy of "Queen Victoria and her people."

Returning to the *tekké* of the dervishes, we found several other travellers waiting for the commencement of the ceremony. A gigantic negro, who wore above a garment of yellow cotton a long pelisse of green satin, lined with fur, seemed to be endeavouring in vain to persuade them of its religious character, and of the necessity for decorum, even while they, patient "giaours," were sitting upon the low stone wall of the court-yard, broiling beneath a pitiless sun. The yard

included the small burial-place of the dervishes, and the monastery was nothing more than a rambling, wooden house, with no distinctive architecture. One step down from the yard there was a covered anteroom, with two or three sheepskins spread upon the tiled floor, and a staircase rising to the upper apartments, which seemed to be occupied by the dervishes. At the stairs' foot, a man and two women were making and vending coffee, the same persons who afterwards accepted a pecuniary acknowledgment for our seats. Another negro, but with a smiling face, soon arrived in the yard, bearing on his head a stall of sweetmeats, which he set down in evident expectation of trade before and after the ceremony.

At length, after taking off our boots, we were admitted to the hall of the dervishes, which is altogether an old-fashioned looking place, a room five and thirty feet square, with a gallery on three sides overhanging a railed space below; the fourth side, excepting the narrow railed space, being occupied by the *mihrah*, which answers to the altar of Roman Catholic churches. Half the gallery was reserved for women, and covered in with trellised work of wood, the laths rudely painted with a green landscape of grass and trees,—I supposed to divert the masculine attention from the veiled faces which moved darkly behind. The beam supporting this portion of the gallery was hung with some twenty

tambourines, to be used, if, in their howlings, the dervishes did not get sufficiently noisy and excited. Rudely-squared pillars of wood supported the balcony, and a low, wooden balustrade enclosed the square in which the dervishes were to perform their rites. The eastern side of this room, like that of every mosque, had a recess, in which a red cloth worked with gold thread, and some verses of the Koran in gilded letters, were the chief ornaments. On one side of this *mihrah* hung a carpet, into which Turkish letters were woven; this was the prayer-carpet of some departed fanatic. The other side was hung with small kettledrums, pincers, and spikes, instruments of self-torture, with which the dervishes are wont to pierce and punish themselves whenever their zeal needs such awakening. But we were happy to think, from the artistic order in which these implements were arranged, that the march of civilisation had given them perpetual repose. Some sheepskins, dyed red, lay in front of the *mihrah*, and about twenty others, black and white, were arranged in regular order upon the open space in front of this most sacred spot.

When we were admitted, the *iman*, or chief of the dervishes, a young man of dignified deportment, and seemingly delicate health, with black hair and beard, and finely-cut features, was sitting on the red skins before the *mihrah*, with about a dozen dervishes all

seated on their heels, ranged behind him on the black and white sheepskins. The *iman* wore a skull-cap of white felt, bound with a black scarf, and his person was enveloped in a long, tea-green robe lined with fur; the dervishes wore robes of various colours, but their fez, bound with white or green scarfs, marked their devotion to a sacred calling. After the usual prostrations and kissings of the ground in the direction of Mecca, the *iman* began a recitation, holding his hands before him like an open book; then for a long time his lips moved in silence, his voice audible only at intervals, when he uttered a sound like "hamōrna," at which all touched the floor with their foreheads. Then the mats of the dervishes were removed, re-arranged at the farthest boundary of the enclosed space, and all set up a monotonous chant, their heads rising and falling, their bodies swinging to and fro in a manner bewildering to behold, which to practise would be sickening. With unflagging dignity and gravity the *iman* continued this see-saw for half an hour; you could not doubt for a moment, on seeing the rigid decorum of his features and the grave solemnity of his manner, how earnestly he was occupied with his religious devotion.

He was now facing the dervishes, who increased in number as the ceremony progressed; and when this chant ended, each advanced in turn to the *iman*, and, stooping down, kissed his hand, he laying his face upon their

shoulder and his hand on his breast as they arose from the momentary embrace. Then, dropping their outer robes, the dervishes, in their lighter cotton garments, ranged themselves in a row. Each dervish had been relieved of his fez and turban, which were folded with their robes, and laid befroe the *mihrah*. All stood up in white skull-caps; even the *iman* left his chief seat; his head-gear was reduced to the same white cap, and his long robe taken off left him in a white dress, a person of much less dignified appearance, yet still easily distinguished from the dervishes, among whom he took his place, by his pensive, abstracted air and graceful motions.

He stood at one end of the line, and when old priests dropped in from time to time, he advanced, embraced them very much after the sham fashion of a "heavy father" in a melodrama, and, with a movement of his left hand, invited them to be seated, each upon a sheepskin mat. Then the howling commenced. The dervishes, shoulder to shoulder in a rank so close that all must needs move together, without lifting their feet from the ground, made with their hips a lateral bend, then a corresponding movement to the other side; then, bending the body backward from the hips, they completed the four-sided devotion by bowing forwards and throwing out their voices in a wild shout—"Allah-hou." I could not catch the words forming the whole of the

chant to which they kept time with this exhausting movement.

After keeping it up for an hour, their eyes seemed to roll with demoniac fury, their features appeared altered with the wild excitement, and their howling shouts actually grew louder, though they were jerked out in terrible gasps from their tired lungs. The dervishes were drunk with delight in their own exhaustion, and without a moment's rest or flagging the exercise continued. The effect upon the spectators was curious. For my own part, I was so far mesmerised that the time passed very quickly, but the Turks within the enclosure could scarcely keep their feet. Many swayed backwards and forwards, their eyes half-closed, their senses half-gone, and others lifted first one foot, then the other, keeping unconscious time to the gasping howls of the dervishes. An aged man, too old to stand, sat cross-legged on a sheepskin in such a position that the howlers bent over him with every forward movement. His enthusiasm was wonderful: he rolled his watery eyes, wagged his white beard, and swayed his body about with all the motion of which it was capable; his joyous voice, reedy and piping as it was, could be heard like a bad fiddle between the howls. He was in an ecstasy of delight, and as the maddened shouts grew more furious, he seemed to think "the good old times" were come back again, and that the howling der-

vishes had not fallen away from the service of Allah and his Prophet. Their eyes wildly distended, their veins swollen almost to bursting, their mouths foaming like those of men seized with epilepsy, I looked to see some of the dervishes fall fainting under the immense exertion; but none had the least appearance of fatigue; on the contrary, the longer the howling continued, the greater delight they seemed to take in their extraordinary devotions. At length, after keeping up this unchanging movement and howling for nearly two hours, they ceased, and, with surprisingly little evidence of excitement or fatigue upon their countenances, walked in single file from the room. I watched their features as they passed out; they were mostly young men of quite the lower rank of life, and, if I may judge, I should think few were sincere religious enthusiasts. The air with which some of these young men left the room was rather that of successful gymnasts than fanatical devotees. Among them, I have no doubt, there were religious enthusiasts, but it was not from men like the pensive *iman* that such howls and contortions could be obtained. Though he only affected to take part with the howlers, though his movements were only gentle bows, and his howls were sighs compared with those of the deep-chested dervishes who now passed out before us, yet his face streamed with perspiration, and appeared haggard with exhaustion.

I do not know if the dervishes had retired to take refreshment; at all events, in a few minutes they returned, and with gentler force resumed their functions. The serious, dignified young *iman* was now about to exercise his greatest power, that of preserving the faithful who came to him from all manner of disease. He took his seat upon the red-dyed sheepskins near the *mihrah*, and first the giant negro in robes of green and yellow knelt before him. Holding the black head between the palms of his delicate hands, the lips of the *iman* moved in prayer, his melancholy eyes fixed upon the man before him. Several children gambolled into the enclosure, and similarly received his blessing. Then an infant of about a year old was carried in and laid by a man, who I supposed was the child's father, upon its stomach on one of the sheepskins. The *iman* gravely gave his hand to two attendant dervishes, and, placing one foot on the infant's back, slowly lifted the other to the same place, the dervishes supporting a considerable portion of his weight. Relieved, after a few seconds, of the cruel burden, the poor little infant came up gasping and crying, its face scarlet, and the power of its little lungs gone for the moment with fright and compression. Another and another were similarly trodden upon by the *iman*, to the apparent joy of their conductors, and then an old gentleman, in a fur-lined pelisse of pink satin, lowered his protuberant

stomach with more labour than dignity on to a sheepskin, and stretched himself flat, his face upon the boards of the floor. An active, light-limbed, pretty girl of nine or ten years old skipped into the enclosure, and in a twinkling lay herself, a little thing, beside the mountain in pink satin; three or four boys and young men followed, making a short string of prostrate bodies. The pensive *iman* then placed his left hand on the shoulder of a dervish, merely to steady his steps, and trod firmly on the most substantial portion of the old Turk; his next step was on the delicate body of the little girl, and so he passed on over all. Turning at the end of the file he retraced his steps, literally, for I observed that his feet chose the same part of the prostrate devotees, who, when he had passed, rose, looking happy and smilingly grateful for their easily-acquired immunity from disease. With a concluding recitation from the Koran the ceremony ended, and we descended to our caïque, and crossed the Bosphorus to mount to our hotel at Pera.

One of the greatest difficulties in visiting Constantinople is this troublesome ascent to Pera, the only place in which English can find lodging. The lower level,—where are the landing-places upon the quays of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, opposite the Old Seraglio,—is Galata, the business quarter of the Franks in Constantinople, a fezzed, wooden, and altogether mean

representation of the life and the warehouses between Fenchurch and Thames Streets, with smells of dyes and spices and less fragrant wares,—with knots of excited, eager buyers and sellers, and gangs of loaded "hamals," —where "Greek meets Greek" and the "tug of war" is the price of sugar, cottons, and Manchester goods. Half-way up the ascent, on which is Pera, the Tower of Galata, a Genoese structure about 150 feet in height, now used for little else than a fire observatory, rises most conspicuous. I dare say from the top there is a fine view of the city, but we never took the trouble to mount its many steps. The tower is plain and circular, with a very substantial diameter, and at the top there are set two rows of circular-headed windows.

You may mount to the heights of Pera from every side, but you cannot escape the painful and tedious ascent. Nothing in the shape of the London cab, or the Parisian *remise* or *fiacre*, is to be found. The few carriages in Constantinople are small chariots most gorgeously painted and gilded, lined with red, the whole thing like a diminutive, shabby Lord Mayor's coach, drawn at a slow pace over the unlevel stones, the driver always walking at the side of the horses. Such a *latika* or *araba* is often seen filled with four Turkish ladies, who like to tuck up their yellow-slippered feet upon the seats, though many sit in our rectangular fashion. Men take horses where in other cities they

would hire cabs. Arabs and Barbs, all bridled and saddled, are in waiting at every landing-place, or led about the streets, often by a negro *syce*, who, for five piastres an hour, will let his horse and follow the rider on foot. But even this is slow progress, for it would be dangerous cruelty to go at a faster pace than a walk up or down the stony slopes of Pera. So the *syce*, or running groom, has not such a very hard time of it in keeping step with the horse. I have rarely seen a horseman in the streets of Constantinople without an attendant on foot. Turkish officers ride about followed by one or two perspiring soldiers in thick uniforms of blue broad cloth, bearing an umbrella or a pipe-stick. The pachas sometimes hide their dignity in broughams, and their ladies commonly take the air in the same sort of carriage.

On the wooden pontoon bridge, which, crossing the Golden Horn, connects Galata with Stamboul, from one side of which numerous steamboats start for the beautiful suburbs of the city on the Bosphorus, I have seen many of the loveliest women in Constantinople. In Mahometan towns far away from Turkey,—where the women so jealously guarded their faces that I could rarely see more than one bright eye, and not an outline nor a suggestion of the rest of the face,—the costume of these great ladies of Stamboul would be regarded as shockingly indelicate. They do not often cover their

hands, and in the bazaars there is a notable absence of glove-shops. But the hands are usually hidden in the folds of their mantle, and in conversation, even while seated in their carriages, they do not gesticulate in the French manner. The *yashmack*, or face-veil, of the fashionable ladies of Stamboul, who frequently drive down in their pretty broughams to the afternoon steamboats, is of the finest, whitest muslin, no more a concealment than that in which English brides are wont to hide their blushing faces at the hymeneal altars of our native land. To a foreigner there appears a sameness in the beauty of Turkish women, which is probably discriminated into difference by admiring Moslems. To me their eyes seem to be all of one colour, a deep brown, and with one expression,—that of inane melancholy.

I will admit there are some whose faultless features and general expression remind me forcibly of Guido's world-famed portrait of Beatrice Cenci; but then I have always thought that gem of the Barberini Palace shows a face entirely devoid of intellectual beauty. Their complexion is generally fair, often with a whiteness which can only come of long seclusion from the outer air. They are usually short, and any pretensions on their part to figure would seem ridiculous in comparison with the stately ladies of the West. Their loose dress and their mode of sitting sufficiently account for their inelegant shape. Walking exercise

is almost impossible in Constantinople, and if practised over the unlevel streets in double shoes establishes a rolling, limping gait quite destructive to personal grace of deportment. They seem to do their shopping with as much skilful attention to details as the ladies of London or Paris, but I never saw a face among them which seemed to inspire respect; nothing but the same unvarying pattern of dark eyes, short, dark hair, and pale, expressionless features which know no change but a silly smile and wrinkle into a most unlovely old age. I could trespass on your patience for an hour with my detestation of the Turkish system as regards the treatment of women. I do not deny that the women like it, or that they are in general kindly treated by their husbands and male relations. It is not true, as has often been asserted, that the Koran denies a celestial future to women, but it is quite true that Mahometanism regards their condition after this life as essentially different from that of men. The long-continued custom of breathing through a veil induces such delicacy of constitution that the women cannot bear to withdraw the muslin from their mouths when there is the least movement in the air. I have seen a modest Turkish lady, in the portion of a steamboat reserved for her sex, unveil her mouth to smoke a cigarette, and when she had finished smoking at once draw the *yashmack* quickly over her mouth for comfort's sake, as if she

feared the air, which was hot as that of our mid-August weather. I remember another Turkish lady, married to a Frank husband, whom a friend accompanied to his home. His wife scolded him greatly after the friend's departure, for, said she, "I was not veiled; he might have seen me; I don't think he did; but why should you expose me to the danger of being regarded as a bad woman?" Her husband wished to accustom her to receive strangers unveiled, but she could not easily lay aside her early Moslem training.

The Turk makes no question about the equality of women; he denies it altogether. In Constantinople you find yourself in a city of men, and many of the evils you suffer are those which come of regard for the convenience of the stronger and coarser sex only. The religious sentiment of Christian countries admits the unity and equality of the human family without distinction of sex, though the law of those countries denies the equality of the sexes, in some matters more amply than the Koran. It is, however, sentiment and not law which governs the life of people in every country, and among Turks, with whom, more than with any other people of Europe, the State and the Church are united, there is none of that conscientious sentiment which in Christian countries, though it may be without full legal expression, asserts that in point of eternal value the souls of men and women are of indistinguishable equality.

That the women of Constantinople prefer their seclusion from the affairs of men, I am quite sure. It would be difficult to make them believe themselves the subjects of any masculine tyranny. That Constantinople is the only European capital where no portion of the retailing or other business of the city is carried on by women, would scarcely strike them as a hardship. It might be easier to make them comprehend that their exclusion from public life was the reason why there are no drives, nor parks, nor gardens within or about the city. Among the Turks, the public life of the men is uninfluenced by women, and there is no public sympathy between the sexes. The men are most ostentatious in their respect for their mothers, for they can have but one; the foundation of the evil is in the teaching that there is a difference in the sight of Allah between the sexes, which belief separates both, to the detriment of both.

Year by year, however, the *yashmack* is becoming thinner and less detrimental to health, year by year the Turkish women take more share with the men in healthful outdoor air and exercise; and if Mahometanism should endure in Europe—which I do not believe possible—they will emulate more and more the nearer equality of sex which their neighbours, the Frank women of Pera, show them how to appreciate, though even these—so strong is custom—are seldom to be seen serving in shops except those of milliners and dressmakers.

I have no patience with that cynical obstinacy, which, without examination, lauds Mahometan practices as more just than those of Christian countries. If I had to choose between dealing with Christians or Turks in Stamboûl, unhesitatingly I would prefer the Moslem as generally the more honest and straightforward. But if I had to make choice between the Christian and the Jew, I would for the same reason prefer the Christian. What does this prove? Certainly not that Mahometanism is better than Christianity; but rather that the lordly Turk, in his long-assured mastery, is not forced to the debasing expedients which have become ingrained upon the character of the subject Christian, and the Jew, still longer the object of oppression. That the Turk is a deeply religious creature, there can be no doubt; fanatical he is, or his power in Europe would be gone. So far, his presence in Europe is not due to the jealousies of his Christian neighbours; it is owing to the religious bond which gives such unity and strength to a warlike race, who are a small minority in their own dominions. Upon the coldest and most dispassionate examination, it may be proved that Mahometanism is not so good a system for promoting civilisation, which is individual development, as Christianity; mainly because the first denies a true democracy by instituting moral differences of sex, and the latter acknowledges a true democracy by inculcating the equality and similar re-

sponsibility of all, without distinction, except in reference to the accidental advantages of circumstance and opportunity. Therefore it is that I sorrow for the idle folly of the task we, in bygone times, have set ourselves, —that of maintaining the Turkish rule in Europe. The time is not far distant when, with or without our leave and pleasure, it will fall unregretted by those who believe with me that the most ignoble victories in the world's history are those patched up by self-interested diplomacy.

LETTER II.

Tekké of the Turning Dervishes—*Salon de Danse*—Arrangement of their Hall—The Old *Iman*—Dancing Costume—Spiritual Waltzing—A Strange Spectacle—Theory of the Waltz—The Turkish Government as a Paymaster—An Engineer's View of Stamboul—English Pachas—Eyyub—Sweet Waters—Selim and Nourmahal—A Natural History Collector—Sweetmeat Sellers—Confectioners' Shops—*Kababs* and Pastry—A Turkish Café—Preparing the Coffee—Turkish Tobacco—Rude Priests of Islam—A Retreat from Santa Sophia—A Fanatical Mollah—Sheikh-ul-Islam—The Mosques—From Near and from Far—Santa Sophia—Mercenary Mollahs—Interior of Santa Sophia—Two Pictures—A Christian Legend—The Nimbar—A Religious Difficulty—Mosque of Sultan Achmet—Turkish Architecture—The Solymanieh—English and Turkish Worship—Mosque of Sultan Mahmoud—A Christian Moslem.

I AM really sorry to demand so much of your attention for the fantastical and unimportant devotions of the dervishes of Constantinople. But as I have written of the howling, I must not omit a description of the turning, or, as they are often improperly called, the dancing dervishes. You will wonder why I have nothing to say of Santa Sophia, or the other great mosques of Stamboul; but, as everybody discovers, one must take things as they come in the Levant, and while

the dervishes will not waltz every day in the week, the mosques may be seen at one's leisure. So it was that we found ourselves obliged to spend the two first days of our stay in the Sultan's capital within the halls of the dervishes. If the howlers are regarded by the priests of the mosques with jealousy, I should say the turners are hated, for they are much the more popular. The turning dervishes are distinguished by their peculiar hats of light-brown, or fawn-coloured felt, in shape exactly like an inverted flower-pot, and a loose robe of blue, brown, or green envelopes their bodies when they mingle with the outer world. Before I witnessed their singular ceremonies, I had met many of them in my walks, for their *tekké*, or monastery, is situated in the main street of Pera, where the English must pass and repass to their hotels.

Figure to yourself the architecture of Rosherville Gardens or Cremorne rather than the sombre structures of European convents, and you will more easily understand my description of the home of the turning dervishes. Green is the prevailing colour of the narrow street front, which, beside the open gate, displays iron-grated windows, separating their cemetery from the passing crowd. For some reason or other, perhaps for no reason, the surface of Turkish cemeteries is always allowed to assume any amount of natural disorder, and the few gravestones of the dervishes are partly over-

grown by high weeds, among which I saw a large tortoise very leisurely feeding. The universal Koran is quoted in gilded letters above the gateway, and high over all a gilded crescent surmounts the entrance. A paved way led us to the door of a gaily-painted rotunda, about five-and-forty feet in diameter, in which the performance was to take place.

This building was also surmounted with a gilded crescent, and commanded a glorious view of Scutari, the Bosphorus, the forest of masts in the Golden Horn, and over these, the pleasant white and green of the old Seraglio. The interior was arranged octagonally, and like a veritable *salon de danse.* I was reminded of the Alhambra in Leicester Square, or a tumbler's kiosk at Cremorne. The octagonal gallery, which covered every side but that of the *mihrah,* was on three sides trellised with woodwork for the better sequestration of Turkish ladies, and the outside of the screen was painted with green trees of many heights and forms. That part of the gallery opposite the *mihrah* was in possession of the orchestra, who played upon drums, flutes, and small stringed harps; another portion was reserved for the Sultan, and decorated with duly gilded magnificence; the remainder was crowded with Turks.

We exchanged our boots for slippers at the entrance, and found that two of the divisions beneath the gallery were allotted to infidels. The remaining six, including

the *mihrah*, were filled with squatting Turks. A low, open-worked, iron railing, also octagonal, in line with the overhanging gallery, separated us from the polished, waxed floor of plain wood, which was quite unoccupied except by a cushion of red-dyed sheepskins against the side next the *mihrah*, and a narrow border of matting neatly laid along the railing around the entire arena.

Scarcely had we time to make these observations, when the *iman* entered—a short, old man, with shrivelled features and snow-white beard, whose very slow footfall seemed the compound result of great age and a deep sense of the dignity of his position. He wore a flower-pot hat, of white felt, bound with a green scarf, and a loose purple robe. His features were motionless, and, with folded hands, he made no unnecessary movement in walking to his place on the red sheepskins. Once or twice he lifted his bright eyes upon the assembled crowd, and gleams of fire seemed alight behind the passive features. He made a very little heap cross-legged upon his mat, and acknowledged, with elevated dignity, the deep bows with which the dervishes saluted him as they followed him barefooted into the arena. When all were assembled and seated on their heels against the railing, occupying the three sides of the octagon most distant from the *iman*, he held his hands open before him like a book, the invariable action of

the Turks when reciting from the Koran, and mumbled for some time in a low voice, all the dervishes listening motionless, the more devout with heads hanging so near the floor, that, if the fawn-coloured "flower-pots" had not been tightly fitted, they must have rolled off before the reverend *iman*.

Suddenly, all fell forward on their hands, with a noise which startled me, and in prostrate adoration touched the floor with their foreheads. Then uprose each dervish, and, dropping his robe upon the matting behind him, stood up in dancing costume,—a short, white jacket open upon a white shirt, a long white petticoat trailing an inch upon the floor, the hem loaded with a little lead. The aged *iman* lifted himself up, and, bowing profoundly to the *mihrah*,—which, beyond a foreground of fezzed and turbaned Turks, was simply ornamented with gilded verses from the Koran, and the acknowledgments of bequests to the fraternity from Sultans and other great people,—turned in passing to the other side of his seat, and repeated the bow. Followed by the white-clad dervishes, who precisely imitated his bows and turning before the *mihrah*, all slowly and in single file encircled the arena three times, bowing in the same manner each time they passed the eastern side. The music kept slow and solemn measure with their movement, and after the third tour was finished, the *iman* resumed his seat,

while the dervishes, as they passed to his right hand, commenced waltzing, the music becoming louder and its time quicker. Without any apparent manœuvre they so arranged themselves that two concentric rings pirouetted around a central dervish, who precisely kept his ground beneath the pendant glass chandelier.

Their action would drive the best waltzer in Europe mad with envy. With folded arms, they glided into the waltz, their petticoats gradually expanding till they assumed the shape of an inverted wine-glass, and with their arms extended,—their hands open, one palm upwards, the other downwards, their head inclining to the right side,—they sailed onwards, the double motion of their orbit performed with mathematical precision and wondrous grace. The position of their hands signifies the acceptance; with that uplifted, of the gifts of heaven, and the rejection, with that down-turned, of the things of earth. Nevertheless, the faces of some of the dervishes expressed their concern for those very earthy things, their big, coarse feet, and their properly rapid motion over the polished floor; but others, with nearly closed eyes and slightly open mouth, seemed, indeed, to be serenely dreaming of things far off and immaterial. You will not laugh at me, I trust, when I assure you that several of these men who before the turning commenced had appeared clumsy, soulless creatures, now became positively beautified by

their abstraction in the dance, and, what was most extraordinary, they kept up this waltz *à deux temps* for half an hour without once coming in contact with each other, though in the circles there was not more than a foot of space between the whirling petticoat of each dervish.

Twice the oldest of their brotherhood, who kept on his blue robe, and did not dance, walked between the circles, pausing for ten seconds between each footstep. To see this old man, with very solemn face and tragic walk, passing between the whirling white dancers like a being of another world, never once moving his head to right or left, though I expected that every moment their hands, whisking past his ears, would box them soundly, was a most strange spectacle, and the whole ceremony, which consisted in the dance, renewed after a short pause, introduced me unconsciously to the infectious spirit of these rites, which is mental abstraction.

These violent gyrations clear the mind of the haze of pre-engaging thoughts which cannot be thrown off at will but by some such process, and allow its complete occupation by any chosen idea, with those who from practice are able to preserve some degree of serenity during the rapid motion. I do not think that all these dervishes were dreaming, as they turned, of their own share in the paradise of Mahomet, but probably some were, under the influence of such fancies, quite forgetful of the place

and scene, while others were occupied with their own skill in the performance, and perhaps less worthy thoughts of *pillau* and tobacco—of which their wind-making petticoats blew a strong odour to my nose.

But what was supposed to be the good effect of the ceremony upon the numerous congregation? I presume the theory to be that, by watching the dervishes, mental abstraction is produced, and from contemplating their devotion to Allah, thoughts of the Supreme Being are to enter the vacant mind. The gentle, gliding motion of the dervishes will, I think, produce abstraction and mental vacancy, but the thoughts which enter are vague and dreamy, such as are suggested to the dizzied brain by their half-sleeping faces and their almost noiseless action.

We regained our boots, and, as we were not disposed to visit the city, took a steamboat to carry us up the Golden Horn to the Sweet Waters. The Golden Horn is probably so named from its shape, and the Sweet Waters are the peaks of the Horn, where the brackish taste of the sea is no longer perceptible. The pontoon-bridge of Galata, from which we entered the little steamboat, swings in the middle, with an opening sufficiently wide to allow the passage of the three-decker moored above, near the arsenal. There was a Glasgow engineer on board, who said he was waiting in Constantinople, unable to get his pay for a two months' engage-

ment in navigating a new iron-clad ship of war from England. "Did not the Turkish Government pay him readily?" I asked, surprised to hear that a working man received such treatment. "No," he replied; "as often as I go for it, they say, 'Call to-morrow,' and shrug up their shoulders." When I observed to him that the crazy wooden houses and boat-builders' sheds along the shores of the Golden Horn reminded me of Wapping, he laughed and replied, "God f'give me, sir, or I hope the Londoners will, if I was to say this 'ere tumble-down place was like anything in England."

"My wife, sir," he went on, "arst me to write to her, and tell her what I thought of Constantinople. I wanted, you know, sir, to give her a bit of a idea, so I says it's just like a shower o' wooden houses fallen into a grove o' trees; that's what I says." I do not know that I can give you a much better notion of Stamboul and Pera viewed from the dividing waters of the Golden Horn. But the engineer's workmanlike eye does not do justice to the beautiful colouring of the scene. His idea does not include the blue sky, or the delicious effect of the rickety red houses among the green leaves. "There, sir, look at that!" he said, calling my attention to an inhabited wooden house which had fallen from its perpendicularity to an angle of about 70°, and was still fearlessly tenanted. We passed beneath a second bridge, also of wood, and capable of

swinging open in the centre, and approached the naval arsenal, in front of which lay the *Mahmoud*, a three-decker of a pattern now antique, which has seen more than thirty years of service, and a steam-frigate, built as a yacht for the Viceroy of Egypt, lately presented to the Sultan by his royal vassal. But that which most interested me was the stranded ruin of the *Arkadi*, the long successful but now captive blockade runner of the Cretan war, which was cunningly built upon British shores for similar service in America. There was an appearance of considerable activity in the dockyard, and a large suburb on a neighbouring hill is tenanted by the numerous English *employés* in this naval arsenal.

"We had a nice meeting there last night, in the schools, sir," said the engineer, pointing towards the English settlement, "and the English Ambassador and Hobart Pacha was there, and there was speeches." I did not learn if "Hobart Pacha" made a speech, but I was occupied in wondering what on earth he could say for himself or to his auditory. I marvel how an English gentleman can hang a Turkish sword by his side! I had often heard the Greeks speak with scorn of Captain Hobart's acceptance of a commanding position in the Turkish navy. I felt deeply ashamed that I could not deny having read a paragraph to that effect in the English papers. As a sailor, he must blush for his

connection with a navy which cannot successfully blockade even the Isle of Crete; but on what principles of honour a gentleman can hold his sword at the service of a foreign power, not directly subordinate to that of his Sovereign, I am quite at a loss to imagine. Captain Hobart and Admiral Slade are doubtless sufficiently satisfied on this point, for they are gentlemen of unimpeachable honour; all I will say is, that I should not care to listen to a speech from either, or any such, on social or educational ethics, or, indeed, on any matter whatever.

The steamboats go no higher up the Golden Horn than Eyyub, where the white minarets of a large mosque show prettily above a grove of cypresses. At Eyyub, two or three parties of Turkish ladies were taking caïques for the Sweet Waters. We followed them past large brickyards to where the narrowing Horn was broken up with low, rushy islands. Still the caïques glided on, till we entered a grassy valley between high, bare hills, where nothing of the city could be seen or heard. The Golden Horn had tapered off to a stream, on which two caïques could not row abreast. Pastures, with a verdure quite English, lay level along the banks, which were scarcely two feet above the water. The channel was marked with white posts, in which were hooks to fasten the caïques, and we were in the Sweet Waters of Europe—the Hyde Park and Bois de Bou-

logne of Constantinople. Large oaks, with wide-spreading, umbrageous foliage, and horse-chestnuts loaded with silver blossom, shaded the pastures and the water-side. Beneath several of the trees sat a party taking their ease. The hollow stem of an old oak contained the wine-bottle and dinner-basket of an Armenian family, who were sitting under its leafy shade. At a little distance, upon a Persian carpet spread over the grass, reclined three Turkish young ladies. They turned their soft, dark eyes on us as we passed, and beneath their gauzy veils I could distinctly see their pretty features. Their hands were not dyed with henna, and it appears to me that this practice is becoming disused among Turkish ladies. The lower classes dye their finger-nails, and sometimes the palms of their hands; but although there were heaps of henna in the spice bazaars, I never saw any well-dressed woman who used the dye. At a little distance from this charming group, beneath the next tree, sat their attendant and guardian negress, who kept a constant eye upon her beautiful charge. The young ladies were engaged in the usual occupation of Turkish women—doing nothing. They were talking; but of the books or work, which with English girls would have lightened the pleasant hours, they knew nothing. Two *cawadjis*, or coffee-sellers, had established their portable apparatus upon the banks, near to where the marble

steps of a handsome villa were bathed with the Sweet Waters. In Turkey, no one is above buying their required refreshment of such humble vendors, and the good consequence is that their wares, though cheap, are good. The *cawadji's* charcoal fire is always in smouldering readiness for the manufacture of a cup of delicious coffee. For a long distance through the green pastures the banks were supported with neat stone walls, upon which it is easy to step out from the caïques.

On Friday, the Turkish Sunday, every tree shades happy Moslems. Yet not happy in the way that the English families of the dockyard are happy, when they bring their dinners and their Sunday clothes to the Sweet Waters. For the Turk neither flirts nor makes love, and to live his family life thus in public would be shocking to him. Courting in Constantinople and at the Sweet Waters is done by old women, whose business it is to match and mate the beauty and fashion of Stamboul. They speak to Selim of the charms of Nourmahal; time was, when the opacity of the fair one's *yashmack* quite prevented Selim from knowing if the ravishing description of Nourmahal's beauty were correct. She was his bride before he knew that he had not been deceived. It would be much better for both, if Selim might venture, under due supervision by mamma or the negress, to sit by Nourmahal's side on

the pleasant banks of the Sweet Waters, and learn if his spirit and mind went in harmony with hers, and felt the delicious pleasure of an ennobling and refining love. They say that the Sultan, whose gilded kiosk in this delightful valley is never occupied, really loved the favourite for whose pleasure it was reared amid the oaks and chestnuts of the Sweet Waters. They say, too, she died there, deeply mourned by the Commander of the Faithful. It is a pleasant spot, so lovely that with difficulty we took the path towards the great city.

Returning, I met with another Englishman, "a natural history collector," as he described *himself*, who for thirteen years in Turkey had obtained his living by catching and preserving birds and beasts, fish and reptiles, and selling them to public and private museums in Europe. He was a man of considerable information, and spoke of the Turks as he had found them. "An old Turk, sir," said he, "is the soul of honour; you may trust him, but you must keep the right side of him. I've been out here in the country, and, however poor the Turk was to whom I applied for hospitality, he always gave me something of what he had himself; wine they never have, but poor men in the mountains have sent to have their ewes milked for me without payment, and merely out of what they consider to be their duty to a stranger."

The hospitality of a *bourgeois* in Constantinople

affords very much the same fare that may be purchased in the streets, and in no other city are the food-stalls of the streets so clean and nice as in Stamboul. The sweetmeat-seller carries upon his head a glazed tin case, full of sugared almonds, with larger masses of sweetstuff, and long strings of the gummy jelly which is called "rahat-lakoum," powdered with sugar, so that its exterior is not sticky; all clean, and well made. The case is shaped like a double desk, and at night, a candle in the top illumines the sweet wares, when the seller establishes them on a tripod carried upon his back.

There are shops in Galata where they sell nothing but "lakoum," which is compounded with sugar, rice-flour, and gum, and there are in the streets vendors of only a taste of their exquisite sweetmeats, of which the mode of eating was not sufficiently nice to tempt me to a trial. These men carry a flat, circular, tin tray, divided into five or six compartments, into each of which is melted a glutinous sweetmeat of very strong texture. The seller is furnished with two or three metal wedges, with one of which he scoops up a piece about as large as a nut, and offers the wedge, with the sweetmeat upon it, to the purchaser, who sucks it clean, after which the wedge is wiped upon a napkin, and is then ready for the next customer.

The confectioners' shops in Stamboul would remind you of Noureddin Hassan. But you need not be the

least afraid to taste, for there is nothing uncleanly in Turkish cookery. Like all the shops, these are open to the street, and purchasers do not enter, but deal across the counter, which divides the cooks from the thoroughfare. In shallow tin pans they bake a flat pastry, two feet across and half an inch thick, very much like some plain cakes I have tasted at English farmhouses; but with this difference, that the Turkish cake is kneaded with honey; another cake they sell is more baked, and almost swimming in honey, its wide surface cut neatly into diamond shapes, each of which is sold, dripping with honey, for twenty paras, equal to a penny; and another very popular cake of the same size is dry and spicy, like gingerbread.

Large masses of *hulva* are on their marble counters, and he must be a hungry man whose appetite will not be stayed with a ha'porth of that oily sweetmeat. Another sugary compound of ground rice and honey, coloured with saffron, is sold at the rate of a penny for two ounces; but if the "diner-out" pleases these may follow a course of *kababs*, of which a penny will buy a skewerfull. This morning I watched a man preparing *kababs*. On his stall was a small trough of iron filled with lighted charcoal, the top of which had blackened in the cool air; he cut a calf's liver into pieces less than an inch square, ran about fifteen on a metal skewer, interposing lean with fat, and after

the skewers had lain across the charcoal for seven minutes—being once or twice turned—the *kababs* were ready for eating, and very good indeed they *looked.* We lose a great deal in English cookery for the want of smokeless charcoal. I ate yesterday a couple of eggs fried upon charcoal in the handsome pewter plate in which they were served; in country rambles in England, I have frequently found fried eggs the only attainable food, but never before did I enjoy the luxury of eating them hot. In the confectioners' shops of Stamboul, the turbaned cooks stand between the marble counter and their oven. Some of the Turks live upon this clean but unwholesome pastry. I watched three soldiers who called for a dishfull of broken paste, and when the cook laid a square, iron dish before them, scolded him till he brought more sugar and whitened the top of the mess; then, with their fingers, one after the other, with all the regularity of sledge-hammers, they pounced upon the glutinous luxury.

Wine-shops are very few and far between. I should not now know where to find one. I could take you to a place where, in drunken letters all awry, it is written that they sell English beer and spirits, but the Turks are really obedient to the Prophet's injunction, and do not drink anything more intoxicating than sherbet, lemonade, and coffee. Water-sellers parade the streets and bazaars, and there are marble fountains in every

part of the city. The water is soft, but a glass of clear water is rarely to be seen in Constantinople; the usual colour is whitey-brown; perhaps it might be reduced to clearness by filtration, but no one takes the trouble to render it so agreeable. The sherbet and lemonade shops are quite as frequent as the confectioners; large glass bottles, stoppered with lemons and oranges, flank the tumblers which stand upon the counter. I like immensely the Turkish mode of having the counter in the street, for many a man who is too shy to enter a shop with a loose penny, may change it in passing for a glass of lemonade without the embarrassment of darkening a stranger's door.

But the Turk generally resorts to a café to relieve his thirst. The cafés of Stamboul bear no resemblance whatever to the pretentious palaces of plate-glass and ormolu which answer to the name in Paris. As you are rolling along over the uneven street, trying—as the sailors say, but in vain—to pick "a soft stone" for the sole of your aching foot, you see one or two Turks sitting behind iron-grated or glazed windows; this you may be sure is a café, the more so if they have the amber mouth-piece of the flexible tube of a *narghileh* between their lips. The apartment is usually square, capable of holding about twenty people; in the wide streets, there are rush-bottomed stools beneath the trees for the accommodation of a more ample company, but

the majority of the thoroughfares are too narrow for outside guests. There is generally a flaming patterned paper on the walls, and a wide seat—carpeted and cushioned—surrounds the café, on which a Turk will tuck up his feet, and on which a Frank must be long-legged to sit at ease. The berries are freshly roasted and ground in the house, for each day's consumption. The English are shockingly ignorant of the best mode of making coffee: there is not a soldier in the French army who would not throw down his arms if he were obliged to drink the nauseous decoction which the English call coffee. A Frenchman would be disgusted at the notion of buying ground coffee from his grocer—coffee that had been ground perhaps for a week, and roasted for a month, with any amount of adulterating chicory in the mixture. In every French house—certainly in every café—the berries are roasted and ground upon the premises, but the Turks would not be content to use the coarsely granulated powder as it leaves the mill. Before I took my fragrant cup in a Stamboul café yesterday, I watched two sturdy fellows preparing the material. In a mortar of very thick stone they placed several pounds of ground coffee, and with iron pestles five feet long, loaded at each end with an iron bulb of ten pounds weight, they proceeded with musical regularity to beat the ground coffee. The mortar was fitted, close to the upper edge, with a wide

wooden tray, which caught the coffee that flew out under their heavy blows, and it was this fine, oily powder which was used in the café.

When I called for a cup, the attendant placed two spoonsful and one of pounded sugar in a tin mug with a long handle, and poured about a tenth of a pint of water upon it; burying the lower part of the mug in a fire of charcoal till there came a wreathing foam on the surface, he placed a china cup in a receptacle like a large brass egg-cup, and poured in the coffee, little by little, three times replacing it in the fire to insure a right heat and mixture. If you are fond of coffee, the result is delicious. The humblest soldier in Stamboul, equally with the greatest pacha, is served in this way. The flavour is exquisite—quite unlike that of the French *café noir*—and the soft, fine sediment is not incommoding. In the best cafés they serve a glass of water with the coffee, and *habitués* say that Turks may be distinguished from Franks by their habit of reversing the order in which both are taken: the Turk drinks water before his coffee, probably to prepare his palate for the delicious flavour; the Frank, on the contrary, takes water after his coffee, perhaps to forget the sediment to which he is unaccustomed. In my Stamboul café, they stow the charcoal beneath a part of the divan, and glass vases for the *narghileh* decorate the side walls.

I never saw a Turk who had not a tobacco-pouch, generally a leathern bag closed with a string. But the tobacco they carry for cigarettes, or common pipes, is not smoked in the water-pipe. For this—the great luxury of the Turk in his café or at the door of his bazaar—there is, properly speaking, but one sort, the *tombeki* of Persia. This is not cut fine, but the thick leaves are broken into small fragments, and the smoker rarely removes the piece of hot charcoal which is laid upon the tobacco for lighting. Were it not for this continuous fire, the light would not remain in this coarse tobacco. The *tombeki* is so strong, that its smoke could not be safely inhaled except through the medium of water; even in the *narghileh* it will cause the smoker's brain to reel with the dreamy satiety which is the Turkish drunkenness and earthly paradise; and in preparation, this tobacco is washed twice before the leaves are broken up. For cigarette-smoking, there is no tobacco like the yellow-leaved weed of Macedonia, which is sold in the bazaars in fine, long cuttings; for the *chibouk* there is a coarser sort, the average price of cut tobacco in Stamboul being about eighteen pence a pound.

In respect to drinking, the Turks are certainly temperate; and although the *caïqjis* and *hamals* along the shores of Stamboul and Galata are numerous, fierce, and noisy, yet I never saw a serious brawl among them, nor any blows, except when our dragoman was attacked.

If there is a class of which I had any bodily fear in my walks about Stamboul, it is the priests of Islam. The dragomen of the hotels in Pera demand a very heavy "baksheesh" for visiting the mosques, and talk mysteriously of the necessity of obtaining a firman. As they are themselves, for the most part, roguish, I determined to try for myself how far Santa Sophia was accessible to a Christian gentleman, and whether the dragoman's story about the extortion of the mollahs was founded on fact. Outside the north-eastern door there are two capitals of columns, ruins of some Byzantine edifice, placed for seats. I took off my boots upon these, and, descending into the church, was quietly advancing towards the nave, when, from several distant quarters, turbaned boys and priests ran at me, and with menacing, insolent gestures directed me to leave the mosque. If I had been an infidel quadruped, their manner would have been appropriate. Immediately I retreated to the door, prepared on the way to use my thick stick if necessary; and although my attitude could not have been more courteous had they been English bishops,—though I had my boots in my hand, and was, without question or hesitation, obeying their direction to leave the mosque, I had to guard myself from two blows aimed at me by urchins who were with the priests, and who wore a priestly dress. The boys scampered away over the vast floor of the mosque

after they had tried to strike me, and the mollahs laughed loudly.

Under their dangerous surveillance, with my back against a wall, I put on my boots, and left Santa Sophia with no very friendly feeling towards the priests of Mahomet, resolved that I would not leave Stamboul till I had seen more of the interior of this very grand mosque. I have no doubt whatever that, if I had pulled out a five-franc piece, these rapacious wretches, who are the curse of Turkey, the obstacles of all reform, would have allowed me to walk at leisure through the mosque. But I was so disgusted with their insulting manner and their running at me across the carpeted floor, that I was in no humour to bribe them into better behaviour. And the next day I read in the papers of a greater outrage committed by a mollah a few days previously upon an Italian gentleman, who, like myself, was visiting Stamboul in the capacity of a tourist. I had been, in different parts of the world, in many mosques before I entered Santa Sophia, which I unconsciously invaded by a door and at an hour forbidden to unbelievers. But the Italian gentleman was not upon such questionable ground. He had walked upon the Place of the Seraskerat, where I have been many times—a place guarded by sentinels but not closed to the public—and, leaving the eminence, was descending to the Bridge of Galata, when

a mollah struck him to the ground from behind with a clubbed stick; then, for the first time, the gentleman saw the priest's enraged face and glaring eyes. The mad fanatic was about to repeat his blow, with, it might be, deadly effect upon the uncovered head of the Italian, when the bystanders interfered. I have not heard that the brute has been punished, and he belongs to a privileged order, which includes many ruffians. They say there are 60,000 priests of Mahomet in the Ottoman Empire. I am sure from what I have seen of them that they will emulate the obstinacy of the janissaries in regard to reform, but without the danger of following the fate which their own bravery and the stern resolve of Sultan Mahmoud brought upon the janissaries. It is, however, certain that progress is here, as elsewhere, always stronger than resistant priestcraft, and the mollahs are unwillingly pulled forward in the rear of secular advance. Only the other day the Sultan, advised by Aali Pacha, the Grand Vizier, dismissed the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and appointed one of his own theological professors as his successor, with the motive of preventing the too long accumulation of power in the hands of this religious functionary, with whom it has been customary to retain the office for life.

The great mosques of Stamboul rise conspicuously from among the low houses by which they are surrounded; huge white temples, giving all its peculiar

character to the architectural appearance of the city. For, if the mosques were removed, Stamboul might be burnt to the ground without archæological loss, and yet these churches are so entirely dissimilar from any ecclesiastical buildings in the West of Europe that I am at a loss how to describe them. Take away the tall candles, to which I have compared their minarets, and the general form of the body of a mosque tends to that of an oval dish-cover. I am not ashamed of this comparison, for the outside of these mosques is as entirely devoid of beauty as any English railway station. Their great feature is the central cupola, which is surrounded by smaller domes, aspiring towards it from respectful inferiority, and supported by massive counterforts. The strong walls sustaining the span of the vast enclosure are only relieved of utter blankness by windows bare of external ornament, verandahs with simple lean-to roofs, and supports, striped black and white; the plan of the exterior being broken up with small outworks domed and clustered about the grand cupola.

So a mosque appears from a near point of view; but the exterior of these great buildings is not intended to be thus regarded. The outward form of the mosque is planned to carry religious sentiment towards it from afar; and in the clear air of Constantinople it is better that the great buildings should harmonise with the landscape, from which it is the Turkish idea to exclude angles,

than to make up their beauty with details which can be seen only by the fewer persons who approach the edifice. And in this respect the mosques are beautiful. Standing beside their massive walls, where the sight of the great cupola and the slender grace of the minarets are lost, and,—for all that is interesting in architecture,—you might as well stand beneath the solid walls of the Great Northern Railway Station, which has some kindred features; but, put the Golden Horn between you and the mosques, and from lower ground than that on which they stand contemplate these piles of building from a distance of a mile, then all the unimportant features, the small domes, the unsightly angles of the massive walls, will be brought to nothing, and the central cupola arches the sky in solitary majesty. Then you will admire the white minarets, the satellites of this grey globe, rising high and sharp-pointed into the blue heaven, circled with balconies like bracelets on a lady's wrist; then you will appreciate the art, which avoids breaking the harmony of the landscape with angles of the largest buildings,—which seems to have drawn its first idea from Nature, the mosque resembling a round hill, and the minarets, the bare tree stems which grow familiar to the eye in the rainless East.

Even Santa Sophia, the grandest ecclesiastical building in the Levant, is not pleasing from a near point of view. Of the great mosques, this famous church is the

most eastern, and, landing at Seraglio Point, we walked towards it through the palace gardens, which are unkept in the manner peculiar to Turkish horticulture. Where slopes of velvet lawn might undulate from the waters of the Golden Horn to the kiosks of the Grand Vizier, there are nothing but tall weeds and rank grass with ragged paths. We were thankful, however, for the shade of the majestic cypress and plane trees, which comforted our way towards Bab-Houmayoun, the pretty gate on which the head of Ali Pacha of Janina was exposed. The beautiful marble fountain of Achmet III. near this gate is said to yield the purest water in Stamboul; we tasted it, and were better pleased than with the opaque element which is commonly drank in Pera. Through the archway of this gate the massive, indefinite form of Santa Sophia may be seen; but no one could imagine the glories of the interior from this view of the outside, which is for the most part coloured with alternate bands of pale red and yellow, the tint of new bricks. We passed through a street beneath the Seraglio walls, and entering a small courtyard, descended some steps into a corridor of which the floor was covered with matting and one side pierced with several doors opening into the mosque. Three or four mollahs wearing white turbans, with long green robes flying loosely above gaily-striped cotton garments, hurried towards us, partly to observe that we "dogs of

infidels," in profaning their sanctuary, at least did so with clean shoes, but, I fancy, mainly to bargain with our dragoman for the "baksheesh," which alone could secure our admission.

After much laughter and badinage between the mollahs and our attendant, during which we were fitting our feet with yellow slippers, we were admitted to pass into the mosque, beneath a door-screen of leather, like those of Roman churches, but inscribed with some emblem sacred among the Turks. The porphyry columns of the small doorway supported capitals of white stone wrought with arabesque patterns. We were on the north side of the church, and nearly the whole of the immense area lay before us, covered with carpets, of which the bright colours had toned down to a shade no longer intrusive. Matting lay under these numerous carpets, so that the barefooted and slippered occupants of the floor moved over it without the slightest noise. High up in the flat dome, where a circle of plain glass windows were set like brilliants in the crown of this magnificent church, a wide belt of bright green was lettered in gilt with some extract from the Koran. This cupola is supported on four arches, two of which are external and filled in with windows, also of plain glass, and some slender columns of green marble. Between these supports, overhanging the vast nave, are four Cherubin, whose wings, in mosaic of all colours, puzzle

the stranger; for while the Christian wings have been left untouched upon a glittering ground of golden mosaic, the heads of the Cherubin have been replaced by rudely-fashioned rosettes of gold, which deprive the decoration of all meaning.

There is no coloured glass in Santa Sophia, and the architecture is of that solid rotundity which characterises the Byzantine style. Generally the groundwork of the walls is of golden mosaic, and, while dedicated to Christian worship, these were richly coloured with mosaics representing scenes from the Life of Christ. In many places the faint image of the Cross can yet be seen where the newer golden work shows the hand of Turkish conquerors. The mollahs smiled and assisted our dragoman in pointing out these faint traces of our faith conquered in this church, and one, opening his hand, offered me for "baksheesh" some bits of mosaic broken from the walls. If I could have purchased the handful for a para, I would not have encouraged the sacrilege; indeed I felt disgusted that a priest should offer to sell the ruined fragments of his own church. It is a common error to suppose that this church was dedicated to a Saint Sophia. I dare say such a saint exists; for if the Eastern Church cannot find one of the title, the Western will scarcely have left so grand a name uncanonised. But Santa Sophia was dedicated by Justinian to *Agia Sophia*, the Divine Wisdom; and it is said that

faintly, beneath a Turkish attempt to efface it, may still be seen upon a part of the walls the personification of the Divine Wisdom; but this image was not pointed out to us.

In the semicircular apse, where once stood the Christian altar, it was curious to observe the *mihrah* placed a little to the south-east—a change due to the latitude of Mecca, more southern than that of Jerusalem, in which the Turks have entirely sacrificed effect to a very trifling geographical difference. Above the *mihrah* hangs a dingy carpet, a sacred relic here, for it is one of four on which Mahomet knelt at his prayers. A still greater sacrifice of architectural arrangement is made in placing the carpets upon the floor, with correct orientation towards the *mihrah*, without regarding the architectural design of the church. Yet I know of no church, the interior of which is so harmonious in soft colouring, so inviting to prayer, as Santa Sophia. St. Peter's is more grand, but then its bold features are so arousingly distinct, and from its marble pavements a hundred noises ring upon the ear. St. Mark's is Santa Sophia in miniature, more beautiful, perhaps, than the great original, of which it was almost a copy. But it is not only the size of St. Mark's, which is inferior to Santa Sophia; the tawdry accessories and the dirt of modern Roman Catholic worship, and again the noisy floors, distract the mind. It seems impossible for

Orientals to vulgarise a church. Perhaps it is the glorious sunlight of the East which is ever at hand to condone their faults. I cannot tell, but somehow the monstrous ornaments of Santa Sophia do not seem so incongruous with its splendid architecture as the trumpery flowered carpets upon the steps of the grand altar of Seville Cathedral, or the tinselled rubbish which cumbers many of the finest churches of France and Italy. Yet you must not suppose I have taken to the green caftan when I tell you that I am alluding to several green ovals—I think of metal—twelve feet in their longest diameter, which are hung high on the walls of Santa Sophia, and bear, in large letters of gilt, the names of the Prophets of Islam. I can only compare them to huge green tea-trays, and, extravagant as they are, such in my opinion is the gift of colour with which the Orientals are endowed, that even these barbaric appendages do not appear such an insult to the church as you may suppose. Each of them was the gift of a Sultan; and where all representation of life is forbidden, it is fortunate that the Turks have an alphabet, which in painting or embroidery has all the beauty of Etruscan patterns.

But they need no pictures in a church of which the wide-carpeted floor every day presents scenes that for brightness of colouring would pale any ancient wall-work. Six months ago, I envied a painter's power when

I longed to preserve a scene gilded by the sunset of a Roman winter evening. We were sitting on a grassy stone of the Colosseum, listening to the droning sermon of a Franciscan monk, in company with some of those masked devotees who frequently bear the Cross into the arena of the ruined amphitheatre. What a companion picture I might have painted in Santa Sophia, taking a scene at our side as we entered the church! On a pulpit platform, the ascent to which was mosaiced in delicate patterns with tortoiseshell and ivory, sat a white-turbaned mollah, with blanched beard descending over a robe of bright green. Without gesticulation, but with solemn movement of his body, the old priest accompanied his expounding of the Koran to the many-coloured congregation which sat cross-legged on the carpets beneath him. On his right hand were grouped the women, their dark eyes brightly showing below their snowy veils and their mantles, gay as a bed of flowers, and all of colours natural, not gaudy; the lilac was there, and a mother in colour of lavender constrained the attention of a girl whose mantle was tinted like the red of a choice geranium. One girl sat in primrose-yellow, and another in green like the leaves of apple trees in spring. Another Turkish mother carried the colours of the violet, and all seemed attentive; while on the other side of the pulpit were squatted several men, a group not less picturesque, with grey beards and black beards,

and the motionless dignity which is so characteristic of the Moslems.

In another place,—beneath the green prayer-carpet of Mahomet II., of oblong shape, having the Sultan's cipher interwoven with yellow wool,—lay a brawny, barefooted porter, allowed to rest his weary limbs and sleep in the beautiful temple; opposite was the mysterious wall to which attaches a much-believed Christian legend. They say that when the Turks entered, sword in hand, into the Christian church, mass was being celebrated, and the officiating priest advanced fearlessly, bearing the Cross in one hand, and the holy bread,—the emblem of Christ's body,—in the other, confiding in the Divine power to annihilate the savage followers of the sacrilegious invader. For the Turks, these sacred symbols had little meaning and less terror; they waved their scimitars, and the dauntless priest was on the point of being massacred, when, on a sudden, he disappeared in the direction of this wall. Still, the Christians of Constantinople say, his chanting may be heard, faint and low, from within the massive masonry, and when Saint Sophia is restored to Christendom, they fondly believe that the long-buried priest will emerge from his miraculous hiding-place, and resume the functions suspended in 1453 by the terrible Soldan.

It is generally said that this Mahomet rode on horseback victorious into the church, struck his bloody palm

upon the marble, and slashed a column with his scimitar in token of his victory. Near the north-east door we were shown the very distinct print of a red hand upon a pilaster, and a porphyry column close by, split with a downward crack. The stone with the hand-mark upon it had been elevated to this position, and Mahomet may have cracked the column, but I should think it more likely that the hard stone would have splintered his blade, and that the wound is rather due to the scythe of Time.

From the lofty ceiling and from the soffits of the arches hung wooden frames, in which were an immense number of oil-lamps, all of white glass and of the Vauxhall pattern. I believe the illumination is made only at the Feast of Beiram. To some of these lamp-frames were attached votive offerings of ostrich eggs and tassels of silk. The *nimbar*, as the principal pulpit in every mosque is called, is always placed immediately at the right hand of the *mihrah*, and is ascended by a straight flight of steps, directly in front of the highest step, from which the *khetib*, or chief priest, reads on every Friday passages from the Koran; thus the pulpit presents, at the side view, a solid triangle of about equilateral shape. Like St. Mark's, Santa Sophia has an ample vestibule before the western entrance, the roof being covered with golden mosaic, from which the emblem of Christianity has been carefully re-

moved. But the lantern which swung over the door admitting to this vestibule was no better than the battered light of a village inn, and the grand old doors of brazen metal, worked in arabesque patterns, were set about with the most rudely-constructed receptacles for Moslem slippers. The four minarets which rise high above the cupola have nothing peculiar in their construction, and are not so ornate as those of other mosques. At a large octagonal fountain in the western yard, through which we made our exit, several of the faithful were washing their feet beneath its eight taps, turning the water on and off at their pleasure.

We looked up at the massive stack of domes and buttresses which make up Santa Sophia, and wondered that not very long since the structure had been in vital danger—so great that the Turks had to call in Frank aid in the shape of a distinguished foreign architect. I have heard that the gentleman to whom the work of strengthening the building was entrusted took the opportunity of copying the faint outlines of the mosaics which he could discern beneath the Turkish work upon the cupola. If this be true, the publication of his sketches would give great pleasure to many lovers of art in Europe. We can form an accurate estimate of the age of Santa Sophia, but many of its component parts defy such calculation. Of the columns of granite and porphyry which are among its chief decorations, some

were brought from the famous Temple of Diana at Ephesus, where not a vestige of that great edifice remains; some are said to have come from Palmyra, and others may have formed part of the church built by Constantine the Great, which was destroyed by fire, and upon the site of which Justinian reared the grand church which is now a Turkish mosque. They say that, when the work was finished, Justinian thanked God, who had thought him worthy to achieve so great a task, and that in his rapture, as he beheld its glittering completion, he exclaimed, "Solomon, I have excelled thee!"

Next, we visited the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, surrounded by a walled enclosure, through the gates of which the faithful stream from every point in answer to the bawling summons of the muezzins, who mount the lowest balconies of its six minarets, and, pacing slowly around them, stop at each two or three steps to repeat their cry, which to the uninstructed seems a cry and nothing more. The Mosque of Sultan Achmet has six minarets, each with two galleries, their outer structure open-worked like delicately-cut rosettes, placed at heights of 100 and 140 feet around the tall, slender towers. The Sultan's ambition in this respect was not achieved without difficulty. The Iman of Mecca heard of the temple which Achmet was building, and his holy spirit was moved to frightful anger and

jealousy when he was informed that like the Kaaba, of which he was the chief priest, the new mosque was to have six minarets. He hurried to Stamboul, threw himself at the feet of the Commander of the Faithful, and implored the Sultan to reflect upon the consequences of daring with impious pride to rival the sacred Kaaba, which had no more than six minarets. Achmet trembled with fear before the holy man; the works were suspended, and the Sultan was in despair, for those were not days when he could dare to make nothing of the Iman's rage. But the mosque must be finished, and it was not long before the mother of invention brought to Achmet's mind a mode of gratifying his own pride, and appeasing the excited wrath of the Iman of Mecca. He built a seventh minaret to the Kaaba, and proceeded with the six which so beautifully relieve the otherwise dull immensity of his mosque, not yet 300 years old.

The Turks appear to have no distinct architecture; there is no work in Constantinople resembling the almost magic art of the Alhambra, or the unique style of the Giraldas and Alcazars of Southern Spain. The Moors in North Africa have an architecture of their own, precisely resembling, though with less wealth of detail, that of the days of their greatness. But except in a few points, like the great doors of this mosque, the Turks seem never to have understood the beautiful Arab

architecture, and their capital is far less interesting in architectural works than the Moorish towns of Seville and Toledo. The Mosque of Sultan Achmet is the finest specimen of a purely Turkish building in Stamboul; but one of those vast white sheds which conceal in our great dockyards the growth of men-of-war—and the naval estimates—is almost as beautiful in external effect from a near point of view. At each side, the entrance-door is protected by an overhanging wooden roof of considerable length, and in the courtyard, a large, many-sided fountain presents the means of cleanliness, which, in the religion of Mahomet, is always next to godliness. The proverb indeed savours of Moorish rather than Christian origin, for of all classes in the Levant, the Christian priests are the foulest, and their less dirty flocks might without great difficulty be separated from the Moslems by no other distinction than their inferior cleanliness.

The motive in the architecture of this mosque appears simply to be that of enclosing the largest clear space; and the success is great, for the interior seems like a wide field spread with Turkey carpets laid together in scores over the matting. But the peculiar feature of the interior of Sultan Achmet's mosque is in the four enormous fluted columns which support the wide central cupola. They are eighteen feet in diameter, and, at half their height, surrounded with a band inscribed

with a verse from the Koran. They are very short in regard to their large diameter, and their capitals are worked with arabesque stalactites, as are many of the columns of this mosque. But the carving is exceedingly poor, and the plain glass windows let in upon the white walls a painful excess of light. There is little or no colouring in this mosque. From ten feet above the floor,—the level at which the hundreds of glass lamps hang in iron frames,—the light is cut by numerous wires descending in long pendants from the roof to support these lamps. In a gallery over the north door there are heaped a number of plain wooden boxes, piled together like the furniture of an exhibition stall not yet unpacked. These contain the bones of departed priests, whose remains, after three years of interment, are collected and stored in this apparently careless manner. In many of the mosques, quite a collection of treasure chests may be seen heaped together like luggage at a railway station. It is the habit of the Turks, when they undertake a long journey, to deposit their valuables for security in the mosques, as Englishmen do in the strong rooms of their bankers. There it is sacrilege for any man to plunder them, and the greatest rogue in Turkey would fear to rob from a mosque.

It is only the near view of the mosques that is disenchanting, which is just the reverse in the case of the

beautiful Gothic cathedrals of England. If York Minster stood upon the height of the bank over which Stamboul is stretched, it would look a dull, brown object, not half so beautiful as the white mosque of Sultan Solyman, which occupies the finest site in Constantinople. But there are no external details to examine with minute interest, and I saw a photographer wisely entering with his apparatus. The Solymanieh, as this mosque is called, has, like Santa Sophia, four minarets; but while those of the older church have but one gallery, two of those which rise more loftily above the mosque of Sultan Solyman have three balconies. This mosque, like that of Sultan Achmet, stands in a walled enclosure, and from its minarets, the Sea of Marmora, all Constantinople, the narrow Bosphorus, and even the Black Sea, might be seen. Along each side of the mosque, some twenty brass taps suspend their waters over an open marble drain, and opposite to each tap there is a raised seat of marble. Many of these were occupied, when we approached, by men, generally porters and the lowest of the working class, who were washing their feet prior to making their entry. In this mosque, also, the vast interior is covered with Turkey carpets, the beauty of which is more likely to keep one's eyes upon the ground than the inartistic, tawdry painting of the great cupola to lift them upwards. The pattern of this roof-painting indicates the

feeblest period of the flattest Renaissance art; but this work does not spoil the effect of the majestic proportions of the interior. The cupola is supported by the side walls, but two of its gigantic arches are upheld by four columns of polished red granite, enormous monoliths, which I estimated at fifty feet in height, with a diameter of about four feet. These magnificent columns were brought from the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus; the gilded capitals which rest upon them are of Turkish handiwork.

In the Solymanieh, the windows over the *mihrah* are of stained glass, the only coloured windows we observed in Constantinople. I do not wonder that the poor are often to be found in the mosques, which, to them, are a sort of working-men's clubs,—cool places of rest and refreshment,—soft, shady oases in the desert of ill-paved, fatiguing streets. Fancy the difference between one of these grand mosques and a cathedral church of England, as regards the invitation which each gives to the poor! The thick walls of the Solymanieh defy the hot rays of the sun, and, after a cool foot-bath outside, the tired workman passes the door to find soft carpets spread on matting, and a *coup d'œil* which cannot be without elevating, God-ward effect upon the most ignorant. I am sorry to think that the Christianity of England may learn much from Mahometanism. Men are led by pleasant paths to love the faith of the Pro-

phet, while they are falsely drilled and dragooned into that of Christ. Why should death be more alarming to the average Christian than to a Mahometan? Yet it is so, and you would at once appreciate the difference if you watched a Mahometan funeral. Fancy, too, a tired workman making his prayer and rest in a Protestant cathedral at mid-day! See the verger rush at him, and with frightful gestures hurry him off to a comfortless seat, straight-backed, a deal purgatory in the rear, out of sight of the ladies and gentlemen. And if, before Mr. Dean concludes the service, the poor man wishes to regain his work, and attempts to leave the cold obscurity of his hard seat, see the verger rush again at him, warning him of the impropriety, and perhaps illegally enforcing the impossibility of his leaving his seat!

The Turks are savages at heart, for the religion of Mahomet has not taught them Christ's doctrine of the brotherhood of mankind. As for their toleration, it is compelled by the stronger powers of Europe, and, like the Jews, the Turks are careless of proselytism. Their selfish creed is satisfied if they themselves rise into the heaven of the Prophet; what matters to them the fate of the infidel dogs who are pushing the true believers from Europe? In the impotent eye of many a priest of Islam I have seen burning an exterminating hatred of the Christians, covetous of power to propagate Mahometanism by the only propagandism known to its

priests,—the fire and sword of angry war. But the churches of the Turks seem to me all that religious temples should be; the idea of God pervades their cool, calm atmosphere; cleanliness and respectful obeisance are enforced, but without discomfort or practices repugnant to common life. And such as I have described these great mosques to be, such also are those of the whole city. Upon the next hill to that on which the Solymanieh stands, is the grand Mosque of Sultan Mahmoud, also a fine temple with but two minarets; then there is the Mosque of Sultan Bayezid; and many smaller mosques with a minaret not more than five-and-twenty feet in height. From all the muezzin's voice serves as a bell, and in all there is the same prohibition of every ornament which is likely to lead the mind from the idea of God. Neither pictures nor images to suggest an intervention between Allah and his creatures.

In the great mosques there are cushions laid here and there upon the carpeted floor, and before these reclining places are copies of the Koran open upon stands of X shape, some of them inlaid with mother-of-pearl and tortoiseshell. In these volumes, the faithful may find instruction in the civil as well as the religious law which governs them. And, much as I detest Mahometanism for its selfish sensuousness, I must say it is not true that the followers of the Prophet have no respect for the Founder of Christianity. I remember, during

their severe fast of Ramadan,—when from sunrise to sunset the Moslems really abstain, even from tobacco,—asking an old Moor, whose eyes were black-ringed with hunger, and whose temper was rather dangerous as he approached the trying completion of his daily abstinence,—what he thought of Jesus Christ?—whom the Turks call Aïssa. He lifted himself lazily from his stall, and without any hesitation replied, "We regard Jesus Christ as a great Prophet, as *the active Spirit of God upon earth;* he was not a writer as was our great Prophet." "But you do not think Jesus Christ God?" I added. "No; there is no God but One, Allah, the All-powerful: Mahomet and Christ are prophets of God, who will lead us to Him." The old Moor then resumed his seat, disquieted by fast, and I left him, thinking on his remarkable interpretation of Christ's mission on earth as that of the active Spirit of God.

LETTER III.

The Ak-meïdan—Obelisk of Theodosius—The Bronze Snakes—Ben-Bir-Dereck—The Burnt Column—*Turbés*—Tomb of Sultan Mahmoud—Turkish Time—Elbicei Atika—Sultan Mahmoud and the Janissaries—Massacre of the Janissaries—Costume of their Officers—An Arbitrary Toll—The Caliph's Confectioner—His Chief of Eunuchs—His Dwarfs—The Bazaars—The Spice Bazaar—The Turners' Bazaar—Bread and Water Sellers—Prints for the Turkish Markets—The Shoe Bazaar—Persian Work—Palace of the Bosphorus—Dolma Baghcher—No Style of Architecture—Old Seraglio—Old and New Palaces—Fountain of Achmet III.—Fountain of Top-Hané—Houses of Stamboul—Desolate Streets—A New Quarter—Turkish Sewering—Rats at Home—Dogs of Constantinople—Place of the Seraskerat—Beautiful Arab Houses—Turkish Progress—Barbers, Writers, and Café-keepers—Penmanship in Turkey—People Industrious—Rarely Destitute.

OUTSIDE the walls of the Mosque of Sultan Achmet there is a dusty, ill-kept, open space, which contains nearly all the antiquities of Constantinople. This is the Greek "Hippodrome," the Turkish "Ak-meïdan," words which have the same meaning. Here, during the times of the Eastern Roman Empire, was the stadium in which charioteers contended for prizes, and here, the janissaries practised throwing the *djerid*,

before the introduction of muskets revolutionised the unwilling armies of the Soldan. At present the Akmeïdan is bounded on one of its long sides by the walls of the courtyard of this mosque, and on three sides by an irregular line of houses, divided by unoccupied ground covered with heaps of rubbish; the whole place, looks in an uncertain condition, as though perhaps the Sublime Government were going to clear it quite away, and, perhaps, were going to restore this ancient place and guard it as such a site would be preserved if Stamboul were a Christian city. For on this ground, if you include its longest area, there are gathered five objects of great interest. Beginning at the east, there is, probably the most ancient of all, the Obelisk of Theodosius, one of those dark works of mysterious Egypt, the sharply-edged carving of which seems so scornful of Time. Like that grander specimen, which ornaments the Piazza of St. John Lateran at Rome, this may have come from Heliopolis. Among its strange hieroglyphics there is the same stiff-legged bird, in one place staring at a ladder, many times reproduced, and *scarabæi*, with other Egyptian emblems. The obelisk is of red granite, about forty feet in height, and without any considerable fracture. It is separated from its pedestal by four cubes of bronze, on which it rests; but the limestone pedestal is no more ancient than the date of its erection in the Hippodrome of

Constantinople. For upon this pedestal there are rudely-sculptured bas-reliefs, in the imperfect manner of the later Roman Empire, showing the Emperor Theodosius, his Empress and two children, presiding in state at public games and rewarding the victors; while the base is carved with illustrations of chariot and foot races, and on one side there is the obelisk, the ropes, the windlasses, and the workmen,—all the machinery of its elevation.

In line with this Obelisk, and with it forming part of the ornaments of this ancient Hippodrome, is the broken fragment of a twisted column of bronze, the convolutions becoming more open as they mount to the jagged fracture about nine feet above the ground, the lower part descending to about four feet beneath the present surface, the excavation of which is protected by an iron railing. The relic looks like three twisted serpents of hollow bronze, each about four inches in diameter, and this is what it is said to represent. The three heads have been rudely broken off, perhaps from Moslem aversion to the likeness of living things. But the Turks say, that the same terrible Soldan who entered Santa Sophia on horseback,—pressing his bloody hand into a yielding stone and cutting the column of porphyry with his scimitar,—that Mahomet II. struck off these bronze heads with a single wave of his Damascus blade; but

others, more moderate tale-tellers, give to his wondrous sword only one head, and say that the other two were afterwards broken off by thieves for the worth of the metal. If it be true, as many have thought, that these twisted serpents were brought by Constantine from the Temple of Delphi, where they served to support the tripod of gold presented by the victors of Platæa to Apollo, the Turks have mutilated a work of art more interesting than any they have created.

The third relic in the Ak-meïdan, which, with the two others I have already mentioned, completes the central line, is a ruined obelisk of masonry, about eighty feet in height, that was once thought worthy of being compared with the Colossus of Rhodes as one of the world's wonders. But it was not then as we now see it. In the grandest Christian days of Constantinople this monument was covered with gilded bas-reliefs,—a very tower of gold, each ornament commemorative of a success in the Hippodrome, which the proud victors vainly imagined would render immortal their names and their victories. Now, its ruined masonry is dangerously nigh to falling, and near the top a sapling has taken root, and its inaccessible green leaves wave within a few feet of the highest stone.

The fourth relic, which commemorates the Empire of Constantine, is not within the strict limits of the Hippodrome, though it is nearly connected with it by

the unoccupied ground on which all are collected. A small shed of rough masonry opens upon a descending staircase, which at first appears to lead into uninteresting darkness. But if you linger about the entrance an old Turk will hasten up, eager for fees, and commanding French enough to mumble, as he points downwards, the mysterious words, "*Les mille et une colonnes.*" I don't know why the Turks are so fond of a thousand and one, but I think it is the number they give to any unknown quantity surpassing the calculation of a simple mind. And, therefore, I am inclined to suppose that in the "Arabian Nights,"—the famous book which suggests the dreams of Orientals to our narrow Western imagination,—it does not follow that poor Scherzerade was occupied for so many nights, but merely that the number was undefined in the writer's mind. Every one in Stamboul speaks of *Ben-Bir-Dereck*, the Thousand and One Columns, to be approached by this insignificant staircase under the sanction of the old Turk, who mumbles a running explanation as you descend and the darkness becomes twilight.

When you have reached the foot of the staircase, about five-and-twenty feet down into obscurity, you are upon the half-filled-up floor of a water cistern of Roman construction, the brick roof of which is supported by 224 columns of marble, and domed over every four columns; the place is lighted by a few holes

knocked through the roof where the sunlight streams in, making bright patches of light upon the columns and the floor of this artificial cavern. The capitals of the columns are solidly hewn, and they are so arranged in rows, that the eye, after a brief conquest of the darkness, follows the vistas of straight and diagonal aisles. They have a projection, which served as a false base, and as high-water mark when the cistern was in constant use. Then, these stone belts, where the column is double the thickness of the shaft, would seem like bases resting on the dark water. But now the floor is busy with silk-winders, who, in the cold obscurity of these dusky aisles, sacrifice their lives to unwholesome industry. At first, you only hear the whirring of their wheels; then, as darkness becomes familiar, they flit about like gnomes among the columns—their coloured costumes, and even the bright silk they are winding, at last becoming visible.

I spoke of five relics of the Empire of Constantine; there are indeed more, for much of the walls and some of the gates of the city are of Roman date. But the fifth to which I referred, not far removed from this dry tank, is a single ruined column of porphyry standing alone among the *débris* of some destroyed houses. It is known as the Burnt Column, and appears to have been a commemorative monument, supporting a statue; but of its history I have been unable to collect any information.

Among the sights of Stamboul which may be called public, there is none of which the Turks think more than the Tomb of Sultan Mahmoud, the destroyer of the janissaries, and our enemy at Navarino. They never bury their dead within the mosques, and it is not the custom for the remains of Mussulmans of great distinction to be laid in the public cemeteries. In almost every street of Stamboul there are grave-yards, little plots of ground, generally full of tombs and rank, high weeds, wedged in between the iron-grated windows of an outside wall and the backs of houses, and squeezed laterally between two shops—perhaps those of a tobacconist and a seller of sherbet and sweetmeats; but it is not in these that the great are buried. Their remains are deposited in kiosks, or pavilion-like buildings of elegant form and light, airy architecture, attached to these cemeteries; the gilded kiosk belonging to the heirs of the great Sultan or Pacha, who, with the dead of his harem and offspring, rests within. These *turbés*, as the mortuary kiosks are called, are scattered about the city, so that there is no one particular burial-place for the Sultans. Achmet lies near his mosque, and Bayezid near his mosque, and Solyman the Magnificent rests near the Solymanieh, and the *turbé* of Mahmoud is not very far from the Hippodrome.

Out of a little garden cemetery, in which rose the gilded tombstones of several beys and their wives,

we stepped into a richly-carpeted alcove, of which the only occupant was a mollah in picturesque costume of white, red, and green, leisurely reading to himself in a loud whisper from an illuminated book, which I thought was the Koran. He rose immediately, and bargained with our dragoman for the price of our admission, which was settled pleasantly, with much hand-shaking between the two, while we were changing our walking-boots for yellow slippers. There were in the alcove two clocks of the shape of common English kitchen-timekeepers, one opposite to the other, with Turkish numerals upon their faces, both engaged in the difficult duty of keeping Turkish time. The central point of reckoning, regulating all the remaining hours of the day and night, is the hour of sunset, which is always 12 o'clock with the Turks,—a system which necessitates frequent alteration of their clocks and watches. It is useful to comprehend this, for in Stamboul all the departures of steamboats, and the commencement of public ceremonies, are advertised in Turkish time. Thus, when the sun sets at 6 o'clock upon our watches, the Turkish timekeeper will point to that hour at our mid-day. Of course their clocks and watches require continual re-adjustment, but, unfortunately, some get this and some do not.

A doorway at the end of this alcove admitted us to the kiosk in which were the tombs of Sultan Mahmoud and

five of the Sultanas of his harem. The conical ceiling was richly ornamented with moulded flowers and wreaths in white plaster, and from the centre was suspended a splendid chandelier of glass, which was unnecessary by day, as the apartment was full of light from the plain glass windows, protected on the outside by gilded gratings. The floor was carpeted except where it was occupied by the oblong tombs. That of Sultan Mahmoud stood diagonally before the door upon a platform raised about a foot from the ground, surrounded by a silver railing about ten feet in length by six feet in width. The coarse workmanship of this railing, and of the four large candlesticks,—one at each corner, with a wax candle six inches thick in each, their wicks concealed by large silver extinguishers,—was very inferior, no better than that of the commonest articles of pewter in England. One could hardly believe in the value of the metal so badly chased; but we greatly admired the embroidery, in silver thread, of the pall of black velvet which enveloped the sarcophagus, the lid of which was Λ-shaped, and sloping from the head to the feet. At the head, on a block of wood exactly fitting it, was fixed the red velvet fez of the Sultan, with a circle of brilliants in front, and, projecting from this jewelled ornament, a plume of light-brown feathers; below this a twisted scarf of lilac and yellow, of Persian manufacture, lay over the head of

the tomb. The splendid embroidery of the pall within the fringe and border was in Turkish characters. In lesser oblong railings of silver gilt, ranged to the left-hand of the Sultan, were the five tombs of his ladies, each covered with fine Persian shawls. In a little apartment adjoining were the similarly-shaped tombs of one of Sultan Mahmoud's sons and of three other ladies who had also, I believe, formed part of the Sultan's harem. The son's tomb had a fez upon it, which distinguishes the graves of men from those of women.

There is an institution in Stamboul of the character of a museum, yet perfectly unique, and if every object included in it were copied and coloured, a most interesting collection would be obtained, which cannot be studied elsewhere. It is a Turkish "Madame Tussaud's," in which is exhibited, on well-made dummies of stucco, the costumes of the unreformed Ottoman Empire, before the time of Sultan Mahmoud, and especially those of the janissaries. The museum is collected upon one floor of a house near the Ak-meïdan. In Turkish it is called *Elbicei-Atika*, which I believe means "ancient costumes." Here, without fear of being bastinadoed, you may study the familiar ferocity of the extinct janissaries who formed at one time the main strength of the Turkish Empire. The name by which we know these privileged soldiers of the Sultans

is a corruption of the words *yenit cheri*, which means something like "new guard," and as such the janissaries were established by Amurath IV. Like that of the Roman prætorian guards, their power grew with time, and their insolence resisted reform, which may be said to have come to them so fatally through the success of the allied navies at Navarino. Sultan Mahmoud, awakened by this terrible blow to the knowledge that the armament and tactics of his forces were far behind those of the Allies, ordered reforms to be introduced into his army, which the janissaries refused to adopt. These old-fashioned soldiers argued that, if former Sultans had not required these new-fangled arms to win great victories, or to keep their fruits, Mahmoud must be a feeble traitor, or worse, a "giaour," to be seeking to introduce the practices of the hated Franks. The Sultan commanded, but the janissaries were obstinate. A little matter lighted the fire of a death-struggle between Mahmoud and his turbulent guard. One of the military instructors appointed by him struck a soldier, whose affront was adopted by the janissaries as their own quarrel; they demanded the Vizier's head of the Sultan, who was resolving to make their own roll upon the ground. But their death cannot be fairly called a massacre, for the janissaries were in revolt when Mahmoud went in solemn state to the Mosque of Sultan Achmet and took down the standard

of Mahomet, which is with the Turks the most solemn way of announcing that Church and State are in danger. He exposed his life in riding before the fanatical rebels, who were encamped upon a large open space now called Et-Meïdân, and partially occupied with a meat-market.

I believe that the accidental, or, at all events, unauthorized firing of a gun, began the fight between obedient troops and the disaffected janissaries; the result was a butchery of the old soldiers, who perhaps learnt in the moment of death that their armament was useless before the weapons which they had refused to adopt. So fell the greatest obstacle to reform in Turkey. The gutters of Stamboul ran red with their blood, and the fish of the Golden Horn were poisoned with the heaps of dead bodies which found unhonoured burial in its waters. The day was the 26th of June, 1826, and when the news flew across the vast extent of the Turkish Empire that the dreaded, tyrannous janissaries had ceased to exist, everywhere the worldly-wise pachas honoured the increase of the Sultan's power by destroying every janissary within reach; and Chosrew Pacha, who was sailing with a Turkish fleet in the Ægean, evinced his loyalty by at once throwing into the sea all those that were with him in the squadron.

At the entrance of this museum, the first figure which greets the visitor, with a stony stare and a frightful

expression of privileged ferocity, is an officer of the janissaries, a functionary who seems to have been robed in rose-pink, to have worn a swollen white turban, like a fifteen-inch globe, and to have lolled all the day upon a couch, from which he gave his orders to three black-robed attendants, whose stucco fingers stand out straight and harmless. Beside their rose-pink chief there hangs a stout staff, at the end of which is fastened about two feet of chain, finished with a four-pound ball of iron, an instrument of punishment, which, according to our dragoman, this janissary used with great freedom.

Near him, another,—whose stolid face is most successfully imprinted with the janissary spirit of cruel, obstinate hauteur, whose black robe and large turban of brown stuff seem unattractive among so many brighter garments,—is on guard, with three terrible batons by his side. Before him, upon a portable fire, two ears of maize are roasting, which shows the simple fare of the janissaries. This one, they say, was wont to demand at least a para of every Christian who passed him, and to administer a beating in case of non-payment. Not far distant there is the chief of the corps, whose grand white turban is handsomely arranged over a red helmet. The paymaster has a sack of money upon his shoulder, and on his head a brass coronet, to which is attached a bag hanging down his back, of a material like light-brown macintosh, almost sufficiently large to conceal himself

in case of need. The chief confectioner of the Sultan has also a head-dress of this peculiar form, and silver bells hung all over his costume to give notice of his approach. Many of the richly-embroidered velvet vests have the image of the sun worked in gold thread upon the breast or back. The chief of the eunuchs is a wizened little man, whose long red robe is crowned with a head-dress, in shape and size very much like an inverted sugar-loaf. The Sultan's dwarfs are sickly-looking, small creatures, in dresses of red velvet and gold, the cut of which reminded me of a Chinese mandarin. The figures are set about with jingalls and shirts of mail, pikes and arms of a still more remote period. But it is the costumes which are most interesting. Through these one gets a peep into Old Turkey, the empire of the past, which faded away when coats and trousers were adopted in the Sultan's army. Occasionally, about the streets, or the devoutest of the devout within a mosque, I have seen old men whose costume resembles those in this museum; they are the ultra-Tories of Stamboul, hide-bound old creatures, inaccessible to modern ideas, as foreign to the bulk of the population as those two or three old gentlemen who think they do God and the State some service by parading the buff and blue of old times in the streets of London.

Between the district in which the places I have been

describing are situated and the Golden Horn, which must be re-crossed by the bridge of Galata to regain the heights of Pera, there lies a district the most interesting and original in all Stamboul, the busy theatre of its commerce in fine goods,—the Bazaars, as this maze of covered streets and alleys is called. It is very rarely, indeed, that a purchaser enters a shop, or that a seller sleeps in his bazaar. A line of Turkish shops is either a row of wooden sheds, or of niches in a wall like a succession of railway arches. The goods are usually arranged outside the shop, on shelves or counters, in such a manner that the passers-by can handle or choose them without leaving the thoroughfare, and the cross-legged shopkeeper can inspect the whole without rising from his cushions. This town of bazaars is entirely roofed, so that the wares are not liable to be damaged either by sun or rain. Looking in upon the covered, narrow streets from the sunlight, they seem so dark that I wondered how business could be conducted in such deep shadow, and perhaps in some places there is an absence of light more favourable to the dealer than the buyer; but at least in the summer months the sunlight streams in sufficiently through the small glazed domes which rise frequently from the low roofing of the bazaars. There is never an inch to spare between the goods of one man and those of his neighbour, so that the rattle-trap sheds are covered from end to end with

their wares. Such a bazaar of 300 shops might be erected for less cost than the establishment of a leading London tradesman. Vehicles are not admitted; but "hamals," bearing weighty bales of Manchester goods, jostle the buyers upon the rough stones of the narrow way between the shops. Of all, I think the most curious is the Spice Bazaar, contained in a separate and more substantial building, the arched roof of which is painted black and white, in arabesques not easily seen within the deep gloom of the bazaar. As you look in at the entrance, you can dimly discern that there is a central way open to the exit, which shines "bright as the gate of Paradise" at the far end. A pungent odour issues from the doorway, compounded of spices and gums from every land—a smell which consorts well with the cool atmosphere of the sombre bazaar. On the wooden shelves in front of the shops are ranged jars of ground colours, of spice, of chemicals, many of which glitter with weird beauty in this magic-looking place. There are blocks of alum and saltpetre, the blue-green of sulphate of copper, heaps of henna, the curious yellow colour of which seems tinged with black, lumps of odorous rhubarb, ginger, cloves, gums, and glues, and by the door of each store sits a Turk, who scarcely ever invites a purchaser.

On the highest shelf of one stall an old man, with strong spectacles leaning on his nose, which was shaped

like an eagle's beak, with long white beard streaming over his dull red robe, his white turban mingling with the curious dried roots and herbs that hung pendant from the roof of his bazaar, stood speaking concerning the properties of some drug he was selling to two persons — a good subject for a sketch, if a painter wished to show a magician discoursing of his art. In the gloomy light and aromatic air of this bazaar, imagination may more easily construct new Tales of the Genii than in any other part of Stamboul.

But the Turners' Bazaar, close by, is also very interesting, where, in every little open wooden shed, men are busy turning spoon-handles and chair-legs,—round things for every purpose, their revolving apparatus a bowstring worked backwards and forwards with one hand, the turning tool guided by the other, and steadied by the clenched toes of one or both their feet. Over the stones hobble itinerant water and bread sellers, the first clinking his two tumblers, while in the other hand he carries a basket, in which a huge bottle containing his stock-in-trade is covered with fresh foliage, and perhaps a few flowers. The bread seller offers rings of every size, big enough for the head or the hand, which is the form in which "the staff of life" is much liked by some Turks and more Greeks; he has also the flabby cakes of leathery dough which is, *par excellence*, the Turkish bread of the lower class.

In the cotton bazaars, where the stalls are gay with flaring prints from Lancashire, patterns never seen in the English markets find great favour in Stamboul. I remembered, when I saw these goods, brilliant with huge flowers on red and yellow grounds, with astonishing zigzags and wonderful stripes, how a calico printer in Manchester once told me that he employed some two thousand people, no portion of whose work was ever seen in the home market; they must have been some of the fabricators of these wondrous prints which make the English manufacture dear to colour-loving Asiatics.

In the Spice Bazaar the turbaned Turk very gravely puffs the smoke from his bubbling *narghileh*, and does not deign to solicit custom, or even to speak to a purchaser until he is addressed. But with English goods there is more noise in the cotton-market; the younger shopmen, in fez and coats of broadcloth, smoke the more active cigarette, and shout "bournous," "bournous," in the Englishman's ear, as if that were the only article of apparel left him to desire. I like better the Shoe Bazaar, where there are hundreds of pairs of velvet slippers, purple and crimson, tinselled with silver and gold, and thousands upon thousands of the commoner sort of primrose yellow, and curious red leather. Each shop has a carpet spread on the floor, a little raised above the covered street. We seated ourselves comfortably on this raised bench, and, without removing

our feet from the paved street, began to make purchases. By trying on the soft, pleasant yellow slippers, and holding up our fingers to ascertain the price, we came to terms, and bought several pairs for a very moderate payment. In the Jewelry Bazaar there are quantities of turquoises, set in leaden rings, which is the common mode of exhibiting these stones to purchasers. There are bazaars for the sale of Turkish arms, where daggers inlaid with silver, Damascus blades, and long, silver-finished guns may be had in any number.

Nothing can be prettier than the mosaic needlework of the Persians, or more exquisite than the patterns with which they braid cloths of red, blue, and black, for slippers, or cushions, or chair covers. Why, instead of working impossible cabbage-roses and gigantesque lilies,—absurd caricatures of the originals which Nature can alone make beautiful,—do not English women purchase these really artistic patterns, and learn some of the first principles of colouring from the Hindoos and Persians, whose eyes, it seems, cannot play them false? There are always many Turkish ladies shopping in the bazaars, cheapening the goods, and troubling the attentive shopmen in a quite civilised manner. Touters will beset you, offering to guide your uncertain steps in the labyrinth of indirect, crooked ways, which present themselves to your choice at every turn; they cunningly suggest every article of which they fancy you

may be in search, in a language which is a mixture of bad French and bad Italian; but if you are of my mind, you will rid yourself of their troublesome attentions, and leave your outcoming to fate, sufficiently amused in the curious, many-coloured life before you.

Why, or when, the Sultans removed from faithful Stamboul to infidel Pera, I have no notion. But the Sultan's palace, which I believe Abdul Medjid was the first to inhabit, is on the European shores of the Bosphorus, about two miles from the centre of Pera. If Abdul Assiz were really addicted to the ancestral practice of sewing the refractory or disagreeable ladies of his harem into sacks and ridding himself of them in the waters of the Bosphorus, his harem could not be more eligibly situated. But the Grand Turk is not behind his age: he has done with all barbarism, and makes enigmatic speeches about the duties of government and the rights of man, not unworthy of the Sphynx of the Tuilleries. If Constantinople were burnt, the Sultan and his soldiers would certainly be left to the last; for while the people live in houses of dry wood which would ignite like matches, the soldiers are quartered in immense barracks of stone, and their monarch is housed in a heavy palace of marble. But Dolma-Baghcher—the Palace of the Bosphorus—is not a fine building, and I suspect the architect found it impossible to make Turkish requirements coincide with a classical design.

For the pile evidently had an architect, though it knows no style whatever. It is neither Grecian, Roman, Gothic, nor Byzantine—neither an equal negation nor an equal mixture of these styles. It is a good specimen of modern Turkish architecture, to compose which it is requisite to add to the Renaissance features of a Byzantine edifice a few Moorish finishings, and to throw in occasionally a Grecian pediment with a few columns. The whole is consequently spoiled, but, nevertheless, the product is pure Ottoman. The Sultan's palace has a lofty, square, central block, with columned windows in a style something like Italian; this is by far the handsomest part of the building, and, I dare say, contains some very grand apartments. But the long, low, unequal wings are like a row of houses and two or three churches with columned porticos all jammed up together. They say that the longest is the harem, and I am quite disposed to credit the Sultan's mother with the design; the lesser wing has the same inexplicable features, and fades away into some yellow buildings which may be the baths or stables of the Commander of the Faithful. An iron-fenced wall screens the palace from the Bosphorus, on to which open several richly-gilded gates. The rear is protected by walls supporting open work of cast-iron, the design and execution of which is very Turkish and inelegant. The great gates are marvels of intricate pattern in Renaissance style,

ornamented with much gilt lettering, and within these I noticed from the road that an ill-kept garden lay upon the land-side of the Sultan's residence. From the water, the palace looks like an arsenal, and from the towering land behind it, like an hospital.

Far different is the appearance of the Old Seraglio, or the *Seraï-Bournou*, upon the western point of the Golden Horn, which Sultan Mahmoud, the father of the late and of the present Sultan, was the last to inhabit. Much of it has been destroyed not long since by fire, but the numerous kiosks and buildings that remain,—lifting their gilded crescents and cupolas among dark cypresses and the light green of plane trees,—rise up the hill in disorder more beautiful than the heavy, ineffective building on the Bosphorus. Somehow or other, the word "seraglio" has become much confounded with "harem," which refers to that portion of the house set apart for the women, and is sometimes used to denote the ladies themselves. But "seraglio" means simply "palace," and nothing more. There might be a seraglio without a harem, and in the house of every married Turk, the subject of the Sultan, there is a harem which has no connection with a seraglio. One can fancy the Grand Turk inhabiting the gorgeous apartments, lounging upon the sumptuous divans of the *Seraï-Bournou*, and, with an easy stretch of imagination, one can suppose that the library of Turkish manuscripts might, if at long

intervals, fall beneath the drowsy eyes of the Sultan. But the building on the Bosphorus, with its magnificent chandeliers from Houndsditch and its knick-knacks from Paris, is no home for the imaginary chief of Islam.

The architectural works I most admire in Constantinople are the two fountains of Achmet III. and Top-Hané. On leaving the *Seraï-Bournou* by the Bab-Houmayoun that of Achmet III. is in the open space before the gate, upon the left hand. The shape is that of a large kiosk, or pavilion, the fantastic roof projecting more than five feet over the supporting walls. In section, the building is like a clustered column of a Gothic church, the four corners having each a circular projection—a plan precisely followed by the roof, which is Chinese in pattern and shaped like a bulb root set upon its head. A richly-gilded finial surmounted with a crescent,—the points of the Mussulman emblem towards the sky,—crowns the roof, which is beautifully coloured beneath the eaves. The four circular corners are of marble masonry to the height of four feet, and above this they are enclosed with a gilded screen of iron-work, the lower portion perforated with semicircular openings to admit the passage of chained basins from which no Mussulman likes to see a Christian drink. On the four flat surfaces, between the circular projections, there is a brass tap, and beneath it a marble trough for ablutions; but the taps which supply the numerous brazen basins

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with drinking-water are within, beyond the reach of contamination. An attendant is frequently engaged in filling these and passing them beneath the gilded gratings. It is the common practice to allow them to stand full of water awaiting a demand, which in warm weather is not favourable to refreshment. Above the outside marble fountains, on the delicately-coloured stone, there is much gilded lettering on a ground of green, and beautiful arabesque patterns suggestive of the Alhambra. The angles are worked off with highly-coloured stalactites, and, unlike the fountain of Top-Hané, which is square and plain, this of Achmet III. is in most parts coloured. I would say that Constantinople was a beautiful city if these exquisite works in Moorish architecture were a fair sample of the public edifices. There could not be conceived a worse style of house than that which is most common in Stamboul. They are heavily framed and very lightly covered with badly sawn weather-boarding, which offers faint protection against the heat of summer or the rains of winter, the only advantage being that the houses are frequently burned down and frequently renewed.

In Stamboul a house two centuries old is quite rare. They have usually two stories above the ground floor, which is often neither paved nor boarded, with the consequence that the homes of the Turks are full of vermin. In no city that I know of are rats so numerous

as in Stamboul. The glazed windows are sometimes half, and often wholly, covered with closely-latticed, wooden screens to seclude the harem from the eyes of people in the street, and, except furtively, I never remember to have seen a Turkish woman looking from a window. The double doors are generally tight shut, but if by chance they are open, you only see that the ground floor is a dirty lumber-hole, and the stairs ascending to the apartments of the family. For the most part, the streets of the city are always desolate and empty, though the population is so great. There are no streets of shops in Stamboul; the bazaar-keepers come down from their houses in the morning, and return to them at evening. I think a Turk would regard it as indelicate to have his harem and his children above his trading store. The bazaars are all alive with motion, but in other parts of the city you may walk over the roughly-stoned alleys, which, with an open gutter in the centre, are the streets of the best quarters, without meeting more than half a dozen persons in a mile.

The first floor of the houses is supported on curved timbers, and as no three together preserve the line of frontage, or have the same design, the result is a confusion, which with a wealth of light and shadow is sometimes picturesque. Often the boards are left to take the black-brown colour which the weather gives them, but many are coated with the dark-red of

which I have before written, and most of them have, beneath the eaves, in green and gold, on a small hanging tablet, the name of the proprietor, a simple plan of denoting ownership which I have noticed in frequent use in Italian towns.

I suppose that any more substantial material is very costly in Stamboul; on any other supposition it would be difficult to account for the excessive dearness of house-rent in the brick or stone abodes of Pera or Galata. On the ruins of a part of Stamboul, there is a stone-built quarter of really well-constructed houses, erected in the German style, springing up between Santa Sophia and the Mosque of Sultan Bayezid. Indeed the widest, best-made street in Constantinople is in this new locality, where ruined *turbés* and the remains of old houses evidence quite a Parisian determination to renovate the city. The site of this new quarter, which has been cleared partly by fire and partly by authority, is the finest in Stamboul, on the brow of the hill commanding a view of the Bosphorus, and in near proximity to the picturesque trees of the Old Seraglio gardens. In all external details, except the jealous shutters of the harems, the houses are such as front the new streets of Athens. The other day I stood watching Turkish labourers constructing a sewer in one of the wide, well-planned streets of this quarter. They had plenty of good lime, and two men with

immense wooden mallets were smashing broken brick into powder for mixing in their mortar. But the flat bottom of their sewer was laid with a floor of large brick rubbish, lightly rammed and covered with this mortar; the perpendicular sides were laid dry with broken stone, for the most part such as was found in the excavation, probably the ruins of Byzantium; the inner face of this dry-laid stone was also made smooth with a covering of the mortar, and then, with stones of very unequal size, the arched top was built upon a templet, with little or no mortar. If I could have mastered sufficient Turkish, I would have told the superintendent that he was making a rat-warren, and nothing better. In a few months the floor and sides of this wretched drain will be honeycombed with rat-holes, and in the dry season the turgid filth will soak beneath the soil of the houses and into the wells which supply the people's drinking-water. And this is the best street, the newest pattern of the most advanced sanitary reform in the city, including Frankish Pera and Galata! And with this state of things for the best, the people call on Allah to save them from the cholera! Their house arrangements are so constructed that the rats run from the main sewers on to the floors of the houses. I have seen rats scamper from the floor of a Pera house, inhabited by Turks, into the drain which had direct communication with

the main sewers. If the rats were all of one mind, there is nothing to prevent a swarm of them entering any house they pleased and sacking it after their worse than human fashion. I do not wonder, with such ignorance of sanitary improvement, that people should die in Stamboul; the marvel is, rather, that so many should remain alive.

The condition of the streets would be worse were it not for the dogs, the unpaid scavengers of Constantinople. I don't know how many there are in the city, but I have counted six-and-twenty of these ownerless quadrupeds within a space of fifty square yards, all lying motionless and stretched as if dead beneath the mid-day sun. There are very few vehicles in the streets of the city, or they would be more often killed. Very many people give them a knock in passing, which must be cruelly hard to disturb their sleep, but I never saw any one of them return the incivility with a bite, or even dare a growl. They seem quite to understand that neither men nor horses will tread on them, and for the unkind familiarity of a kick or a tap with a stick they don't seem to care. They slumber on, often surrounded and dragged by six or seven puppies, until the sun falls, and soon afterwards the streets are their own. It is not very safe to walk in the narrow ways of Constantinople by night, for much of the refuse of the houses is thrown out of the upper windows in the dark

hours, when the dogs gallop joyfully towards the sound of falling food, which is to be avoided by foot-passengers. They yelp and bark and wrangle over their supplies without the least regard for the sleeping people, but they clear the streets of a great deal of garbage, in consideration of which public service they are allowed to multiply and possess them in numbers limited only by canine accidents, plague, and starvation. They are all very much of equal size, of wolfish aspect, and, while the great majority are of a foxy yellow colour, there are some in which the yellow is tinged with black; but I never saw one of the street dogs that had not some yellow in his coat. They say that these dogs have an organisation among themselves which limits each to a certain district. A young Greek told us that he was in the streets one night, when some dogs followed him, barking horribly, until suddenly it seemed that they passed the boundary of their quarter, and he was relieved by other dogs, who set upon his pursuers and drove them back. As the Turks do but very little scavengering, I think their chief city would be in a worse state without these canine amateurs; but what other people would tolerate their prowling in the streets and their continuous bark at night?

However, there are signs of improvement even in Stamboul; the quarter I have mentioned will, both as respects health and convenience, be far in advance

of anything the soil has seen, and all along the ridge on which it stands to the Place of the Seraskerat, or the War Ministry, an example has been already set which will slowly but surely permeate the entire city.

The Place of the Seraskerat is a walled enclosure upon the highest part of the ridge which Stamboul covers on both sides to the water's edge. Near the centre of this Place a Turkish tower, something like a dumb-bell set on end, is a conspicuous object all over and far away from the city. If you are disposed for the fatigue, you may ascend it, and see the city from near the Place whence it has been compared "to a diamond set between two emeralds and two sapphires." The walls of this Place are arched upon the outside, where each arch contains a shop, and the gates are built in a very pleasing Turco-Moorish style of architecture. The house of Aali Pacha, the Grand Vizier, which was burned to the ground last February during his absence in Crete, is just outside the walls of the Place of the Seraskerat. We noticed workmen clearing away the *débris*, in order to commence the rebuilding, which is to be at the expense of the Sultan's private purse. The day after the fire, His Majesty received Aali Bey, the Vizier's son, and told him that the necessary sum would be furnished to build and fit a stone mansion for his father. The street architecture of Stamboul is tending to the German style, and in course of time its best

streets will resemble those of Munich. The Turks never had an architecture of their own; there is not a house in Stamboul which can compare for beauty or solidity with any one of many in Algiers, or Seville, or Toledo, where the Moors built their beautiful residences so well adapted to the climate and their domestic habits.

Those quadrangular houses have scarcely any windows in the exterior; the door opens upon a marble-paved courtyard, or *patio*, where generally a fountain plays among the evergreen foliage of orange trees, and slender marble columns support the galleries beneath which the inhabitants pass the hottest hours of the day. The walls are diapered and traced with the intricate art in which the Moors and the Arabs excelled.

But the Turkish houses are, for the most, the residence of human animals stabled in German villas. I never heard a bell in a Turkish house, and I think the Moslems have a religious horror of their sound, as the tocsins of the Christians. It may be that their civilisation has not advanced to having them in their houses, but we were looking the other day at a new iron-clad frigate, just arrived from England, which her builders had equipped with a finely-toned bell. The Turks no sooner manned the vessel than they took away the bell, and no Mahometan church summons its congregation by such a means. Of the steam-whistle the Turks seem highly to approve. The little vessels that ply upon

the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus screech horribly, to the apparent delight of their captains.

I am prepared to see the Turks abandon all their exclusiveness rather than their city. They will fight bravely to hold in Europe their rich possessions, and rather than abandon these they will give up the peculiarities and privileges of their caste. The *yashmack* of their women is fading fast from opacity to something like the fineness of that Indian muslin of which the Dacca merchants used to boast the manufacture, calling it "woven wind." I have myself seen a French photographer pay his way into Santa Sophia with his apparatus on his shoulders; next, the Turk will himself sit before the lens of the artist, as the Sultan has done. In the *Seraï-Bournou* there is a view of Constantinople, in which the artist, obedient to Moslem prejudices, has given no representation of a living creature. I should not be surprised if, very soon, the ladies of Stamboul manage to get their dark eyes and pale cheeks upon the canvas of more fortunate painters.

I do not wonder that the barbers play such a frequent and prominent part in Moslem tales, because there is no man who does not at one time or other come beneath their razor. Most Turks have a piece, and some a large part, of their beards shaved, but this is not all the barber's business. He is a café-keeper and a scrivener as well as a hairdresser and perfumer. Round

his shop there is a divan, where his customers smoke the *narghileh.* In the momentary intervals of his razor's leisure, he compounds coffee for them, and heats it at a charcoal fire in the corner; he has several brazen basins with a half-circle cut out of the broad rim, into which the shorn man's neck is fixed when his lathered head is finally washed and cleansed. This is an excellent contrivance, and brings the centre of the basin directly beneath his chin. The barber often carries a brass pen and inkstand in his waist scarf, which is another article of Turkish furniture that I much admire.

The pens are carried in a cover, like a long spectacle-case of brass, opening with a spring at the end, and close to this opening the brazen inkstand is fixed, tightly closed with a brass clasp. When it is not in use, the pen-case is thrust into the belt, and kept from dropping through it by the projecting inkstand. These are always carried by the public writers, generally mollahs, who sit in the enclosures around the mosques beneath the shade of a tree or a fountain, ready to exercise their calligraphic skill for all comers at a moderate rate of remuneration. Like the Arabs, the Turks write from right to left, with many curves and dots, which appear always precise and bold. Orientals think much more of good penmanship than the Westerns, for which, indeed, they have two special reasons. Their language, when well written, forms an elegant architectural

decoration, and it is almost illegible if the formation of the letters, with the places and proportion of the dots, is not precise. Do you think the practice of reading and writing from right to left is a cause, or a result, of the very general use of the left hand among Mahometan workmen? English workmen in Pera have told me that the Turkish carpenters usually saw with the left hand, and in sawing make the cut towards themselves, contrary to the Frank manner.

The people of Stamboul appear to be industrious and rarely destitute. As all the life of the populous city is collected in a few main streams, the beggars, if there were many, would be found where it was most profitable to expose their sorrows. But there are very few Turkish beggars even where there are most rich Franks to be met with, whose piastres are dropped easily. There can be no doubt that the chief cause of this is that in Turkey industry is generally self-dependent, and is more widely acquainted with profits than wages. Yet, indeed, one reason is the small necessities of life in the climate of Stamboul, where a man is well content with a dish of stewed beans, the common food of the poor, and where nothing is dear except those exotics of every kind which foreigners demand.

LETTER IV.

The Sultan's Religious Promenade—A Hermit without Restraint—Want of Female Education—Turkish Boys and Girls—A Sultan's Youth—Abdul-Assiz and his Son—A Letter from London—The *Muchbir*—Concession Hunters—English Turcophiles—The Protection of Turkey—An Ambassador's Duties—The Embassy House at Pera—The Ambassador's Country House at Therapia—An Ill-considered Vote—"Press" it on the Porte—Ethnology of Turkey—The Montenegrins—The Servians—The Moldo-Wallachians—The Bulgarians—The Province of Roumelia—The Albanians—Population of the Capital—The Sultan's Government—His Travelling Tutor—Aali Pacha—The Sultan's Speech—New Council of State—New High Court of Justice—Heirs of the Sick Man—Fuad Pacha—His View of the Situation—His Medical Metaphors—The Police of the Bosphorus—Corn Trade of the Black Sea—Russian Policy—Prince —— on American Ideas—Financial Difficulties and Scandal—Turkish Leaders—Fuad Pacha's Humour—His Separation of Soul and Body.

THE lives of the Sultans of Turkey are not long, a fact which, without resorting to the bowstring or the poison cup, is sufficiently accounted for by the sloth, indulgence, and want of exercise which enervates their existence. It is, however, the unfailing custom for the Sultan to leave his palace every Friday at mid-day, and to ride in a carriage or upon horseback to some mosque,

which, besides being a fulfilment of the law of the Koran, enjoining public worship—especially on that day, the Mahometan Sunday—is intended also to convince his subjects that their Sovereign and Commander is alive, and has not fallen a concealed victim to any palace intrigue. More than one Sultan has been lifted to his Friday progress in a dying state, so rigorous has the usage grown by long-continued practice. But beyond this, even Abdul Assiz, the reformer and European traveller, rarely passes the doors of his palace. Compared with Queen Victoria, who in her Scottish home is a feminine Highlander, or with Victor Emmanuel, who is never so happy as when he is sporting upon the Piedmontese mountains with his double-barrelled rifle, the Sultan is a hermit. And the cause of this seclusion, so injurious to his health and to his ability for government, is, I think, to be found in the force of youthful associations.

The cardinal evil of the Turkish system is the absence or the insufficiency of female education. I cannot describe the life of the women of the Turks, because I cannot see it, nor indeed can any stranger, for it is not to be seen. English ladies may make a privileged visit to the Europeanised harems of civilised Turks; but even this familiarity is not possible with many, and unless these visitors talk the language of the harem the little knowledge they gain is mere inspection.

The religion of Mahomet allows a man four wives; but even Turkish women are expensive creatures, and, mainly for this cause, it is very general to have but one. The women are educated to believe that there is shameful indelicacy in unveiling their face before any man except their husband, their father and brothers. Even the slave of a Turkish lady would run from her mistress's presence to veil her face, if she heard the master of the house approaching the harem. The veils are becoming very gauzy, but I should be sorry to be accosted by a Turkish lady in the remote streets of Stamboul. Every man's hand would itch to give me a beating, and every woman would applaud the striker.

The women visit each other, and walk together in the streets or bazaars. You see them on the water in caïques, numbers of them in the reserved part of the steamboats, in the cemeteries, everywhere in fact, but very rarely alone. I remember a lady of Chalcis, in Eubœa,—which was the Grecian town most lately in the possession of the Turks,—telling us that she had so much trouble with her female servants, who would not go alone upon her errands into the little town. They were Christians, but the force of Turkish habit was strong upon them. Even the Turkish husband will not enter his harem while the slippers at the door imply that his wife is receiving the visit of other women. This may be only courteous, but it reminds me of a less

excusable privilege which the monks of Seville claimed before they and their monasteries were abolished. At the door of any fair penitent whose house they had entered to receive her confession, they also left their slippers, and none dared enter while the monk's *chaussure* stopped the way.

The children—both sexes together—are brought up within the harem, and at twelve or fourteen it is quite difficult, except by difference of costume, to distinguish the boys from the girls. After they leave the harem, the boys soon develop vigour and manly appearance; they ride and run, the sun browns their faces and strengthens their limbs at a time when the girls are fitted for the first time with the unwholesome veil upon their mouth, making the respiratory organs feeble and delicate for the rest of their lives, and are nearly all the hours of the day immured in the twilight of the harem, where there is never anything that we call pastime.

But, owing to the peculiar law of succession to the throne in Turkey, the Sultan is not generally so fortunate as the meanest of his subjects. The dying Sultan does not transmit his honours to his eldest son, but to the eldest surviving male of the Royal family. No Turk would ever entertain so wildly revolutionary an idea as that of female inheritance. Thus from Sultan Mahmoud the throne passed to Abdul Medjid,

his eldest son; but upon the demise of the latter, his brother, the present Sultan, ascended the throne, to the exclusion of the boy-son of Abdul Medjid. Now, this lad, the nephew of Abdul Assiz, is the heir, as being older than his cousin, the Sultan's son, who, if our law of primogeniture were in force in Turkey, would be the Heir-Apparent. So it happens, that a Sultan is often succeeded by his brother, and more frequently by his nephew than by his son.

It is not in human nature that a man should love his father's or his brother's sons better, or so well, as his own offspring, and I have heard that the Sultan can with difficulty conceal his jealousy of his young nephew, who, especially since he has become acquainted with the custom of other European courts, Abdul Assiz must more than ever regard as the disinheritor of his own child. It is not likely that, under these circumstances, the heir to the throne will be allowed to lead an active life. The jealousy of the late Sultan confined the present monarch to the idle retirement of life in a Turkish palace, and so his young manhood was passed in a condition not much more instructive than the harem existence of still more youthful years.

Education of women is of the first importance, because with them is the early training of the rising generation, and I for one will never believe in the possible duration of Mahometanism. I would not

labour at the Sisyphian task of retaining in Europe a faith which insults women by permitting polygamy, and encourages such female training as must result in ignorance and ill-health.

It would not be reasonable to expect great things of a Sovereign educated under such auspices. I know how easy it is to err in remarks upon customs not our own, but I do not think I have overstated the disadvantages which beset the Sultan's youth. A Turkish gentleman has told us that a friend of his had seen, with much surprise, liveried grooms and footmen following ladies in the London parks and streets. He thought the English husbands were even more jealous than those of Stamboul, and wrote to friends at home that Englishwomen of the higher classes were not trusted by their husbands in the streets without men-servants set to watch and follow them. But the Sultan's aspect, and his indoor life, are sufficient proofs of the faults of his bringing up. And, now he is supreme master of all, his position is more isolated than that of other Sovereigns. He is an autocrat sitting upon a democracy, out of which none aspires near the awful rank he holds. Under him, the greatest persons in the State are mere creatures of his will, whom he can abase to the nothingness from whence they sprang. Grand viziers and ministers rise to power by arts useless and regarded as unworthy in constitutional states, and, having risen, enrich themselves at the

expense of their country. Each pacha is a monarch in his own district, and so long as he pays into the treasury the due quota of taxation, and keeps on good terms with the Grand Vizier, his minor peccadilloes will pass unnoticed. Unless he has an enemy at Court, there is no chance of the Sultan hearing of his little acts of injustice and oppression, his receipt of bribes or his extortion. Yet of late, commencing in September of last year, there has arisen a power in Turkey before which even pachas tremble. This is the *Muchbir*,—a now famous journal, published in London, from which free city also issued the *Kolokol*,—a journal that troubled the peace of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, and hastened reform and emancipation within his empire. The *Muchbir*, speaking plainly on Turkish affairs and the governing men of the empire, finds its way into the harem of the Sultan, and by such back-stairs access there is nothing secret that may not be made known. But the despotism of Turkey is not an intelligent autocracy, like that of France, a parody of Providence, righting, or pretending to right, the wrong done among the highest and lowest of the empire; it rather more resembles that of Russia, where the Czar and the chiefs of bureaucracy alternately play the part of Omnipotence. Yet Turkey is far inferior in energy to her sleepless enemy of the north, while her natural wealth is perhaps greater than that of any European country. For these

reasons she is the carcase upon which the scheming eagles of all nationalities are gathered together, and every morning, the ante-rooms of the Grand Vizier and of the Minister of Foreign Affairs are crowded with Greeks and Levantines, whose appearance is suggestive of intrigue, with French and Italians, with Belgians, and not a few English, all crowding for concessions, or suggesting public undertakings, full of the sublimest sentiments for the regeneration and development of the Turkish Empire, but all suspiciously demanding the aid of Government piastres. Since I have been in Turkey, I have come to suspect of self-interested motives every Englishman who appears as an ardent "Turcophile."

It is quite possible that a politician, jealous of the colossal extent of Russia, and fearing the consequences of its maritime extension upon the independence of England, might be so convinced of the advantage of maintaining the Ottoman Empire, that he would again encounter Russian aggression by renewing what I have heard a colleague of Lord Palmerston's call, "the folly of the Crimean war." I rather think that, in such circumstances, war would be the policy of the aristocratic class in England. But what they would do for self-interested policy, they would not do, if they knew Turkey, from enthusiastic desire to maintain the freedom and the footing of the Turks in Europe. It is not the "balance of power" maniacs, but the English "Turco-

philes," whom I will never listen to with respect until I know their interests are quite clear of any Ottoman partnership. And I would apply this test very severely in the House of Commons, because he is worse than disloyal—he is a traitor of deeper guilt than that for which a man may yet be hanged, drawn, and quartered, who, elevated to influence in the national councils, talks of the country's interest, and jeopardises the blood of her men and the gold of her people, while he is thinking of his Turkish investments, and how the great, divine concerns of civilisation, and the deeds of the English Crown and people, may be made to square with his own peddling dealings in Anglo-Turkish undertakings.

I believe that independence—whether of individuals or states—is essential to morality; and the independence of Turkey is of paper, and nothing stronger. She is really a weak power, protected and enervated by the conflicting and wayward policy of England and France. If I wish to send a letter from Constantinople to the empire of one or the other of these protecting powers, I have nothing to do with the Turkish Government. From the language held by some "Turcophiles," one would suppose that the Turks were at least capable of managing the foreign department of a post-office. But, no! There is a practical occupation of the soil of Turkey by England and France in the post-offices of each country

where I buy the image of Victoria or Napoleon, as in London or Paris, and—in the heart of the Turkish capital—give to English or French subjects, in offices maintained at the cost of the respective governments, my contributions for the foreign mails. If, as an Englishman, I want justice in Turkey, I do not resort to the Turkish courts, but to the English Ambassador, the viceroy of our Queen. Perhaps he is in retirement miles away upon the Bosphorus, or, perhaps, like Baal, he is a hunting, or some otherwise engaged. Then, I must call again and again until it pleases our diplomatic representative to listen to my plaint. For although, in this dependent country, he is by custom and consent the chief representative, among the English community, of justice in their quarrels with the Turks, yet it would be unbecoming for an ambassador to have regular hours of attendance. It is necessary to his dignity that his appearance on duty, like that of the sun in England, should be fitful and uncertain. The sun shines on the just and upon the unjust, but the English Ambassador in Turkey cannot do this, for he is usually unable to speak any language known to both parties in the quarrel. One of the most useful qualifications for an ambassador, that of understanding the language of the court and people to which he is accredited, is never sought by the English Foreign Office. An intelligent, active public servant would devote his first days of power to acquiring this

knowledge, but it is not the tradition of our service to encourage such men.

I have heard the commercial men of Galata complain bitterly of the uncertain access and dilatory action of the British Embassy, without reference to any particular ambassador. "We can never find him when we most want him," they say, "and then, when we do find him, all our commercial secrets have to be entrusted to the dragoman of the Embassy, who alone speaks Turkish." There was lately a debate in the House of Commons about the propriety of spending £10,000 in building a country residence for the Ambassador at Therapia. If I had been in the House I would have voted against it, on the principle that it is not right to encourage a public servant in being absent from his duty. I do not think Pera is anything like so unwholesome as the Rue St. Honoré, and it is a far more pleasant place of residence than Athens; but neither at Paris for her ambassador, nor in Greece for her minister, does England provide a country house. The official palace of the English Ambassador stands upon very high ground in Pera: it is in every respect a grand house, and I have heard that, when cholera has been raging in Stamboul, Pera has proved itself remarkably healthy. The drainage is bad, but this evil need not be felt in the British Embassy, where English appliances would render the sanitary condition

of the house all that could be desired. An ambassador, like any other public servant, is entitled to his rest and recreation; but, like others, he should be made to procure it at his own cost, and the encouragement, to be out of the way of those who seek him, should not be provided. Standing in the garden at Therapia, which catches the cool airs that blow from the Black Sea through the narrow inlet of the lovely Bosphorus, I sympathised with the desire to inhabit new and costly rooms upon a site so beautiful. The old house is not dignified—not suited for an official residence—but it is spacious and sufficient for mere rustication. It is built of boards, which the gardener of the Embassy told us were the best material for houses upon the Bosphorus; for, though stone is plentiful, houses are always damp which are built of any other material than wood.

A number of workmen were beginning to clear the ground for the new house, the erection of which has been unfortunately sanctioned by the House of Commons, and upon Parliament blame must rest if commercial interests at Constantinople are still more embarrassed by the encouraged absence of our Ambassador. It is hard to see how the House which sanctioned this foolish vote can resist a demand from Lord Lyons for a château in France, or another from Mr. Erskine for a country palace at Cephissia, to say nothing of other demands, equally reasonable, from other representatives. I should

like to see ambassadors selected and trained with more regard to the real interests of their country, something less courtly, and more commercial. As a young boy, I remember how I was shocked by reading Cobden's maxim, that "the duty of an ambassador was to be the commercial traveller of his country." It seemed so vulgar, so incompatible with the chivalry of epaulettes and the graces of a court. But, after all, the great free-trader was right, and mere courtly diplomacy, worn out with intrigue and despised by common sense, is nearly dead amid universal contempt, from which alone the profession can save itself by becoming in the highest degree practical and useful.

So it is: if the English want anything in Turkey, their Ambassador receives directions to "press" the matter upon the attention of the Porte, with an implied interpretation of the word which would sting to shame the self-esteem of any other court in Europe. I am not one of those infatuated persons who suppose that this state of things can be indefinitely permanent. That it should endure so long, is due only to the antagonism which guards while it covets the rich dominion of the Turks.

A very slight study of the ethnology of the Turkish Empire will reduce to speechless imbecility those facile guides who represent that to push the ruling Turks from Constantinople across the Bosphorus into Asia

would settle the difficulty by leaving European Turkey in the possession of Christian people, all of one mind and race, living in accord with each other. Such may be brought to silence by the statement, which every one acquainted with the Ottoman Empire will confirm, that, if these millions of European Turkey were polled to-morrow, their free vote would maintain the supremacy of the Porte rather than the substitution of any other power, excepting, perhaps, that which is impossible—England. Yet there are none who are content with the rule of the Sultan, and none who would not revolt to-morrow were they not in awe of his military force. The warlike organisation of their rulers, their army tailoring of Western cut, their rifled guns and ironclads, are wonders to these half-barbarous races. Yet they do not think, like Tigré, Prince of Kassai, when he saw the English artillery in Abyssinia, that "God would never give those weapons to those who were not good men."

The Montenegrins in the north of Turkey are a sample of the peoples in all the north-west of the empire, warlike, governed by native princes, whose nominal suzerain is the Sultan, who are jealous of their independence, and ready to sacrifice their lives to maintain their present condition of practical autonomy. They do not believe their liberty would be augmented by a change of masters. But they are of unimportant

numbers, and their territory is narrow. Next come the Servians, with a very distinct nationality and language, an old people, loving neither Austria nor Russia—their great neighbours—thinking only of Servia and her traditions, with a people as proudly separating themselves from others as the Magyars, a sort of Hungary south of the Danube. Servia is badly governed by native princes at Belgrade, who live with daily desire of throwing off the Ottoman supremacy. North of the Danube, Turkey possesses Moldavia and Wallachia, united under Prince Charles of Prussia, who is good enough for the present to call Abdul Assiz his master. The people of these provinces, feeling that Russian annexation is their destiny, have somewhat cultivated German sympathies. They are separated by the Danube from Bulgaria, one of the finest provinces of Turkey, in which the Bulgarians, a distinct and very warlike people, speak a language closely resembling Russian, are of the Russo-Greek Church in religion, and would be more easily Russianised than any other people in the Turkish Empire. The Bulgarians hate the Greeks with a traditional hatred, which has endured for ages and ages, and painfully remember the invasion of Russian armies. In the great province of Roumelia, which stretches from the Black Sea to the mountains of Albania, and contains, besides Constantinople, the great towns of Adrianople and Salonica, there are many dis-

cordant races. In the western portion, the Albanian province, with Greek sympathies, is spotted with many Turkish villages, in which the faith of Mahomet is held with fanatical devotion. The main centre of Roumelia is peopled with Bulgarians, speaking always their own Russianic language. In the east, around Constantinople, there is a broad belt of Greeks; while towards the north and along the south there are many strong settlements of Turks.

In the capital, the Turks of Asiatic origin and religion are supreme. Their power is marked by the vast square barracks, some of English design and construction, which dominate the heights in every direction. Though all wear the fez, it requires little practice to discriminate in the streets of Stamboul between the ruling race and the Greeks and Armenians, who, with them, form the great bulk of the population. There are quarters of Stamboul where no Frank may live, or you would better understand the nature of the exclusion, if I wrote, from which it has been the traditional custom to shut out the Christians. But the Phanar quarter of Stamboul is wholly Greek. In the higher circles of Athenian society one often meets with people distinguished as Phanariots, emigrants from this quarter inhabited by Greek merchants and Greek *employés* of the Turkish Government. When the Turks seized Constantinople, they limited the Greeks to this district,

and called it *fanr*, "bad," which the Greeks have converted to Phanar. Here it may be that Hellenic plotters dream of Byzantine restoration, and in imagination float the state caïque of George Basileus upon the Bosphorus. But in the streets of Pera, one frequently meets with members of a priesthood dressed very like those of the Orthodox Greek Church, who minister to a people as powerful as the Greeks in Stamboul, but with no preference for Greek rule. These are the Armenian Christians, who number more than four millions in the Turkish Empire. I was talking the other day with an Armenian bishop, who told me that of this large population the great majority are Orthodox, agreeing in the dogmas of their faith with the Churches of Russia and Greece, but with separate management.

He was an Orthodox bishop, and regarded the Russians and Greeks as to some extent Dissenters, they having severed their churches from the original patriarchal authority to which he was still subordinate, and made of their respective monarchs and synods the chiefs of their religion. There are three and a half millions of Orthodox Armenians in the Turkish Empire, who would not stretch a hand to help their fellow-Christians—the Greeks or Russians—into the place of the Turks. Meanwhile, the Turks hate all European creeds sufficiently to be equally tolerant. One element of their strength lies in the impossibility of their union with

other European peoples. They are a foreign garrison among an unarmed people which repels them. And in resisting their own expulsion, they will fight with the desperate fury of pirates who know that the struggle is one of life or death. If they are to be thrust from the pale of European society, it will be at the bayonet's point and from the cannon's mouth.

The government of the Sultan gains strength by the differences of race, religion, and language which divide his numerous subjects, and prevent their uniting for his overthrow. They prefer the unsympathising rule of the Turk to the sectarian predominance of any one of themselves. Therefore the Turkish Empire will never fall but by external force, and from whence this sufficient force will come is the anxious question of diplomatists.

The theory of the Ottoman Government is far in advance of its administration, which halts in its progress, delayed by the constitutional apathy of the ruling class and the feeble determination of the Executive, alternately bullied by diplomatists and mollahs. Abdul Assiz, the reigning Sultan, thirty-second of the Othman dynasty, is probably as good a ruler as ever occupied the throne. If he has not the bold resolution of his father Mahmoud, he has more clever advisers than those which counselled the calamity of Navarino. He burst through a mountain of prejudices and antiquated tradition in transporting himself last year to the Courts of England,

France, and Austria; but I fancy the intellectual energy with which he is sometimes credited is supplied from the subtler and more active brain of Fuad Pacha, who enjoys the doubtful reputation of being the cleverest man in the empire. In Paris, last year, they credited the Sultan with a very pretty speech, which must have been prompted by Fuad. "I have seen in France," the Sultan was reported to have said, "the results of civilisation; in England I saw the causes of it." And now, not only this kind of language, but also the verbiage of liberal sentiments, has become quite familiar in the Sultan's mouth, without the slightest change in the system of administration, or any real belief on the part of his subjects that practical reform is intended.

It amounts to a discovery on the part of Turkish rulers, made, perhaps, only last year, that by the use of certain language they can get credit with their great Protectors for zeal in promoting progress and reform with no more exertion than the cost of a single speech. The Turkish belief in progress cannot be sincere. All the traditions of the Mussulmans call them backwards; they do not press them forwards along the unpleasant path,—the direction in which the ambassadors of England and France so imperiously point. Yet, the onward movement of civilisation, by which I understand the development in every direction of individual action and responsibility, is stronger than

any power of resistance, and the Sultan stoops to the wave which carries even him forward.

The present Grand Vizier, Aali Pasha, is the father of the Hatti-Humayoun—the name given to the most authoritative decrees of the Sultan—of 1856, which, forced upon the Turkish Government by the Allies after the Crimean war, gave to Christians and Turks alike equal privileges, with many grand promises. And after the lapse of twelve years, in which little practical progress has been made, the Sultan has been moved to make a speech which was delivered during our residence in his capital. Reading this address, I fancied I could see the writer's tongue in his cheek, who, doubtless, foresaw the apathetic indifference with which it would be received at home, and the fillip it would give to Turkish credit in the plethoric money markets of the West. It is because every detail of government in Turkey is so systematically neglected that the verbose liberalism of the Sultan's speech, announcing the establishment of the new Council of State and the new High Court of Justice, is to me so offensive. The ruined condition of her credit, the faulty incidence of her taxes,—which, though they have the advantage of being direct, are yet so imposed as to wither the increase of agriculture,—the rapacity of her officials,—all these things need laborious investigation and reform; with these evils unremedied, to put into the Sultan's mouth such phrases as those he

delivered at the Sublime Porte on the 10th of May is mockery, mere "buncombe" addressed to Europe.

"The duty of a State," commenced the Master of greedy pachas, "is to preserve to each person his right of liberty; its action ought not to be manifested by violence or by arbitrary dealing.

"An administration violent and arbitrary is indeed an evil, an oppression exercised in excess of the rights of the State.

"It seems to me that, as in that case there is injustice, so also it is unnecessary to accord to the people concessions beyond legitimate liberty.

"We do not understand by liberty, permission given to each to act as he pleases without the intervention of authority in any of his acts; if it were so, the interest of one person being in opposition to that of another, men would devour each other like ferocious animals. Indeed, if the interest of one is satisfied, this will not be but by the sacrifice of that of some one else."

All this—except the barbarism about "ferocious animals"—reads very like Napoleonic French. In quite the manner of the Tuilleries, the Sultan deduced from these premisses how necessary it was that he should have a large army to maintain the laws, and then proceeded to confess that, "if the principles and laws already established had answered to the exigencies of our country and of our people, we ought to have found

ourselves to-day in the same rank as the States the most civilised and the best administered of Europe."

"With a view to guarantee the rights of his subjects," the Sultan pronounced the establishment of the Council of State, "whose members are taken from all classes of our subjects without exception."

"Another body, instituted under the name of the High Court of Justice, has been charged to assure justice to our subjects in that which concerns the security of their persons, their honour, and their property."

I do not think in history there is an example of a Council of State nominated and paid, and occasionally decorated, by an irresponsible sovereign, which did not prove a failure. The *Gerousia* of the Spartans, which was entrusted with much the same functions, was composed of men over sixty years of age, chosen by acclamation, the judges, hidden from the assembly of the people, declaring those elected whose names, upon submission to the populace, were the most loudly cheered. But a council like this of Turkey, or that lately defunct at Athens, is an obsolete pretence of constitutional imperialism,—a disguised betrayal of popular rights,—a weapon in the hands of the Executive of which the single edge is turned upon the people, for the Turkish Government has now fifty more salaries at its disposal. I anticipate no good results from the Council of State.

Nearly all the nominations are already made, and the cost will amount to £100,000 a year. Of the members of the Council nearly three-fourths are Mussulmans, and the remainder of the seats are divided between Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. So that it is a mere farce to pretend that this Council will view fairly the interests of the Sultan's European subjects, when there is so gross an inequality of representation. Of course, there is nothing of the principle of representation in the Council; the members—several of whom, the journals of Constantinople say, cannot sign their own name, nor read a line of the Sultan's speech—are, so far as liberty of action is concerned, no more independent than Imperial *aides-de-camp*.

This ridiculous pretence at reform will be unsatisfactory to the people of European Turkey; but if the Sultan were left alone to do battle with none but his subjects, he could undertake the work of reform as leisurely as he pleased. His government is nearly as good as that of Russia, quite as economical as that of Greece, and they have to choose between one or the other. But if real reform be demanded,—How long will the Sultan be left in peaceful possession of the Bosphorus? Russia means to have Constantinople,—Greece hopes to have it without deserving the prize,—England wishes things to remain as they are,—France looks to hear of something to her

advantage,—Austria would like to have some more territory,—Prussia to make her enlarged voice heard when any change comes;—and so everything rests, the suspended sword of Russia overhanging Turkey, while the attitude of her defenders is every day relaxing into indifference. Force only will break up the Turkish Empire, and its downfall, if it is to be speedy, can only be accomplished by the armies of a great European power. Although England has given up the foolish bombast that she maintains her army for the preservation of the balance of power in Europe,—though she is powerless to contend single-handed with the armies of France or Russia upon their territory,—yet in the fate of Constantinople her navy would give England a puissant voice. With Gibraltar and Malta for her own, not even France and Russia allied would dare to disregard her honest sentiments. I cannot pretend, I will not venture to answer the Eastern question, but I can plainly see that England's interest in maintaining the Sultan is becoming far less imperative every day, as the number of independent powers in possession of the shores of the Mediterranean is increased.

The political position of Turkey is forcibly described in the following remarks, lately published by a French writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as a report of a conversation he held with the man, who, of all others in the world, is best informed upon the situa-

tion. Again I refer to Fuad Pacha, who began life as a medical student, and you will notice in his conversation that he draws upon his youthful studies for illustrations of his political arguments. His rise from such a condition to be the foremost man in the empire, excites no surprise in the democracy of Turkey, where such a change of fortune is not unusual.

"Those who know us, love us," said the Minister of Foreign Affairs, speaking of the Turks, "and they who do not love us, know nothing of us. We have our misfortune, which is to be the best people in the world; they know it, and they abuse the knowledge, but it is necessary they esteem us, if only as dupes.

"For more than fifty years, they have predicted each morning our death before the evening, and in the evening we have gone to bed quite lively. We have often made good use of these predictions, and we shall often use them, for we are neither dead nor dying, though they have said so."

"You are at least ill?" interpellated the Frenchman.

"Yes," replied Fuad Pacha; "that is what the Emperor Nicholas said; but if you wish to have the news of our health it is not advisable to consult that doctor. I know Turkey better than he and than any one. I have turned it and stethoscoped (*auscultée*) it on all sides, and this is the result of my medical examination: We are in constitution a body robust and well developed;

we have not any organic malady; but—excuse the phrase—we have the itch, and have no sulphur at our command.

"Do not deceive yourself," continued Fuad, "the end of Turkey is not so near. We have the best reason for enduring; we are necessary. Every European who comes here has his solution of the Eastern question quite ready, and you are not without having brought yours to Constantinople. What it is, let it be; and without knowing it, I can assure you that, if you will take account of all the elements of the problem and of all the mingled interests, you will soon find yourself baffled amidst contradiction and impossibility.

"This is that which constitutes our principal strength,—I do not conceal it,—we derive our authority from ourselves. Do not suppose that this is a fictitious solidarity; it is very real, because the attacks directed against us, coming from antagonistic populations, never coincide at once upon the same point. Consult here the different communities which covet our heritage. Each will tell you, 'The first heir, the most worthy is myself.' Nothing more natural. 'And after you?' 'After me I do not see any one.' It is thus that our enemies chase one another, and so we live. * * *

"We have this peculiar merit,—we fulfil this function, in the exercise of which no one can supplant us,—*we are the best police of the Bosphorus.*"

That Fuad Pacha's last remark is perfectly true no experienced politician will deny, but in this conversation he does not approach the question as regards the resistance of Russian aggression. It is not to be looked for, that, except under pressure from England and France, Russia will be content to rest confined by the ice of the Baltic and the Treaty of Paris. The Bosphorus is a natural position of great strength, but what is the importance of it to England? Of the British ships that pass the Bosphorus, more than one-half are bound for Odessa. They could not enter the principal port of Southern Russia without permission, and it seems of little consequence whether this leave is given on the Bosphorus or in the port of Odessa. It is better that the Turks should keep the Bosphorus; but if their government is such as to leave their splendid empire unfertile and undeveloped,—if they cannot command the sympathy of the population over which they rule to support them against a foreign enemy,—I hold that it would be foolish as well as wicked on the part of England again to pour out her blood and spend her taxes in a second defence of the Turks against any future attack from Russia. So far as England is concerned, the Bosphorus is the mouth of the Danube, the water-way of our corn supplies from Turkey and from Austria. Now I deny that intervention on behalf of such self-interested commerce is ever profitable. We are

returning to protection of the worst and most immoral character when we take upon ourselves the insurance of the governments, good or bad, from whose dominions our supplies of food are drawn. If we cannot safely trust to the interest of the producers for the transmission of corn, and to our own strength to keep open English ports for its reception, we have blundered in promulgating and establishing free trade in corn. The protected countries do not thank us, nor take any more chivalrous view of our policy than I do; they well know that this is self-interested, and their gratitude is measured by this knowledge.

If we are to fight for Turkey, and I, for one, hope that England will never again draw her sword to protect foreign interests abroad, then let us understand for what it is we combat. Has the preservation of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles for the Sultan paid us for one drop of the blood we shed so freely in the Crimea? I think not. I have watched the anxious faces of Odessan merchants thoughtful of nothing but telegrams from Mark Lane, and of people upon the Danube excited by the news of a fall in the price of wheat in England, and I will never believe that any policy, Russian or English, will keep the corn of Southern Europe from its best market. I deny our power to maintain any political authority which pleases us in Southern Europe. We spent immense treasure in the

Crimea, and already the forces are gathering together to prove our work useless. We must garrison Southern Europe and maintain our garrison perpetually, if our past policy with regard to the Eastern question is to be effectual. What good is the Treaty of Paris? Except England, there is not a signatary power which might not be bribed with a share of the spoils of Turkey to tear it in pieces. And, perhaps, England would rather call herself mistress of Egypt than the friend of the Sultan. What shall be our Eastern policy is not a question of sentiment, but one of possibilities, and it will not be possible, now that the millions of England have a real voice in the national policy, for a Minister to empty their purses in the Black Sea for no tangible or permanent benefit.

Yet I would not counsel the Emperor Alexander to press the throat of "the sick man." Europe does not love autocracy, or the sectarian tyranny of an orthodox church. Orthodoxy, as an old gentleman once defined the word, means "*my* doxy," and heterodoxy, "*any other man's* doxy." No power and no people will welcome the extension of Russia, as Russia is at present. But God is never with the diplomatists who work as if nations were clay,—always plastic, never changing,—and they, poor creatures, were the potters. A Russian prince, who well knows and has some scorn for the diplomacy of Europe, said the other day, to a friend

of mine, "that American ideas will rule the world;" and these ideas are certainly incompatible with Czarism and with the constraint of foreign populations. There is not in the wide world so troublesome a people to rule as that seething mixture of cunning energy and quick-witted intelligence which inhabits the Levant and the south-eastern land of Europe; and a more thankless task than governing them against their will, which is always synonymous with their interests, I cannot imagine.

Meanwhile, the difficulty of Turkey is mainly financial. Her debt is not large, but her credit is bad, and the war in Crete is a costly drain upon an impoverished exchequer. Her taxes are wasted in collection, and in making loans she is robbed by usurers, and sometimes, so report says, by those of her own household. The national debt of Turkey amounts to 2,140,000,000 francs, which in Turkish pounds, worth two shillings less than our pound sterling, is divided into forty millions of interior and fifty-three millions of exterior debt.

Since I have been in the Levant, I have heard much talk relative to a recent financial process in Constantinople, the negotiation of a loan of 100,000,000 francs. It has been stated in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that this negotiation brought less than 45,000,000 francs into the Turkish treasury, and that the financiers charged with the business received a commission amounting to

15,000,000 francs; and it is further said that a fifth of this enormous "baksheesh" found its way to a great person placed very near the Sultan. I understand these dark hints to point to a clever Pacha. I hope the suspicion so generally entertained is incorrect; it is easy for him, it would be creditable to Turkey, if he denied any partnership in the affair. But he might do more than this: he might give Europe a true version of the whole matter. It was said that the rogues who held this plunder had quarrelled, and that so, honest men were to get at the truth, but now it appears that the scandal is to be hidden. To my humble judgment it seems that baksheesh is the curse of the Levant, that prosperity is impossible where every one is engaged in making a bargain for himself, wages or salary being regarded rather as a title to make baksheesh than the payment of honest service.

Aali Pacha, the Grand Vizier, is unlike Fuad Pacha in person and qualities. Fuad is tall, Aali is short and fat; Fuad makes very small profession of religion, while Aali is the leader of the Old Turkey party, the turbaned greybeards of the mosques, who wag their heads with sorrow over the passing away of the good old times. These two men, the most powerful subjects of the Sultan, at present divide between them the government of Turkey. The head of the Young Turkey party, Mustapha Fazil Pacha, the near relative of the

Pacha of Egypt, is not in great favour just now. Aali Pacha is a statesman and a man of great intelligence, whose word would be preferred throughout Turkey to that of the more able and adroit Fuad. Though Aali's signature is immortalised upon the Treaty of Paris, yet he remains an Old Turk. They say that prior to his recent mission in Crete he consulted his astrologer, as is his habit before making a resolution or a journey. But I can never write of the religious practices of people, with whom I have small acquaintance, without thinking of the old French lady who went to see the Chapel Royal in Dublin Castle, and wrote to her friends an interesting letter, expressing her astonishment to find that the English worshipped the Lion and the Unicorn, of which she had seen costly images in the chapel.

An excellent story is told of Fuad Pacha, which seems to me likely to be true, as his share in it is precisely in accordance with all that I have heard of his character. Not long ago, while he was Grand Vizier, an office which he seems to hold in turn with Aali Pacha, a wealthy Armenian died whose body was claimed by the Catholics, on the ground that the deceased was converted *in articulo mortis*. I suppose, for the reason that theological difference is so small between them, the Armenian Orthodox and the Armenian Catholics hate each other with the dislike which in sincerity they ought to bestow upon the Turk. The Catholic

relations of the rich man demanded his burial in their cemetery, which the Orthodox kindred resisted. So intense grew the dispute that the dead man's relatives were not unlikely to come to blows, when it was mutually resolved that the quarrel should be referred to his Highness the Grand Vizier.

When the disputants were ranged before him, Fuad Pacha, addressing, with the instinctive tact of a statesman, the weaker and comparatively insignificant sect, said to the spokesman of the Catholics: "Are you sure that this good man died in the faith of your religion?"

"Quite sure, Highness," was the reply.

"In that case," added Fuad, "his soul belongs to you?"

"Yes, Highness," acceded the Catholic hastily, believing the Grand Vizier to be on his side.

"Then the least you can do," added his Highness with decision, "as you have his soul, is to leave the body to the others." And so it was decided that the funeral should be celebrated with the rites of Armenian orthodoxy.

LETTER V.

Turkish Ladies—Thin Veils and Paris Fashions—Polygamy becoming rare—Cost of Four Wives—The Attaché and Madame Fuad—Palace of Beylerbey—Sweet Waters of Asia—Birds of the Bosphorus—Scenery of the Bosphorus—Equality of Coloured Men—Monkir and Nekir—A Turkish Shoeblack—The Sublime Porte—A Triple Date—Turks on a Sea Voyage—A Cabin full of Moslems—The Euxine—Russian Tea—Water of the Black Sea—Odessa—Prince Woronzoff's Villa—Russian Passport System—The Index of Names—Droschkys and their Drivers—A Russian Custom House—*The Grand Duchess Olga*—Eupatoria—Russian Lady-smokers—Sebastopol—Forts and Batteries—The Ruined Club House—The Burning of Sebastopol—The Bellevue—Ruined Houses—A Temple in Ruins—The Wooden Shops—Ruins of the Alexander Barracks—The Docks destroyed—During the Siege—A Philosophical Russo-German—Fall of Sebastopol.

I HAVE read a new work upon Constantinople, in which the writer states that the bridegroom's first view of his lady's unveiled face is after marriage, implying that he is quite ignorant till then as to her features. The muslin worn upon the faces of the young ladies, and many of the elder, must have become much thinner since this writer's visit to Stamboul, for we have been up and down the Bosphorus to-day in a steamboat, with

many Turkish ladies, whose features, and indeed their complexion, I could entirely distinguish beneath their double veil of fine muslin. The stern of the boat was screened off for their accommodation. Their privacy was shared by ladies of other countries, who are always permitted to enter this enclosure. I have before attempted to describe the beautiful colours of the outdoor mantles, *feredjis*, which envelop the Turkish ladies. Some of these dames were attended by a slave, black or white, and some wore beautiful jewels, but none had gloves. The ship's crew, the cake and water sellers, passed freely in and out of their enclosure. Not a few of the ladies rolled cigarettes of their yellow tobacco,—*tutu*,—and uncovered their faces while they puffed the light, grey smoke over the Bosphorus. Every one appeared to be furnished with a tobacco-box, or bag, and all kept up a rattling fire of talk. All had money to spend on cakes and sweetmeats, and I never saw even women of Paris more appreciating a holiday, or more independent in their mode of taking pleasure. One, who was troubled with a refractory child, sent out the small thing to be pacified and put right as to its under-clothing by her husband, who evidently regarded this work quite as a part of his natural duty, for, as a rule, Turkish women do nothing and can do nothing.

I believe their veils will become thinner by degrees and beautifully diaphanous,—that the Turkish women

will extend their enjoyment of outdoor liberty,—that polygamy will soon be exceedingly rare,—that by slow degrees Parisian fashions will pass into the harems; but I do not understand how, in face of the eternal difference established in the Koran between the sexes and of Mahomet's permission, granting each man lawful possession of four wives, beside concubines, this progress can be consistent with the undiminished reign of Mahometan power. I do not mean to imply that the Koran promises eternal privileges to one sex which it denies to the other, but that, in regarding them as two sexes from an eternal point of view, it establishes a difference which Christianity quite avoids.

I do not believe in the power of a religion, the moral sentiment of which is behind that of the people. It is not possible for the friends of feminine progress in Turkey to make themselves Mahometan Protestants, and reform their church by expunging these errors, because they are the written word of the Founder of the Faith. If part of this is felt to fail in moral sentiment, the whole will surely fall into desuetude. Forty years—even ten years—ago it was not difficult for a man to manage four wives in Stamboul. He had the key of his harem, and his wives cared little for enjoyments of the outer world, of which they knew nothing. Now, few men would be troubled with four, though the life of the women remains strictly private and secluded.

The rudest error that can be committed in conversation with a Turk is to allude to his harem, and our mode of inquiry after the health of those most dear is felt by him to be a shocking insult. During the Crimean war, the wife of the French ambassador at Constantinople wished to present the ladies of Redschid Pacha—the Turkish statesman who conducted the unsuccessful negotiations which issued in the war—with some Lyons silks, and it was thought signal evidence of her good taste that, in giving them to the Pacha, she did not allude to their destination further than by saying, "Will your Highness do me the honour to accept these; no one will know how to make better disposal of them than yourself?" This etiquette remains. From the family life of the Turks even their familiar guests are excluded, but the women have made this advance,—the result of watching Franks out of doors through thinner veils, and of a little education,—that no man has now-a-days boldness enough to undertake the charge of four of the wilful, chattering, costly creatures, such as went with us up and down the Bosphorus. Next, we shall hear of their going into general society, and then where will be found the Turk who will dare to promenade four ladies as his own? But this must be by-and-by, for even Fuad Pacha, the most liberal of Mussulmans, does not introduce his wife at his balls. At such an entertainment, given not long since by his

Highness, a presumptuous *attaché* offered to conduct a lady to the apartments of Madame Fuad, whom it was permitted to the ladies to visit in the private drawing-room of her Highness. At the door of the ball-room the gentleman was stopped by the attendants, and Fuad Pacha came up, with a smile and polite bow, gently and good-humouredly supporting his servants. With ready wit he rid himself of the troublesome *attaché* by saying, as he looked from the intruder to the doorway,—"*Vous étés accrédité aupres de la* Porte, *vôtre mission finit ici.*"

We had chosen the best week in all the year for seeing the beauties of the Bosphorus. After passing the low terrace and gilded gates of the Dolma-Baghcher Palace, we were soon opposite another,—smaller, but with much the same architectural features,—in the rear of which the Sultan is erecting a small Crystal Palace, of which the iron framing has been imported from London. Farther down, upon the Asiatic coast, is another of these marble palaces, Beylerbey, where the Sultan is at present residing, and still a little farther, on the same side, near the Sweet Waters of Asia, is another, yet smaller and villa-like in appearance. Why the Sultan should have four houses, each within sight of another, and all of the same style, or rather with the same want of style, I cannot understand.

There is a strong belief generally existing in the East

that a man's life will endure until the building upon which he is engaged is completed. So it may be, that each Sultan takes care to have always a palace in hand, for the Moslems, though their idea of Paradise includes all the loveliest things and the most delicious joys of life, celestially refined and beautified, are in no hurry to get there. And if earth yet holds a paradise, it is surely upon the shores of the Bosphorus, where the blue water, about half a mile across, is fringed with Turkish villas, pale-yellow, pale-green, faint red and blue in colour, and behind these houses arise softly-curving hills, often terraced with a wooden village to their summit, and often clothed with thick masses of foliage, in which the bright mauve-pink of the judas trees is set in gorgeous contrast with dark, aspiring cypresses and the softer green of the oak, ash, and plane trees

The steamboats zigzag from village to village upon the lovely straits, through which, if the wind is northerly, many white-sailed ships, with wings fully spread, run quickly with the favouring current. Besides the familiar sea-gull, flocks of birds—I think peculiar to the Bosphorus—are constantly in flight upon the surface of the water. The colour of their plumage seems to be black and white; they are not half the size of gulls, and move with extraordinary rapidity, always in a small flock close down upon the water. The boatmen call them

"Souls in Trouble" from their perpetual disquiet, and others name them "Chase the Wind." The houses on the Bosphorus, many of them the handsome villas of pachas and beys, are mostly built upon the water's edge, and many have a caïque-house beneath them. They are generally constructed of wood, which is drier than stone, and many have pretty gardens. I noticed several with neatly-gravelled paths and wisteria beautifully pendant upon wire-work, and China roses twelve feet high; but the screened windows of the harems and the conspicuous absence of any appearance of family life, gave the houses a very desolate aspect. We passed the long, low, pale-green house of the Sultan's mother; but not one of its many windows was unveiled, and, like most others, it had no chimney from which the smoke might curl in sign of life within. At Hissar, the strait is narrowest, and there, the plain, round towers of Genoese fortresses rear their high turrets above the houses. In the pretty village of Kanlidja, on the Asiatic side, Fuad Pacha has fixed his rural home, where, if he cared to escape the Christians, he is safe, for by traditional custom no "giaour" is allowed to settle in Kanlidja. Opposite, facing the entry to the Black Sea, is Therapia, the pleasantest village on the Bosphorus, and, separated from it by a small bay, both on the European land, lies Buyukdere, the last place upon the straits.

The scenery of the Bosphorus has no grand features; fertile hills rise on either side to much the same level; but with sunshine and the trees in blossom, the white of the horse-chestnut, and the mauve-pink of the judas trees, there is not perhaps a scene of more lovely tranquillity to be enjoyed from salt water.

Everywhere about Constantinople there appears a real equality among the people, irrespective of colour, from which Americans may still learn much. Many of the negroes are virtually held as slaves from their ignorance of liberty, and in the streets they may be seen running after their master's horse, or carrying his purchases behind him on foot. But many blacks are soldiers, some are officers in the army, and some appear to be engaged in the commerce of the city. Certainly there are not in Turkey those hard lines which separate classes in England, and there is beyond this a very remarkable absence of preference for colour. It may be that the Turks, ruling over peoples of almost every shade of southern complexion, do not closely observe the distinctions of skin, or that the tropical origin of their religion has given them in this respect a liberality to which Christians have not easily attained. Thinking, perhaps, of Monkir and Nekir—the two angels of death, with eyes of turquoise sparkling in visages of ebony, who question the dead as to their past life—the Turk is kindly disposed to the Africans. According to

the replies the defunct can make to these terrible questioners, his soul will mount at once to Paradise, or descend to undergo the painful work of purification in the regions of the Infernal.

On the little steamboat there was a shoeblack, with a box of London pattern, who did a good deal of business, polishing the outer slippers of the Turks. The men wear black shoes, but the women and children are almost invariably shod in yellow or red leather, their indoor boots cased in stronger slippers; but the difficulty of keeping all four upon their feet—and the outer pair are often simple sandals with no hold except upon the toes—would spoil their gait, if it had not been effectually ruined by the rugged streets. The Turkish women roll from side to side in their walk, their clumsy, ungraceful figures bundled up in their overall mantles, to keep which upon their backs engages both their hands. But the practice of wearing double shoes is cleanly, and even the poor shoeblack had old slippers over the soft boots in which he would enter a mosque or his mother's room. Another industrious Turk carried a tray, loaded with small white basins filled with cold rice milk, all spotlessly clean, and preserved so with a muslin cover. I gave him a piastre, and took one, into which he poured a few pink drops of essence, which gave the refection the odour of a rose garden, and to my astonishment he returned some paras, the charge

for the excellent rice milk and rose essence being less than threepence.

Constantinople looked so beautiful on our return near to sunset, that I could quite comprehend how the story a French sailor was telling me had obtained credit for truth. He said that many English "milords" sailed through between Europe and Asia, and up and down the Golden Horn, without landing, because they would not dispel the charm which the colouring and its situation give to the Turkish capital. One *is* disenchanted upon the miserable pavement before the wooden houses and the whitewashed mosques. But enter upon the scene at evening or morning light, when the sun gilds the high cupola of the Solymanieh and lights its tall minarets, from which the city lowers towards the green trees and white kiosks of the *Seraï-Bournou*. Between them are other great mosques, their exterior never seen to so much advantage as from the water. The low, barrack-like building, which is divided from the *Seraï-Bournou* by the solemn, solid form of Santa Sophia, is the Sublime Porte,—in one edifice the Whitehall, the Downing Street, and the St. James of the Turks. There is nothing of the sublime or the beautiful in its elevation, but it was there that the Sultan made the speech from which I included some extracts in my last letter, and it is from there that Fuad Pacha dates his despatches "Sublime Porte." *Apropos* of dates, the day

of the month needs as much calculation in Turkey as the hour of the day. The daily bulletin of the *Levant Herald* appears with three dates. That for to-day, besides "Saturday, May 9th, 1868," bears "Muharrem 16, 1285," to suit the Turkish, and "April 27th, O.S.," to follow the Greek reckoning.

The badly-paved streets of Constantinople had become distressing with summer heat when we left the Golden Horn for Odessa. The Russian Steam Trading and Navigation Company is one of the most flourishing undertakings in the Czar's dominions, enjoys a large subsidy from the Imperial Government for carrying the mails, and charges its passengers a monopoly price for their tickets. On the quarter-deck, the Turkish first-class passengers were limited to a railed space, wherein were piled wooden platforms, about eight feet by four, and raised six inches from the deck, on which to spread their bedding. In these, as in all well-conducted passenger vessels, the Turks are not admitted to the cabins, and with a sail spread like a tent over their bedding upon the deck, they have little to complain of in the exclusion. It results for the most part from their own choice, as they refuse to eat with Christians, or to partake of food prepared by unbelievers in Mahomet, and no first-class steamboat company will allow them to live, prepare their food, and eat it in the small sleeping berths. An exception to this wholesome regulation was

made in a trading steamer, which, in the year before last, carried me as a passenger for a voyage of some days in the Mediterranean. Two Moroccans were returning home from the East, each bringing with him a Nubian slave, pretty little women, quiet as mice, except when they were shut up together for the day in one of the little cabins, while the Moorish gentlemen smoked upon the deck. I looked into my neighbour's cabin, and was sickened with the compound smells of habitation and provision. Besides a quantity of green stuff, lettuces and onions, withering in the heated atmosphere, they had olives and dried fish, a mess of stewed plums, to say nothing of rancid butter, tea, and tobacco. Out of these nasty larders the gentlemen brought their own dinners into the saloon, and ate by themselves, their slaves feeding in the cabins. Once they invited me to take tea with them, which they prepared with their own furniture, in a singular manner. By their turbaned servant, the tea was first placed in a small brass kettle, which was then filled nearly to the lid with lump sugar. Upon this, boiling water was poured, and the thick, sweet decoction served in tiny tumblers.

On board the Russian boat, the Turks spread their handsome carpets and bedding upon these wooden platforms, with their stores of food by their side, an arrangement which makes the deck exceedingly picturesque but little accessible; and as we left the Bosphorus at

the hour of sunset, each upon his spread carpet abased his forehead to the deck in the direction of Mecca, several times repeating the reverent prostrations with which the Mahometans accompany their mute homage of Allah. A cloudy fog rolled into the mouth of the straits as we passed between the castles of Europe and Asia, which I should think are more ornamental than effectively defensive. The white tents of a Turkish detachment of infantry stood out plainly upon the heights, of which our view was spoiled by the evening fog that shrouded in obscurity our entry upon the Black Sea. Thinking of Byron's couplet—

> "There's not a sea the traveller ere pukes in,
> Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine—"

I had feared that my first meal in the Russian boat, taken upon the smooth waters of the Bosphorus, would be my last. But without any perceptible increase of motion our vessel glided onward, and when the fog cleared away we could see the land of Turkey lying beneath the starlight upon an already distant horizon. The Russians resemble the English in many of their habits, and with ourselves are the only tea-drinking people in Europe. In Russia, as in England, tea is an institution, and many Russians, when they travel, carry with them a private store of what they consider the unmatched leaf of their own markets. The Black Sea was calm at eight o'clock, when tea was served in glass

tumblers, with sugar and sliced lemon, which is in Russia the preferred substitute for milk. A table, crowded with ladies and gentlemen drinking tea out of tumblers with floating slices of lemon, and nothing else upon the table but sugar and biscuits, has an appearance of brandy and water, which would make a temperance lecturer rush in horror from the saloon. But the lemon softens the tea as effectually as milk, and I saw no one who took a stronger "nightcap" than this cup of ebriety.

The next day we passed without sight of land. I had never before sufficiently considered the size of the Black Sea, which has about the same area as that of the United Kingdom. The question arose amongst us how the waters of this sea could be salt, seeing that it has no inlet from the ocean, and no outlet but through the strong and narrow current of the Bosphorus, while it has the great Danube, and the rivers of southern Russia, for fresh-water supply. Its name was not justified by the colour of the water, which was blue as any part of the Levant, and, dipping a bottle, we sipped a bumper to Neptune, finding the water very much less salt than that of the Mediterranean—indeed, scarcely more than brackish, a flavour which may be acquired by filtration from other seas, assisted by evaporation, or from an undercurrent in the Bosphorus.

On the second morning we were in sight of the low land of Bessarabia, and the green cupola of a church

was the first sign of humanity that caught my eye on Russian land. Odessa was hidden from us by a promontory on which stood a white lighthouse, and, when at length the commercial capital of Southern Russia appeared in sight, it reminded us something of Scarborough, but more of Brighton, lying white and well-built at some elevation above the sea. The likeness would not have been suggested if the two harbours of Odessa had been prominent; but the two small forests of tall masts seemed crowded into harbours quite unworthy of the commercial reputation of the port, and the white, stately town is lifted into dominant position above them. We could trace the long, level line of the boulevard, which is the favourite walk of the Odessans, between the front line of houses, resembling those of Kemp Town, and the lower, more dusty, and dirty-looking level of the port. A handsome house which closes its eastern range is the villa of Prince Woronzoff, a name known in England as that of a most wealthy family, connected by marriage with our highest aristocracy.

I was curious to see the renowned bureaucracy of Russia, and presently it flocked on board in a crowd of officers, who took possession of every part of the ship. One man, immensely fat, whose green frock coat would have been "a world too wide" for any other person I have lately seen, with pimpled nose and cunning-looking, shaven face, seated himself in the saloon, and

held an inquisition as to passports. Lord Stanley does not inquire the age of those fellow-subjects for whom he requests and requires the guardianship of foreign governments during their travels; but the Russian officials appear to think this a most faulty omission. They demanded of each Englishman his age, and smiled with polite incredulity when I made exact confession of my years, and I observed that the fat man at once put me down as two years older.

They were, however, civil enough to neglect this inquiry in favour of the ladies; perhaps they doubted the power of All the Russias to get at the truth; but of the men, they wrote a wordy portrait, painted from entirely original views. Then, a stolid soldier,—whose broad features and long, grey overcoat with green facings, recalled pictures of the hosts which formed our Crimean enemy,—stamped our passports, but not until we had been again inspected by a ferret-eyed Russian, who, unlike his colleague, had the body of a weasel, and whose august signature was not granted until he had passed his dirty finger up many columns full of names, in well-thumbed books, which an attendant soldier laid before him.

The finger stopped upon a name very like my own, and the ferret eyes frowned on me with a demand whether this was my first visit to Russia. My assertion that I had never before touched the orthodox empire,

and that I was simply an English tourist, appeared to be taken for truth; and as both the tub-shaped and weasel-bodied officials had signed our passport, I thought I might venture to extend my hand, and regain Lord Stanley's protection. But, no! The formalities attending our introduction to Russia were not nearly complete.

Every passenger had to undergo the ordeal of being looked for in the well-thumbed book, which I suppose was an index of Russian enemies. The ferret-eyed man gave me to understand that the passport would be returned on shore after I had made a visit to the police. By way of courteous favour,—as I pressed upon him the need of our passing quickly through the town in order to take the boat which would leave in a few hours for Sebastopol,—he consented that a soldier, bearing the important documents, should accompany us to the police-office, and in a few minutes we had left the *Ceres*, landing in the midst of a crowd of droschky-drivers and porters, each one recommending his carriage, and all scrambling for our baggage, talking with vociferous animation a language of which neither of us comprehended a single word.

As to the droschkys, they were so exactly alike that to take the nearest was the only choice worth exercising. These Odessan carriages were low on the ground, four-wheeled, open phaetons; all seemed to be old and worn; the dust and rain of many years had obliterated any

marked distinctions of colouring, and their cotton lining was generally of the same pattern,—red stripes upon a white ground. They had two horses, one in the shafts with a high hoop extending above his collar, and the second, like an outrigger or a studding-sail, standing away from the carriage. Each horse had a separate rein, not interlaced like those used in guiding a pair by English drivers, and the coachmen are distinguished by a curious garment with a short-waisted body, made much like a woman's dress, and a long skirt gathered to it, the whole fastening in front, with no opening behind. Body and skirt are commonly padded with wool; the effect is exceedingly curious, very much resembling the costume of the figures in a toy Noah's Ark. This likeness is rendered more remarkable by the droschky-driver's hat, which is shaped like an inverted bell upon a very curved brim. In this singular dress, very suitable for driving, the coachman "pyr-r-r-r's" his horses to their best pace.

At the custom-house of Odessa our baggage underwent a rigorous examination. Grey-coated soldiers prepared the trunks for the inspection of white-coated officers, who looked pleasantly cool in spotless caps and tunics. Their scales were ready at hand to weigh taxable articles; the man who preceded us paid seventy francs for cigars, pipes, and clothes he was importing for his own use; however, we had nothing upon which

duties could be levied. Yet, as a little, ugly Tartar soldier was re-fastening our luggage, he paused every now and then, to hold his hand beneath the boxes unobserved by his superior officer, with a look which it was plain to understand meant money. And when they were packed upon the droschky, the small wretch followed outside still extending his palm. Touching the double-headed eagle on his uniform, I frowned at the impropriety of his request, with which the creature grinned acquiescence, and hurried back to his duty in the custom-house. We early discovered the advantage of making payments in Russia with paper. The silver rouble is worth four francs, and contains a hundred copecks; but for ten pounds sterling I received at Odessa seventy-two paper roubles and sixty copecks, an advantage of sixteen per cent. above specie. The Russian notes are neat specimens of engraving, and I dare say, like those of Greece and Italy, are engraved in England or America.

The Clyde-built steam-vessel, belonging to the same Russian Company, which was to carry us from Odessa to Sebastopol, bore the name of *The Grand Duchess Olga*. Her fittings were very handsome, and the service of the table more elegant than I had ever before observed at sea, the stewards in new liveries of blue and gold, and the floor of the saloon paved with encaustic tiles of English manufacture. The cabins were

beneath the saloon, which covered the entire width of the vessel, and between the large, square windows of this handsome apartment were landscapes protected by glass. At dinner, the soup was preceded by caviare, dried fish, and radishes, and followed by three sorts of spirits, white *vodka*, red brandy, and a green cordial, which tasted like absinthe. These tri-coloured spirits, on a silver tray had a very pretty appearance. A slice of a sturgeon, fresh from the Volga, I thought very nice, with a flavour something between those of salmon and veal. The pale, white wine of the Crimea, which was the principal dinner wine of the vessel, is no better than a poor Santorin—a pleasant, thin, dry wine, but without the excellence of that best of Grecian wines.

There is nothing remarkable in the low coast of the bay upon which the Allies made their landing in the Crimea, and a little farther south we stayed at Eupatoria, the first Crimean town with which they made acquaintance. The place has a very neat appearance, made up of whitewashed houses with pantiled, low-angled roofs, all in good order, a white church, domed with iron painted green, and the town is flanked on the south with more than a score of windmills. At Eupatoria we took on board a priest of considerable dignity and wonderful cleanliness. On a garment of striped calico he wore three medals; another was suspended by a wide ribbon around his neck. His long hair was tied

in a loose knot, which kept it from fluttering upon the black robe that descended to his heels. His daughter, who accompanied him, was a pretty blonde, with trailing skirts and bonnet of Parisian fashion. But she did not interest me so much as a pale, delicate Russian lady, who, with her husband, baby, and nurse, had embarked at Odessa. The lady had an air of unmistakeable refinement, and in the manners of herself and her husband there was a quiet elegance which I have very rarely observed in the higher class of French or Italians. Her motherly tenderness to her baby was remarkable; yet there are few English women who would not have been shocked to see this gentle lady ascend the quarter-deck after *déjeuner*, and, taking a tobacco-pouch from the pocket of her muslin dress, roll a cigarette and light it, softly chatting between the puffs with her husband, who never smoked during the voyage.

Among the deck passengers, the staple food was the black bread of Russia, which is much like rich ginger-bread in colour, but in taste it is coarse, with a sour flavour. On many of the bales of goods the name of Sebastopol looked curious and unfamiliar, commencing *Cebac*. In the alphabet of Russia, our *c* stands for *s*, as *b* does for *v*. Few Englishmen are unacquainted with the sea face of the famous port, the discrowned, ruined mistress of the Euxine, and I recognised the double tier of embrasures in the white Fort Constantine,

upon the northern point of the harbour, with something of old acquaintance. There is no mark of war upon this fortress, except that its 104 guns have been removed, and the white masonry left a harmless ornament upon the blue water. The harbour of Sebastopol, through which a straight line may be drawn bisecting the mouth to its greatest length of three and a half miles, was set with forts like teeth in a shark's mouth.

Opposite to Fort Constantine, also on a projecting rock, with 800 yards between them, was Fort Alexander, of which the existing traces are mere heaps of white dust and pieces of soft freestone,—the easily-worked material of which all the defences were built,—obtained from Inkerman quarries. Not enough of Fort Alexander is standing to hide a marine, and not a hand has laboured to clear the heaps of rubbish which choke and conceal its foundations. On the north side, Fort St. Michael and two batteries appear uninjured.

Facing these, upon the southern points, Fort St. Nicholas and Fort Paul can only be distinguished by a site covered with powdery heaps of stone, the larger fragments having been carried away, or stacked up for use in future constructions. These three great forts upon the south side are literally razed to the ground, and their dust remains undisturbed after fourteen years of peace. Between the remains of Forts Nicholas and Paul, the southern harbour runs inland for about a mile

and a half, nearly at right angles to the great harbour with a width of about 400 yards, that of the great harbour averaging rather more than half a mile. The landing-stage of the Russian Steamboat Company is just within this southern harbour, before the town of Sebastopol, which rises over a low ridge upon which the houses were built, with a most liberal allowance of space in streets and gardens. From the sea, Sebastopol still looks white and elegant, as Bath would appear if it were located in the brighter climate of the Crimea. But before you have set foot upon the soil, you discover that it is a city of ruined walls and roofless houses, a city no more real or habitable than if painted upon canvas.

Near the landing-stage, a flight of stone steps, thirty feet wide, conducting to a columned porch, gives the first evidence of the dignity of its construction. But once you have passed these columns there is a scene of ruin, the sadness of which is not mellowed by time. The ragged shell of the handsome building in front is all that remains of the Russian club-house. The masonry is excellent, and the soft, white freestone of which this and all the buildings of Sebastopol were constructed, was squared with ease and put together with joints so fine, that, upon a first view, I could hardly perceive whether mortar had or had not been used in fitting the blocks together. The pediment has been entirely knocked away, and only the ends of it remain upon

the side walls, which are standing in ruins. Some cannon-balls have forced their iron way through the masonry, and the sun shines through their jagged path; others have crushed a round mark deep into the stone, and started the even masonry behind in every direction. Not a vestige of the interior work remains; in the sockets of the floor-joists, a few pieces of charred wood reminded me of the ruthless determination of the Russians to leave Sebastopol a second Moscow.

Near this, a handsome archway, with iron gates, stands before the stone ascent to the Bellevue of the town, a place now, as before the war, the favourite promenade of the inhabitants. The capital of one of the pilasters of this arch has been smashed by a round shot, and the middle of the same pilaster is split and displaced; part of the neatly-carved key-stone has been carried away, and the whole is in that most cruel condition of dilapidation which is unredeemed by the least touch of picturesque ruin. The retaining wall behind it, which supports the ascent to the promenade, looks as if it had been an artillery target. In some places, large splinters have been broken off from the well-squared stones, but the greater number of shot by which it has been struck have crushed rude moulds of their own shape into the soft stone. Throughout the town, every habitable house has been built since the siege, and for every one that is tenanted there are

twenty in ruins, of which nothing remains but the outer walls; some so deceptively perfect that from the harbour you might suppose them handsome residences if the sun were not shining upon their roofless walls and through the unglazed windows; others show only jagged fragments of the rough stonework of their outer walls, inclosing hillocks of rubbish overgrown with weeds. The best quarter of Sebastopol was that which looks upon the southern harbour, exposed to the shot and shell flying over the Malakoff, the Mamelon, and the Redan. A church has been rebuilt, and the green, bulb-shaped roof of its tower supports a gilded cross high above the scene of desolation. All the Russian churches have their towers finished with roofs of this shape, or simply domed, and the iron with which they are covered is always painted a bright green. Many of the houses have iron roofs, also painted green; if slate colour is used they need painting every year, but green will endure for several seasons.

Near to this church are the remains of the Admiralty clock-tower, and up the wide street, grass-grown and silent, there is nothing but ruin. The doorways of some of the ruined houses have been blocked with stones to exclude those who have no right within the walls; but in palaces and villas alike, weeds are growing high and rank, their green luxuriance choking

the cellar stairs and waving above the window-sills of the ground floor. On the summit of the ridge, about the centre of the town, stands a tolerably well executed model of the Temple of Theseus at Athens; the design is copied with much fidelity, but the Inkerman free-stone is unworthy of comparison with marble from Mount Pentelicus. From a distance this building, like the original at Athens, appears perfect, but from a near view, daylight can be seen through the hole a cannon shot has made in the upper angle of the pediment. One column has been struck at the base and the pavement split away from it; another has received a cruel blow in the middle of the shaft; and the soft stone has split into fragments, leaving only a third of the diameter of the column to support this portion of the massive entablature. The building, which was a church, has received many less significant but severe blows. Not a vestige of the covering or any part of the internal woodwork remains, and where the roof rested upon the walls wild flowers are growing. I made my way towards the building through the enclosure in which it stands, knee-deep in weeds, my footsteps embarrassed by hidden stones, the ruins of the wall which no longer sequesters the neglected ground.

Street after street, the town presents the same aspect of ruined grandeur. Broken pillars, defaced escutcheons, walls pierced with gaping holes, or deeply cut

into by artillery; these things are never out of sight. The west, or commercial side of the town, is more active, and less desolate. Streets of wooden shops, like the bazaars of Constantinople, but infinitely more commodious and better built, have arisen since the siege, many of them in part constructed of the half-burnt boards which remained after the conflagration. Yet on this side, out of sight of the harbours, there are the roofless walls of an arsenal to remind one of the siege. But the desolation of which I have spoken is nothing compared to that which has smitten to useless ruin the magnificent Government establishments which stood between the southern and the great harbour.

In the shores around the southern harbour are immense anchors, with one fluke buried—the moorings which held the Russian ships and rafts during the siege. We walked round this harbour until we reached the high ground opposite to that on which stands the church modelled after the Temple of Theseus. Then we were beneath the white walls of the Alexander Barracks, built of masonry so finely squared and jointed that the plain surface may be mistaken for stucco until within the nearest view. These buildings cover a square of nearly a quarter of a mile, and were once, I suppose, the grandest military residence in the world. Now the bare walls remain, in many places torn into ruins, chipped and spotted with rifle balls,

broken and disjointed by cannon shot. Roofless and empty they stand, hopeless of reparation, the blue sky showing through hundreds of window openings and many shot-holes,—a solemn evidence of the wastefulness of war both in their erection and their desolate ruin.

In line with these barracks, equally destroyed, are the remains of the Russian hospital, which the Allies found crammed with wounded soldiers. In the centre of the hospital quadrangle was a church, of which the cupola and walls remain. This appears to be the only large building of which the roof has survived the siége.

But the cruel ingenuity of horrid war is most strikingly shown in the destruction of the docks which lay beneath the Alexander Barracks, and between them and the collection of ruined houses, known as the Karabelnaya Suburb. These docks, of which the plan can be made out among the heaped ruins only with great difficulty, were of very remarkable construction. Out of the southern harbour a small bay,—Karabelnaya Bay,—approaches to the canal which was the way into the docks. But the bed of this canal rises from the salt water, and the ruins of magnificent iron lock-gates, broken up with such complete destruction by the French engineers, indicate that the plan of the Russian architect of these docks was to lift vessels into them by means of this canal. Inside the locks, a spacious

basin was fronted, on the side opposite the entrance, with three docks partly hewn out of the solid stone and partly built of masonry, each large enough to hold a man-of-war, and upon each side of the canal entrance to this basin was another dock of equal size, making five in all. These could be filled with fresh water brought by an aqueduct which led part of the higher waters of the River Tchernaya to this point, and could be poured at pleasure into these docks, or any of them, filling also the basin and the canal. By this excellent plan, the labour of pumping out the water after a ship had been placed in dock was avoided, and if a vessel came home foul with a long sea-voyage, all the living things which had attached themselves to her bottom would be killed by thus passing her into fresh water from the Crimean mountains.

To the English engineers was entrusted the task of destroying these splendid docks, and they did their wasteful work thoroughly. The canal, ruined by the French, is now a mere trench full of rubbish and fragments of masonry, out of which appear beams of iron and larger blocks of stone, in complicated confusion. But the masonry of the docks has been shattered and ground to dust by the English explosions; some squared corner-stones of granite have defied their powder, but ruin could hardly be more complete. Not a trace of the dock-gates remain except a few bars of iron; the greater portion of the metal has probably been collected and

removed by the Russians since the conclusion of peace. It is pitiful to see the irrecoverable ruin of so much labour, yet I am willing to say, "better that it should be so wasted than assist in furthering the dominion of tyranny." These fine docks are now a grass-grown heap of rubbish, with not depth enough to hold a fishing-smack; their foundations must be cracked deep down, and can be no longer watertight, from the tremendous force of the explosions; and with them, the aqueduct, also the result of so much thought and labour, is rendered useless. The naval buildings, stores, and barracks around Karabelnaya Bay appear to be the only Government edifices which have been re-roofed and restored.

I sat on the steps of the columned church overlooking this scene of desolation and ruin, talking to an inhabitant of Sebastopol who had been born in the town, and lived there during the eleven months of siege. His parents were German, and he spoke the language and talked with much of the philosophy of the Fatherland.

"Were you not afraid," I asked, "to live in the place?"

"Well, no; you see I had my house to guard. If I had not been there the Russian soldiers would have pulled it in pieces to make firewood. I have seen beautiful rosewood pianos and picture-frames broken up by them during the siege to make a fire in the street

during the cold weather; they took up the boards and the frames of many of the deserted houses for the same purpose."

"But were you not afraid?"

"At first, yes, very much; we all went into the cellar; then, when I found we were not killed, though the cannonading continued, I put my head out, and then my body. I saw the soldiers going forward towards where the firing was coming from, then I thought I might advance too. We never went in the cellar after that. The first week when the siege began, we thought it would be all over in another week, then another, and another, and so on, till the Russian officers sent me over to the north side, just before they burnt my house and evacuated the city. We got accustomed to it. If you and I were sitting together drinking, and a shell broke through the house and killed you, I should only have said, 'Ah! poor fellow; your turn to-day, mine to-morrow.' It was blood everywhere. I helped in the hospitals. When I first saw a man's legs cut off I shuddered, then again and again, until I thought nothing of it. Soldiers told me that when they first went out against the English or the French they were afraid, but that afterwards they cared nothing for the enemy. In the city it was blood everywhere. 'Whizz!' 'crash!' you would hear the balls flying about, and sometimes at night falling with crushing noise into a house. One

night I was walking near here when a great shell fell close to me; I threw myself on my face, and instantly it exploded. I was stunned, and I thought I was dead. Then I shook my leg, and found it all right. I lifted my hand, and found it went. Then I rose up, not much the worse for the explosion. Another time, two hospital clerks walking with me were killed by a shell, and my paletôt and trousers covered with their blood."

Afterwards he showed me his three medals, one of them—two inches in diameter, to be worn round the neck—with a bust of the Emperor Alexander, and on the reverse, in Russian, "For Good Works." This he had received for his liberality during the siege, and his assistance in the hospitals.

If the place itself had not been a mere engine of war, I should have been more depressed by the scene of ruin before us. Shot and shell, and soldiers' drill, were the industry of Sebastopol, and she perished by the arts which she cultivated.

LETTER VI.

The Road to Balaklava—The French Cemetery—The English Cemeteries—The Head-quarters' Cemetery—Our Crimean Estate—What shall be Done with It?—A Garden or a Tumulus—The English Head-quarters—A Monument of Broken Glass—Balaklava Harbour—Genoese Fortifications—Sebastopol Harbour—Raising the Sunken Ships—Inkerman Bay—Valley of the Tchernaya—Quarry Ravine—The Rocks about Inkerman—Village of Inkerman—The Battle-field—Trenches and Rifle Pits—The Redan—Karabelnaya Ravine—The Malakhoff—Bomb-proofs of the Malakhoff—Under Fire in the Malakhoff—The Dockyard Wall—Quadrangle of the Barracks—The Treaty of Paris—Statue of Admiral Losroff—Port of Sebastopol—Russian Trade Guilds—People of Sebastopol—Starlings at Home—Russian Recruiting System—Tartars of the Crimea—Plan of Odessa—The English Bombardment—Loss of H.M.S. *Tiger*—The Samowar—Kiachta and Lansin Teas—The Russian Anglo-mania—Cause of the Cattle Plague—Whit Sunday at Odessa—Russian Wedding Rings—Russian Liberty—Two Russian Princes—John Howard's Candlestick.

BEFORE we proceeded to examine the famous points of attack,—the Malakhoff and the smaller forts, we rode over to Balaklava, the base of the English operations. Out of Sebastopol the road rises to a wide plateau, one side of which falls into the besieged town and the other towards Balaklava. From the suburbs of the

town to the descent into Balaklava the country is destitute of cultivation, a stony plain without a tree or shrub, throughout which may be traced trenches and batteries in endless connection. The trenches remain, as if some giant plough had turned a single furrow in the sterile ground. Almost upon the middle of the plateau, stands a lonely farm-house, the head-quarters of Marshal Pelissier.

Close behind it is the French Cemetery, a walled garden into which the remains of eighteen thousand Frenchmen have been collected. In the walls of a central vault, which rises high and conspicuous upon the plateau, are placed in separate graves the bones of eight general officers, some colonels and chaplains; the latter, in the French army, are called *aumôniers*; and beneath the vault are buried, with undistinguished sepulture, the remains of humbler combatants. Around the walls of this cemetery are seventeen other vaults, in which rest the remains of officers, with the name and rank of each inscribed at the end of his grave, the floors covering the mingled bones of rank and file. Upon the central vault is inscribed a general epitaph. There is a neat cottage for the guardian, who has a man to assist him in the care of the cemetery. The entire work is strongly constructed in the plainest manner possible, with nothing of architectural style and less of ornament. But everything is decent, and the garden may become pretty.

The English dead are scattered, in more than a hundred cemeteries, over the whole of the position occupied by our forces. After leaving the French cemetery, which I was surprised to see had no chapel, we soon approached the little farm-house in which Lord Raglan died, and near which we left our horses to look at the Head-quarters' Cemetery, a small square enclosure in a wheat field. The plaster had fallen in great flakes from the low, rubble wall, and weeds were growing high over the graves which it enclosed. The iron railing that surrounds the marble tomb of General Estcourt will probably for some time preserve it from injury; this and Mr. Cattley's grave were the only two that were apparent among the high growth of the weeds; other cemeteries, similar in most respects, we saw to right and left. It is quite impracticable to make a durable monument of every one of these enclosures; how long these roughly-built walls will serve to exclude cattle from browsing on the graves of British heroes must be a matter of opinion, but they will not always stand intact. It would be possible to remove and concentrate the remains in one enclosure, as the French have done, to make the place ornamental, and to appoint to it a guardian by whom it might be decently maintained at a very small cost. But the removal of the dead is never satisfactory, though such a measure might satisfy the national feeling and avoid the other-

wise inevitable shock upon hearing that the English cemeteries have ceased to be recognisable, as the graves have become already. As the cemeteries now stand, I do not think they will endure many years; nor does it seem to me possible, scattered as they are all over the face of the country, to give them any satisfactory permanence.

Our estate in the Crimea, to which it should always be remembered that our title is one of courtesy only, consists of 120 parallelograms of land scattered over bleak hill-sides, upon scorched plateaux and in untilled valleys, enclosed by low walls built of soft oolite stone, roughly laid together with good mortar, and generally plastered over, in a climate the most trying for such work. They resemble sheep-pens on the Scotch or Welsh hills; but evidently this is not their purpose, for they are filled high with rank weeds. In most of them nothing but weeds is visible over the walls, and no one would retain the patches for their intrinsic value. There is no road to any one of them; to some we made our way over stony ground, through stunted brushwood or coarse grass; only the Head-quarters' Cemetery seemed to have obstructed the plough, and to this we waded through tall, green wheat.

In none was there anything of sufficient interest to divert the traveller's steps, who, without previous infor-

mation, would gain no notion from a visit to many of these enclosures, either as to their purpose or to whom they belonged.

I am afraid that some day the English people will fall into a fit of national sentiment on the subject of these cemeteries, and force the Government to a foolish expenditure in their maintenance. It would be shameful to ask so great a labour of Russian courtesy, already stretched to the utmost in affording an insufficient patrol. If our people knew the sort of country on which they stand, and the miles and miles of difficult travelling stretched between them, there would be no danger of any ill-considered action. At present, the caution does not seem to be greatly needed; for, except that the walls are generally secure, they could scarcely be in a more neglected condition. As they are, it is only a question of a few years when the walls will fall and the enclosures be again included in the wide sweep of barren ground; and my own feeling is, that if the bones of my father or brother laid there, I would rather this should happen than disturb their remains.

But if those who have dearer interests than I in these enclosures are not content that the English dead in the Crimea should rest beneath the unconscious foot of the traveller, with no permanent monument on the scene of their glory, England may follow the example of France, and collect their remains into one garden

cemetery; showing better taste than the French in keeping the monument low and inconspicuous; giving no offence to the Russians, and a home, with employment, to one or two pensioners of the war, who would get many gifts from English travellers, glad of their assistance in pointing out the position of the armies. If courtesy did not forbid the raising of a monument, I would recommend the collection of the remains beneath a tumulus which would need no protection, and be less liable to fall into decay; such as that we saw on the Plain of Marathon, which for more than 2300 years has marked the resting-place and preserved the memory of the Athenian warriors whose remains it covers.

In the English cemeteries some of the monuments had been broken by weather or violence, but we noticed no such desecration of our countrymen's graves—perhaps because there is only one which appears worth the labour—as a fellow-traveller told us he observed yesterday in the Sardinian cemetery, on the hill-side, near Balaklava. There, the marble slab which had covered the body of some gallant Italian was removed, and the boards of an empty shell marked the place from which his remains had been taken, probably, as we thought, in a search after ornaments or jewels, which the country people may have supposed would be buried with an officer so honoured with marble after his death.

It seemed difficult to believe that the whitewashed farmhouse, now so quiet beneath its roof of red pantiles, had been the home of the English Commander-in-Chief, and busy with a brilliant throng of officers. A slab in the room where Lord Raglan died is a very humble tribute to the memory of a gallant but unpractical soldier. A Tartar herdsman, slouching about the yard beneath the young fruit trees, which seem to date from the war, and a couple of cows, chewing, with that unvarying motion of their mouths and corresponding look in their eyes which seem to express such utter carelessness as to the world's commotions, were the only living objects we saw about the British head-quarters.

We descended over the scene of the charge of the Light Brigade, where "some one had blundered," and lower, without a sign of war, we passed through the little village of Kadikoi. An immense heap of broken bottles by the roadside, glittering in the sunlight like thousands of black diamonds, was the first unmistakeable trace we saw of the invaders of Balaklava. This we took to be all that was left behind of Mrs. Seacole's famous store.

So winding is the narrow entrance of the harbour, that we were actually standing upon its shores before we could agree as to which way the outlet turned; and when we had decided the question in our own minds, farther advance proved that we were wrong. The village has returned to the sleep from which it was

rudely awakened by the war; doubtless, it talks in Russian of the war and the English. The streets were full of children, to whom 1854 was dark tradition; and when we gave up our horses to some furry-headed Crimean, no one followed us with mementos of the siege, or endeavoured to force upon us their guidance.

One man had English enough to say interrogatively, "A boat?" But this offer declined, the Balaklavans let us quite alone, for which we were very thankful. The only signs of the English occupation were a rotting wharf of wood along the eastern side of the harbour, and the foundations of a powder magazine between the slopes near the west side of the harbour entrance, which is between high hills of stone, a narrow opening scarcely two hundred yards wide, in a rock-bound coast which rises high in many-coloured cliffs above the sea. We sat for some time upon the rocks almost overhanging the mouth of the harbour, among the ruins of extensive Genoese fortifications, massive round towers that have witnessed the modern invasion of the Crimea unmarked by the war, which has left them as it found them—in picturesque ruin. From this elevation we commanded scenes of land and sea as pretty and placid as peace ever smiled upon.

The next day, I steered a clumsy boat, with a many-patched sail, about the harbour of Sebastopol. We stepped ashore to walk upon the ruins of the fortresses

and docks, and upon the rafts on which steam-engines were at work, and busy men fetching up salvage from the sunken fleet. I was surprised, after fourteen years of peace, to find them still at this work. You will remember how the Russians sank the largest vessels of their fleet in a line across the harbour to obstruct the passage. After the conclusion of peace, some Americans purchased the sole right of raising the sunken ships, and I hear they have made a good deal of money by their bargain with the Russian Government. We saw the place where the wooden bridge was fixed, over which Prince Gortschakoff effected his masterly retreat—so skilfully, so leisurely managed, that the bridge was detached after the last soldier had passed over, and drawn to the north side away from the conquering Allies. A new church of almost pyramidal form stands upon the position taken up by the Russians after leaving Sebastopol, a very conspicuous object from the town.

Although an English shipwright employed in the extensive building yard of the Russian Trading and Navigation Company at Sebastopol told me he thought the harbour better than any in England, I was not disposed to agree with him when I felt the west wind blowing us down its length to Inkerman Bay, passing over no land in its way from the shores of Turkey. Fortunately, it was a light breeze; but I should imagine that a west or south-west wind blowing straight

through the mouth and down the whole length of Sebastopol harbour could make very rough water there.

The now useless aqueduct, built to supply the ruined docks, ran at a low level along the southern shore; the plateau upon the heights above had been the scene of the hottest fighting. The brow of every hill appeared serrated against the blue sky with earthworks which had protected batteries. As we approached the end of the harbour, white cliffs beneath the first of the Inkerman lighthouses showed us quarries of the stone of which the town and fortresses were built, and on the right, the beautiful valley of the Tchernaya opened before us.

The bay ended with a fringe of high reeds, out of which flew numbers of water-fowl as we approached the entry to the river, between high walls of rushes noisy with frogs and birds. The hills on the south side, which had sloped green to the water's edge of the harbour, now fell abruptly in bold precipices into the rich lowland. Upon the heights of these cliffs were the trenches which led up to the Mamelon, the Malakhoff, the Redan,—all the keys of the Russian position.

As in the battle of Inkerman these cliffs protected the Russians against a flank attack, so afterwards, when the Allies occupied this ground, they were of similar service to them. The valley of the Tchernaya furnished hay for the allied army and glory to the Sardinians, who for some time gallantly sustained the brunt of the attack

upon the lines of the Allies about this river. We punted under Inkerman Bridge, and tied up our boat near the Quarry Ravine, which must have echoed with terrible war upon the day of "the soldiers' battle." Until I beheld the valley of the Tchernaya I had not seen a tree in the Crimea except in Sebastopol gardens. The country between Sebastopol and Balaklava is bare and bleak; but the valley of the Tchernaya is like the fattest and greenest of English vales, and the vegetation much resembles that of our own country. A little white-walled enclosure by the river's side marked the resting-place of some of the heroes of Inkerman, though no tablet recorded a single name, nor was there any mark to distinguish the nationality of the burial-place which negative sign denotes the English.

The aqueduct crosses the Quarry Ravine upon a well built stone viaduct, almost uninjured, though a hexagonal box near it, probably a guard-house, is unroofed and spotted with rifle balls. The cliff at this point is hollowed with many caves and holes, the larger of which have all been, and many are still, inhabited by a population dark as gipsies, and of the wildest appearance. Whilst I was looking up Quarry Ravine, which conducts by a path impeded with quarried blocks of stone to the centre of the battle-field of Inkerman, a large drove of mares and foals came whinnying and frisking down the stony slope. Their two drivers were

members of the rock population. Their caps were like a fez made of black sheepskin, and their long, black hair fluttered wildly as they ran about after their numerous charge. Their complexions were singularly dark; I have very rarely seen even an Arab with a skin so nearly black as theirs. A short jacket of sheepskin, with the untanned leather turned outside, clothed the upper part of their body; and wide trousers, which seemed to be made of dark cotton, encased their legs. When the mares and their young had drank and gambolled in the river, they drove them up again unwillingly to the harsher grass upon the plateau of Sebastopol.

After leaving the Quarry Ravine, the aqueduct has been destroyed by throwing down blocks of the overhanging cliff, and, where it had been hewn out of the slope of the solid rock, the water-way is choked with rubbish, so that even its line cannot in some places be traced. Standing upon it at this point with our backs to the cliffs, upon the heights of which was fought the bloody battle, our eyes were turned towards the village of Inkerman, lying beyond the green meadows through which flows the sluggish Tchernaya. Behind the village, in which a green-roofed church is prominent, there is another cliff like that we were leaning against, together forming, as it were, the gates of the valley of the Tchernaya, which expands

from this point, curving towards Balaklava. Both these cliffs are honeycombed with dwellings, and in some places, doors and windows and even glazed window-frames have been fixed in the face of the rock.

On the day we were there, early in June, the sun shone brightly on the verdant hills of Inkerman, clothed with a scanty covering of strong brushwood. It must have been very difficult for men and horses to force their way through this, because, though short, the stems are strong, for the browsing herds nip off the young shoots and leave the stout stick. The undulations of the field of Inkerman are much like those that vary the contour of many a Surrey common, and from them the valley of the Tchernaya appeared like a scene in green Leicestershire. For some distance from its mouth, this river flows between tall rushes, but afterwards its banks become solid, and there are oaks and buttercups upon the grass.

In front of Quarry Ravine some well-dressed girls were plucking wild flowers, while others sat upon the grass enjoying the scene, and where the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry scarcely drowned the shrieks of the wounded and the yells of furious attack, there we heard only the tinkle of a sheep-bell and the laughter of these girls, who made holiday in the valley. It was hard, indeed, in this lovely scene to believe in the fog and the mud, the cold and wet, the

raggedness and misery which the gallant army of England endured upon this field. Where the thickest battle raged, the English raised a small monument to their comrades as well as to the French and Russians who fell at Inkerman. This solitary stone on the lonely slopes of the field is now the only witness of the fight. Was it prudence, or Christian charity, that induced the conquerors to associate with that of their own dead the memory of those they slaughtered of the enemy? Anyhow, the record is a very graceful act of war.

We endeavoured to follow the lines of the Allies from the position of Inkerman forward towards Sebastopol. Every ridge seems to have been contested and carefully occupied. The ground is covered with stunted herbage, but rifle-pits and trenches are everywhere visible. The pits are like holes scratched by mammoth cats, and all lead up to the great defences against which the decisive assault was made. Ridge and slope and valley rise and fall in the position occupied by the allied besiegers; on the tops of some hills a view of part of the town might refresh their courage, but in the valleys nothing can be seen but the stony ground and the sky above.

There was no living thing in sight, neither house nor building, as we walked up the slope and across the plateau which leads to the Redan. There are four enclosures of different sizes, two of them not twenty feet square, which—though they contained neither grave-

stone nor monument, only some rank grass and weeds —I supposed were burial-places of the English dead who fell beneath the fire of this terrible fort. A fifth, upon the plateau just below the earthworks of the Redan, enclosed a small obelisk, upon which only a few letters remained of an inscription: "To the memory of those who fell in the trenches and assaults upon the Redan, 1855." The ground slopes on every side away from the Redan, and to assault such a position with success seems indeed a forlorn hope. The earthwork of the ditch has been tossed about by Russians, who grub for cannon-balls in these hottest places of the war.

I noticed they had turned up two or three bones, among them a tibia of some unfortunate soldier. The plan of the defences could hardly be recognised in the mere heaps of earth, which are all that is now left to mark the terrible Redan, from which the English were repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Immediately we had clambered up the bank and into the fort I could better estimate the importance of the position it occupied, for the whole town and harbour were spread out below as on a map, and the guns of the Redan might have been turned upon any portion of Sebastopol.

Across the Karabelnaya Ravine we could see, about half a mile distant, the brown and green table-hill rising rather higher, and with much greater extent than the Redan, which will always be the most famous spot of

ground about Sebastopol. For this flattened hill is the Malakhoff, like the Redan commanding the town, and rising above the ground over which the Allies passed to the assault. We descended from the Redan, and were soon out of sight of both forts in the bottom of the Karabelnaya Ravine, which the Russians appear to have used as a military cemetery. Where the moisture makes the grass green there are several stone tombs and many black crosses of plain wood; but whether erect, or carved upon the tombs, the crosses all have a second cross-piece near the ground, fixed diagonally, which is the symbol of the *most* orthodox.

We had to make our way over a wide piece of ground in face of the Malakhoff, cut about with trenches by the French assailants, and in the ditch, which like a huge furrow surrounded the fort, we found a bank before us about twenty feet in height. Clambering over this we were alone in the Malakhoff, standing just over a stone bomb-proof, which occupied,—protected by the bank,—the most prominent angle of the fort. The masonry on the top of this bomb-proof appeared as if a tower or stone fortress had been knocked away. But we found the inside swept and clean, and already, the white stones, nearly up to the semicircular roof, were carved and scribed with the name and place of abode of many a tourist. The United States appears to have sent an ignoble army of scribbling visitors as

her contingent to the Crimea, and the soft stone of the country has been delightful to their pocket knives. They have whittled their precious names more deeply into the Redan monument than the vanishing inscription which records the purpose of its erection, and this bomb-proof, which has beheld as horrible a scene of slaughter and suffocation as ever reddened the pages of history, is carved and cut by nobodies, anxious to inform the world that they were "raised" in New York, or Philadelphia.

The interior of the Malakhoff, of which this building occupies a very small portion, is full of earth-works now thrown about and overgrown. It is a maze with paths separated by low banks, uneven and ruined, covered with a thick growth of weeds. We were resting on one of these banks, and had for some time past heard a straggling fire of musketry, which I had carelessly said "was a very suitable accompaniment to our inspection of the works." But I thought ourselves quite unconcerned as to the direction of the shots, until I was startled on hearing the "ping" of a bullet as it sang over our heads, following the report of a rifle fired from the lowland on the town side of the fort, from whence we were invisible.

I had now no doubt that we were in the line of a firing party, and that their bullets were likely to drop upon us before we could reach a place of

safety. We were hastening across the open ground towards the banks of the Malakhoff farthest from the firing—intending to take shelter in the ditch, and make our way round towards the town, under cover of the bank—when with a loud "ping," which whistled in my ears for three or four seconds, a ball passed within a yard of us, and struck a stone within our sight.

When we left the ditch and gained the road, we found a guard of soldiers posted there with flags, probably to warn persons out of the line, and from this position we could see the firing party practising at a target placed upon the slopes of the Malakhoff. I suppose the Russian view is, that to take care of the roads is sufficient for official responsibility. We were off the road, and therefore, perhaps, could not complain of our great danger; but, in truth, I scarcely wonder at their carelessness, for no living thing, except thousands of white snails clinging to the stringy herbage, is ever to be seen upon the ground occupied by the Allies in their final assault upon Sebastopol. It was final because the Malakhoff was taken, for from the wide platform of this fort the entire harbour and town may be commanded. Except the Karabelnaya suburb, which was knocked to pieces and burnt afterwards, the white wall enclosing the docks was the nearest building to the assault. The fine masonry of this

wall is riddled with cannon-shot, and on the side farthest from the fire, many of the stones have been turned upon their base, so that they stick out from the wall, their ends only being held between the upper and under courses. Not a stone has been moved towards the restoration of the magnificent Alexander Barracks; their repair is impossible. In their immense quadrangle, the magazines and vaults, all arched with well-cut masonry, have been ripped up by powder and completely destroyed.

I disturbed an old woman among the ruins, who with a small pickaxe and shovel, was digging for coals I suppose the allied soldiers made coal fires in this quadrangle, and she was delving in their ash[illegible] The result of her morning's work was in her handkerchief, about forty bits of coal, none of which weighed much more than one ounce. You may judge from this how scarce firing is in the Crimea, where the ground is sometimes covered with snow for weeks together.

The Treaty of 1856 is a ligature upon Russian ambition and Russian power, which the Czar will burst upon the first convenient opportunity. But so far as it forbids the restoration of Sebastopol, its humiliating terms have been kept to the letter. I almost think that the Government of St. Petersburg has ostentatiously allowed the blood-stained ruins to stand in their pre-

sent state, in order that Russians should remember their country is bound against her interests by promises forced from her unwilling pen.* Such treaties are made to be broken, and I do not believe that Sebastopol is doomed to perpetual contemplation of her ruins. But, at present, there is no noise of building ships, no war pennon flutters in the grand harbour, and desolation reigns supreme. Many of the ruins are dangerous, but then the Russians say that no one is obliged to venture near them; day by day, something more of their white stone is added to the heaps upon the ground, and at distant intervals a new house rises from the ashes of one which saw the siege. But Sebastopol is nothing if she be not warlike, and she may not repair her armour. Yesterday the wheel of our droschsky ran upon a cannon which had lost a trunnion during the siege, and now lay half-imbedded in one of the principal roads, far from any arsenal. Such is a specimen of the utter neglect to "clear up" since the war.

Yet the Czar has given one sign of an intention to restore Sebastopol, which, though I regard it as very significant, cannot offend the enemies who made him sign the Treaty of Paris. In front of the ruined *façade* of the Alexander Barracks, which stood upon a point of land between the great and southern harbours, directly facing the entrance of the port, he has reared a colossal statue of Admiral Lozroff. The figure, which is boldly

modelled in trousers and tail coat, the right hand holding a telescope beneath the left arm, and the attitude one of attention, as if the Admiral were looking out from his quarter-deck, and had left his hat in his cabin, has more than double the proportions of life-size, and is lifted high upon a pedestal of polished syenite, which is raised upon several circular steps of red granite. Was it in the mind of the Czar that this gigantic statue, placed so as to command the harbour, on a level with the tallest ship-masts, should always have for background a ruined wall full of vacant window-holes, cracked with explosions and shattered with cannon-balls? I think not. He honoured Admiral Lozroff because that gallant sailor was the founder of Russian power in the Black Sea, the originator of Sebastopol.

It were cruel, indeed, thus to lift the Admiral, only that he might contemplate his idea in ruins. The elevation of his statue is a promise that the Treaty of Paris shall be torn in pieces,—that Sebastopol shall rise again from her ashes, and with stronger might than before assert herself Queen of the Euxine. Meanwhile, her resident population has fallen to a sixth of what it was before the war, and if it were not for the ship-yard and works of the Russian Steam Trading and Navigation Company, there would be scarcely any life or movement in the place.

Indeed, at present, Sebastopol can hardly be said to

have a *raison d'être;* but if the railway system of Russia, which is extending more rapidly than that of any other country, places the port in connection with the corn-growing districts, I see good reason why Sebastopol should share the trade of Odessa. No skill can construct at the latter port such a harbour as Nature has given to the former, and Sebastopol is considerably nearer to the Bosphorus.

But trade is not encouraged in Russia by freedom. Russian traders are divided into two guilds or classes, the first of which has greater privileges in return for greater payments to the State. No man in the second class may engage in commercial transactions exceeding the value of nine thousand silver roubles. The payment for the privileges of each class differs according to the locality of the trader or merchant. He pays much more in St. Petersburg than in Moscow, and five times as much in Odessa as in Sebastopol. A poll-tax is also levied throughout Russia, but not upon girls or women, and the lowest classes contribute military and naval service.

The Russian workmen like their sour, black bread, and I have seen them refuse excellent white bread when they had a choice between the two. The people of Southern Russia more resemble the English than any other population between the Crimea and Lisbon, and their domestic habits are much like ours. They have

many more religious holidays, of which two occurred during our stay in the Crimea. In the minds of the people of Sebastopol I do not think there remains the slightest feeling of animosity, which the continued sight of their ruined town might be supposed to keep alive. I have inquired of English workmen employed here, and they praise the Crimeans for their friendliness and hospitality. The Russians associate themselves but little with the acts of their government, which only comes home to them in the disagreeables of payments and police. I should think a bold speculator might make a great deal of money by purchasing frontages and ruins in Sebastopol, which will undoubtedly revive.

In the garden of almost every dwelling that has been rebuilt, there is a small bird's-house of wood fastened to the stem of the tallest tree, or on a pole fixed to some wall of the building. This is for the use of any pair of starlings. I asked a German, resident in Sebastopol, who spoke a little English, about these boxes.

"They are all over Russland so," he replied. "They are for the blacks—the schmerlings—vat you call dem—de birts eat de vorms, noting but the vorms in the gartens—dey bildt dere—den the sohns of dem birts, ven dey get strong, dey all come back de next year, and fight for de box mit de vater and all—de strongest has de box, and den all de rest go away."

Starlings and swallows are very plentiful in the

Crimea; we saw a few hawks, and two or three hares crossed our path when we were among the trenches.

Of common soldiers at Sebastopol, I have seen only one or two old enough to have taken part in the memorable defence. With the kindly aid of an interpreter I endeavoured to gather from an officer a few particulars as to the Russian army. He said that before the war it was the custom for the officers to beat the soldiers when they marched badly, and if a man did not hold up his chin, or straighten his back sufficiently, the officer would think nothing of striking him two or three severe blows. Since the peace, the Emperor Alexander has strictly forbidden and quite abolished these brutal practices. The recruiting of the Russian army is not accomplished by conscription, but by a direct levy from the population. In time of peace the number required is about two or three per thousand; during the war the requirement rose to eight per thousand.

The nobles, with the first and second guild of traders, are exempt. The rest of the population are inscribed upon lists, and if the first on the rota has a son of age, and is not himself infirm, he must give his son for ten years' service in the army. If three soldiers are required, the second and third on the list must in like manner give their sons. A father with four sons may send each for two years in succession, and a purchased substitute for the last two years to represent the

remaining service due from his family. The officer spoke warmly of the vast improvement in the clothing and comforts and general treatment of the Russian soldiers which had been introduced during the reign of the present Emperor.

The Mongol features of the pre-Russian possessors of the Crimea are easily traceable in the faces of many of the population, whose high cheek-bones and eyes upslanting from their nose, are quite Chinese in appearance. These Crimean Tartars are Mahometans; we saw the lingering traces of their faith in the minarets of Eupatoria and in the Mecca-wards prostrations of several who journeyed with us from Sebastopol to Odessa. They were soldiers, with shorn heads and round caps of black sheepskin, dressed in a zouave suit of blue, with a red waist scarf. It would require a long education in Southern Russia to discriminate the races, which are mixed in proportions scarcely recognisable. With the dominant Muscovites, broad-shouldered and blue-eyed, there are Caucasians and Jews, Greeks and Tartars, with subdivisions hard to be understood. Our fellow-passengers from the ruined stronghold of the Euxine, included merchants from Tiflis, whose every-day costume appeared to be a short tunic of black silk, braided with gold or silver, their waist encircled by a belt of metal plates, and Georgian ladies in Parisian costume, who, until the sea became rough,

shared their husbands' tobacco-pouch and cigarette-paper with the ease of familiar use. If smoking is good for men, which I take the liberty of doubting, I apprehend that the practice must be good for women also. Yet in Russia it struck me as most strange to see elegantly-dressed ladies, of manners most modest and refined, smoking as freely as gentlemen do in the streets of Paris.

Long before we reached Odessa, we could see clouds of a composition even less agreeable than tobacco smoke. Dust in rolling volumes marked the lines of the quay sides and streets of the town; the atmosphere of the place was darkened with dust, and the bright heat made more oppressive. I have before compared Odessa to Brighton; but, indeed, it lies above the sea on a nearly level plateau, something higher than that of Kemp Town, with two harbours and a railway on a low level beneath this uniform elevation. Up in the town, the dust was not so troublesome, especially in the few thoroughfares which are paved. The streets of Odessa are all wide and straight, laid out in parallel and rectangular lines, like those of Turin or Philadelphia, and there is an appearance of plan and newness about Odessa which is much more American, or colonial, than European. In the more important thoroughfares there are trees, which struggle with unhealthy life against their difficulties of situation and climate. The

row of houses fronting the sea, where we found tolerably comfortable lodging at the Hôtel de Londres, is solidly handsome, and many of the streets are ornamented with very respectable architecture. Yet in the Bourse, the Cathedral, the Museum, and other public buildings, there is an ignorance of style, a universal appearance of debased classic architecture with very flat details, which gives to a town of stately plan a vulgar appearance. The little Turkish village, out of which this fine city has developed through the superior civilisation of Russia in about seventy years, is quite gone.

Municipal government is undergoing its first trial in Odessa, and does not seem to work well, else why has the English contractor stopped the very needful work of paving the streets when its continuance was so much needed? There can be no incident of the Russian war more censurable and stupid than our four hours' bombardment of Odessa. It was begun in folly, ended in disgrace, and remains a dangerous and shameful precedent upon the page of history. I believe the intention was to shell and destroy the Government buildings only, but much damage was done to private property in a bombardment feebly ineffectual as a demonstration of our strength. By a curious retribution, the first shell entered the house of an English lady, whose daughter sat with her hand to her head, shocked to immobility by the rude entry of the iron messenger.

The shell burst in her presence without wounding her, but the marks of her fingers remained curiously printed in white hair upon her young head. Another splintered the granite pedestal of the classic statue of Richelieu, the statesman-founder of Odessa. The wound has been made good with cast-iron, in which the shell is imbedded, with an inscription in Russian referring to the bombardment. Observing new work beneath the window-sills of a stone house not far distant from this statue, I found upon inquiry that this was reparation of damages owing to the same cause.

Within sight of this monument is the land where H.B.M.'s ship *Tiger* ran ashore in a fog, and where its brave captain was wounded to death by Russians, to whom he refused to surrender his ship. With sincere respect for the memory of a gallant sailor, we visited Captain Giffard's grave in the cemetery of Odessa, a necropolis of vast extent, crowded with family vaults, surmounted with clumsy, inartistic monuments, among which there are many huge, flat slabs, cruel weights which I think should only be laid upon disbelievers in the doctrine of resurrection; broken columns, with a cross reared upon the fracture, and massive crosses, some of the Maltese pattern, but many with a diagonal beneath the rectangular cross, which is the mark of the most orthodox among the Orthodox Russians. At one time, soon after her capture, a

brass carronade from the ill-fated *Tiger* was placed before the Richelieu statue at Odessa. But somehow this trophy disappeared, and it is commonly supposed that a daring band of patriotic Englishmen carried off the gun, and shipped it for some place on the coast, where it was melted into liquid oblivion.

With wide streets and numerous open spaces, Odessa on a summer's day looks like a most healthy place. Already the population amounts to 194,000, and the city is growing every day. But the climate is terrible, with violent contrasts of heat and cold; five months of hot summer and seven of rigorous winter. Our visit was made in hot weather, when the inhabitants perspired, amid dust, with a temperature higher than the average of the hottest days in England. Many were clad in suits of white, and sheltered their close-cropped heads and straw hats beneath white umbrellas. But in the winter, the Bay of Odessa is full of moving masses of ice, and the streets covered with frozen snow, when the droschskies are converted into sledges. All the best houses in the city have double windows, and the apartments are warmed by fires invisible within the room. They are lighted in grates, which open into the passages, or corridors. Within the apartment, the fire-place is shown generally in a bare projection, tiled or plastered, which is traversed by the flue, and radiates a stifling heat. In-

doors, the Russian is never cold; for though fuel is so dear, heat is never wasted, and when he leaves the warm house, carefully closed during the winter months, he envelops himself in furs, so that his nose and toes and finger-tips alone protrude.

The only fire within his sitting-room is that of the boiling *samowar*, which is quite worthy of adoption in England. In place of the heated iron which is used in English urns, the *samowar* has a real fire of charcoal, around which the water is so disposed as to insure its very rapid boiling. With the Russians, tea is an institution, not a pastime; in England, with the highest class, taking tea is but a sort of elegant dram-drinking; to the Russians, it is what coffee is to the French—the first, the one necessity of life. The Russian teas are mostly brought overland by caravans, all the way from China, and some people say that this long land-travel improves their flavour. For the Russian connoisseurs, more delicate and expensive kinds of tea are imported than are sold in our markets. In the principal tea shop of Odessa, where the all-pervading fragrance of the Chinese leaf is not permitted to suffer admixture from the smoke of the rival leaf from Turkey, there are teas exposed for sale at prices varying from one rouble to ten roubles per pound. In curious baskets, plaited with split cane and lined with vegetable fibre, were packages of the rare yellow leaf, the greatest luxury of

the Russian tea-drinker. The price of this tea is a guinea a pound, yet it is not very expensive in use, for a teaspoonfull is enough for two persons. In preparing this tea the Russians pour upon it a little boiling water, which they do not drink: this is merely to wash the leaf. The infusion for drinking is made with the second water, which stands upon the leaves until it has assumed the colour of pale sherry and a delicate aroma, which is softened by a thin slice of lemon and a little sugar.

Russian teas have names unknown in England. In the price-list of this Odessan establishment the prices quoted are of Kiachta tea, of Red tea (*Krasnenky*), of aromatic Black Lansin, and tea of Lansin Flowers. Russian tea is generally good, because, thanks to the *samowar*, the water is always boiling. This is one of the advantages resulting from the economy of fuel, of which our wealth of coal has made us so stupidly ignorant. I observed another, a few days since, in the shape of a smoothing-iron, filled with hot charcoal, which had a chimney near the handle, and retained the necessary heat for three hours. No one in Russia seems to complain of the fumes from the *samowar* or the charcoal iron, though I suppose both are unwholesome.

We were surprised to find, so far from the seat of an autocratic government, a very strong national feeling among the Russians of Odessa. They dislike the

Jews, who supplant them in trade, and are fast accomplishing civil and religious equality. They respect the English, who they desire to copy in everything. I supposed, after the Crimean war, that the English would be unpopular in Russia, especially as we have not ceased to oppose Russian ambition in the Levant.

But the war seems to have increased the popularity of everything English. To have an English governess for their children, is the high pride of Russian mothers; with those who can read them, English books are the most prized, and with those who can ride them, English horses. Russian ambition will be careless, if it conflicts with English policy, so long as it can issue from the encounter with success; but Russian civilisation and progress will be carefully modelled upon English precedents, and I have no doubt that time will witness the assembly of a Russian parliament, in which the words of English statesmen and the forms of procedure familiar in our senate will have the weightiest authority.

Meanwhile, our statesmen must not be unmindful of the vast resources of imperial Russia. The Cattle Plague is domiciled in her dominions, yet she is a large exporter of cattle and corn. The English Consul-General at Odessa told me that he had paid considerable attention to the origin and development of this disease, and that, in his opinion, it originated from the

bite of a large, black spider, which has its home in the low land of Bessarabia, south of Odessa. He said that human beings bitten by this spider suffered almost invariably from typhus fever, while in beasts, their bite caused the malady we call the cattle plague.

In spite of the demands of agriculture and bureaucracy, Russia can, in ten days, assemble a million of armed men, disposable at the will of the Emperor. In Russia I have never spent any but paper-money, and the same imperial will can double and treble the issue without the intervention of Bank Acts and deputations. Yet there is public opinion in Russia, evidenced by the popularity of the present Emperor, who is held in affection which his father never enjoyed—the result of his philanthropic reforms.

The Russians are almost careless of concealing their satisfaction in regard to our troubles with Ireland. They ignore the freedom which exists there,—where a license of expression is permitted which no people under any government that ever existed have strained with equal impunity. They are pleased, because they think we can no longer censure their government of Poland; we, as well as they, have repressed insurrection by the sword, and the Manchester "hangings," with a few extracts from the Irish Church debates, make our government appear vicious, and England a nation of political hypocrites.

No continental people has the same difficulties in regard to public education as those which must be encountered in England, and this because of our sectarian divisions. In the Russian churches, boys and men, busy with secular industry on every day except Sundays and the numerous religious holidays, take part in the services in such a manner as compels their acquirement of reading; and the doctrines of a church have greater hold and influence where they are not opposed by successful dissent. We were at the cathedral of Odessa on Whit Sunday, a large wide church, with plentiful gilding and glass chandeliers; the latter were filled with lighted candles, and every pillar was transformed, with green boughs, into a tree; the priests chanted the service in the deep guttural tone which is used only in the Russian Church, and seems to issue from the speaker's stomach; the congregation, men and women together, stood upon a carpeting of newly-mown grass, on which the crowd shifted about in silence. No one kneels during the Russian service: deep bows, with crossings extending from the forehead to the waist, are the only external signs of worship.

In Russia it is customary, though not universal, for men as well as women to wear a wedding ring. Inside the man's ring is written the family name of his wife, and on the same place in hers, that of her husband. I think this is a more fair arrangement than the single

ring which "tickets" the English married woman, and allows the husband to sail under false colours. All the English and foreign residents that I have met with, speak of the Russians with a very similar expression, describing them as excellent people, "while you keep the right side of them," which reminded me of Napoleon's saying, "Scratch the Russian, and you will find the Tartar beneath the skin."

In the main, people are never better nor worse than the long-established government of their country, and the Russian people are not in advance of that which governs them from St. Petersburg. But they and their government are advancing with a stride which seems a gallop compared with the tardy progress made in times past. The higher classes are polished with soft education, and the early renunciation of their unknown language, gives them, with regard to French, or German, or English, the pronunciation of natives. Russian diplomacy and aristocracy can use the smoothest language, but beneath all this that is external, there is a law of steel, the cruel hug and claws of the Russian bear, which will only soften away as autocracy wanes in the ascendency of popular rights and liberty. I was introduced this morning to Prince Woronzoff, who for four successive years has served the office of mayor of Odessa, and I could not help thinking that if municipal institutions are to succeed in Russia,

the electors must look in lower and untitled ranks for their chief magistrates, an opinion strengthened by information that the relations between the prince-mayor and the people have not been entirely satisfactory.

We saw another prince yesterday dressed, like Prince Woronzoff, in the white, summer uniform of Russian officers, whose family history is more illustrative of the real character of Russian power. He was of the kingly family of Georgia, which has been dethroned by the armed forces of Russia, and made subject to the Czar. I was told that, during the Crimean war, his brother took the opportunity to reassert his title to the lost throne, and made an effort to regain his birthright. Summoned to the presence of the Russian governor, the rebellious prince obeyed, and there claimed immunity from arrest, which the governor scornfully denied. The prince declared that if the governor laid hands on him he would shoot him; whereupon the governor at once seized the prince, and the next minute lay dead at the feet of the all-daring Georgian. The governor's aides-de-camp rushed upon him, and them he shot and scattered; then, coolly walking from the audience which had ended so tragically, he was met and killed by a band of soldiers, to whom he would not surrender.

My thoughts turn, by accidental connection, to a person of quite another order—the spotless, saintly

order of charity—a person whose candlestick is carefully treasured in the museum of Odessa. This black, japanned, kitchen-candlestick had been made worthy of its place by having formed part of the belongings of John Howard, the English philanthropist, who died at Kherson, in the Crimea.

LETTER VII.

Again Russian Passports—An Incomplete *Visé*—Defence of the System—Russian Tourists—Russian Customs Regulations—The English Translation—The Sulina Mouth of the Danube—The Danube Commission—English Policy on the Danube—Towing up the Channel—Pelicans and Storks—The St. George's Mouth—The Kilia Mouth—Isaktscha—Moldavian Guard-houses—Prince Charles' Men—The Outcast Israelites—Galatz—The Danube Steamboats—A Turbulent Wallachian—Bulgarian Sentiments—Shores of the Danube—The Wallachian Government—Silistria—Karlasches on the Danube—Oltenitza—Giurgevo—Embarkation of a Royal Personage—The Servian Government—Rustchuk—Disappointed Passengers—Turkish Guard-houses—Widin—Wallach Costume—Servian Fences—Turno-Severin—Ruins of Trajan's Bridge—The Iron Gates—A Magyar Noble—An Excursion on the Hungarian Frontier.

"WELCOME the coming, speed the parting guest," is a very good motto, but it is certainly not that of the Russian police. Before we could leave Odessa, our passport had to go through the bureaux of the first and second police, and I was obliged to appear before a functionary, who, beyond requiring my presence and autograph, gave me no further trouble. The process cost two roubles, and, having regained our passport, I took the liberty of supposing we were free to leave

Russian soil in the direction of Galatz, the Moldavian town for which I had solicited the permission of the police to depart.

But again, at the gangway of the steamboat, all passports were collected. There, the energetic inspectors discovered that my wife was not mentioned in the *visé* of the police. I had presented myself alone at the bureau, and the officer had not observed that she was included in Lord Stanley's request and requirement. For a time, great excitement prevailed among the police upon this discovery; they chattered one to another and pointed at me, till I thought, *malgré* my British build, they were likely to take me for a Polish agent. It was their rule, one of the officers told me, to compel any persons whose passports were not regular to leave the steamboat. I urged that ours was regular; that the fault lay entirely with their own officer; that the *visé* of the Russian Consulate-General, in London, as well as the words of the passport, referred to my wife as travelling with me; and the arrival of the officer who had *viséd* the document upon our entry into Odessa gave timely assistance and support to my arguments. I asked this person, who was courteous and agreeable in manner, what apology he could make for a system which gave so much needless trouble, discouraged foreign intercourse, and could only be maintained at great expense. He was quite prepared to defend the passport system,

and insensible to my taunt that it had been abandoned everywhere except in Rome and Russia.

He confidently asserted that their passport system was very effective in keeping out Polish agents, and other persons who would come only to foment disorder and disturb the peace of Russia. "It is not with us as with England," he said; "we have but very few points of entry, and by watching these carefully we do exclude suspected persons. Then, again," he continued, "often we have persons attempting to leave the country without paying their debts: the police by means of their passports prevent the departure of such people until their creditors are satisfied. If it were not for passports, foreigners would come to Odessa, make debts, and leave without paying them." It was impossible to convince him that the advantage of free and unrestricted intercourse with foreign nations would far more than repay these occasional accidents; but I gathered from other Russians, more influential, and unattached to the system by any salaried considerations, that in their opinion Russia will at no very distant day follow the lead of other countries, and abolish, or, at least, very much relax, the stringency of her passport system.

The passport officer complained to me that the crowd of friends who accompanied the passengers prevented a satisfactory recognition of the travellers; but when the last bell sent these on shore, they left the small steam-

boat still crowded with princes and princesses, merchants and invalids, families of girls and children, all bound for German baths and Swiss mountains, or on summer visits to foreign acquaintances.

Their friends on shore waved adieux as the ship slipped her cables, the background thronged with droschskies, all of which faded away into the dust storm that was blowing in brown clouds from the town as we left the port, and, hugging the green coast, sped away at twelve knots an hour towards the Sulina mouth of the Danube.

The Odessan coast is undulating, without great elevation, and composed of reddish marl and limestone. For some miles beyond the town, villas and gardens attest the wealth and high civilisation of the mercantile community of this thriving place. In travelling, Russian ladies make much more toilette than is thought good taste by the English, and it was almost pitiful to see new and pretty dresses soiled and rumpled by the unavoidable contamination of a sea journey; especially when, as the land became more distant, the ship rolled and pitched, and those who had cabins sought their retirement, while the less fortunate lay about upon the benches of the saloon or the deck; one only, externally severe and internally strong, was faithful to her cigarette, and all the night, the cabins were miserable with the sick.

In search of *distraction*, I studied the "Customs Regulations" of the Russian Government, of which

there were several copies in the saloon for the instruction of passengers. That none should be ignorant, they were translated into English, French, Italian, and German. From the version in our own mother-tongue I learnt that passengers' luggage is held by the Russian Customs to mean "used things," among others "*b*earing linen,"—a curious mis-spelling,—"if not exceeding the necessary wants of the passenger." The next regulation also is very funny: "Cushions, pillows, mattresses, *even* if used, are admitted free of duty, but in a quite restricted quantity."

No traveller may introduce free of duty more than one set of fur clothes, nor more than three pounds weight of articles of metal. The allowance of gold and silver ornaments must encourage smuggling, among the Russian ladies, of the glittering produce of Bond Street and the Palais Royal. The strict limit of the Russian law is, "of gold and silver ornaments, two pieces of each denomination for each person, ... retail articles of toilet—rings, pins, buttons, &c., in any quantity, if evidently brought not for sale." Of new gloves, not more than one dozen pairs can be allowed to pass free with each passenger. The officers of the Russian custom-houses are to ask of the traveller if his luggage contains any chargeable articles. "If the passenger answers that he has none of such wares or objects, and in the meantime they are found during the search, he will be

charged double duty." The following regulations appear to indicate that the officers have occasionally to deal with passengers not above fraud, and not unskilful in concealment. "Objects concealed by the passengers in hiding-places, such as double-bottoms, or partitions of cases or caskets, in carriage axles drilled out, &c., or under their clothes, in boots or shoes, in filthy linen, &c., will be confiscated according to general rules, like objects imported fraudulently."

The morning after we left Odessa, our ship had just passed into the shelter of the Sulina mouth of the Danube, before I left my cabin. On deck, I found the sun rising over an artificial bank scarcely appearing above the water, and terminating in a lighthouse, all which has been the greatest labour of the Danube Commission. There was no land in sight more than a yard above the water-level. We were passing Sulina town, a place of villainous houses fronted by dirty quays, moored to which were a few ships. Towards us, the muddy-brown waters of the great Danube flowed through the sedgy shores of a level delta, green with rushes and water weeds. We could measure to a satisfactory degree the successful labours of the European Commission, which, under the presidency of England, has rendered this channel safe and navigable for ships of important tonnage. I am doubtful if foreign interference can ever be justified; even in cases where its

results are directly advantageous, there remains much indirect evil in the weakening sense of dependence which it encourages in those who are its objects. But if ever such interference could find excuse it would be in reference to the Danube, which, belonging to so many countries, had been neglected by all.

Yet the question arose in my mind—What right has England on the Danube? She has interests in the golden grain with which its banks are loaded after harvest; she has a natural desire that its navigation should be free from Russian control, for the Danube is the great competitor with the Odessa markets for supplying England with foreign wheat. If Russia held both the Danube and Odessa, the great wheat export of the Black Sea would be a monopoly which she could regulate at pleasure. English manufacture thrives upon cheap bread; therefore English policy has been to assist Turkey and Austria in furthering the export of wheat from the Danube. And Turkey, obsequious always to England, her faithful and amphibious protector, readily grants to us a practical supremacy on the Lower Danube. It cannot be denied that our influence there has been most beneficently employed, and if there has been selfishness in our action, this has been only the accident of the good work which has benefited others far more than ourselves. Before the Commission commenced their useful labours, the Sulina mouth was

a wide, sludgy bay, where the vast quantities of mud brought down by the Danube formed into a bar, over which there was not more than five or six feet of water. By the works constructed, the outlet has been very much narrowed, and the scour so much increased that already, a vessel drawing eighteen feet has passed safely in and out of the Danube.

The Sulina channel is the perpendicular of the nearly equilateral delta of the Danube. For about forty miles, we made our way against a sluggish current, between banks scarcely a quarter of a mile apart, and never raised more than a yard above the water-level. The water was unusually high, and as we wound through the gentle curves of the channel, we could see for miles the hulls of vessels preceding us, which we quickly overtook, as their mode of progression was the least active. The light air of wind that fanned our faces was against them, and some laboured up the stream, towed by half their crew harnessed to a rope, which the men dragged, from the uncertain footing of a boggy river-path, with laborious hauling, which would make good work of one mile an hour; while others hung a cable from post to post along the bank, and with all hands at the capstan drew the ship on till the shortening cable was carried to the next post. Some few were at anchor, resting from such tiresome labour, or waiting for a fair wind. I was surprised to see large

ships towed close to the banks, so near that the green rushes almost brushed their bottoms. But there was very little animation in the channel, and the ships were few and far between. Here and there, half-concealed in the rushes, stood a solitary pelican, with long, deep bill and plumage of whitish-brown, like a sentinel guarding the water line; or, whiter and more graceful, a stork kept the same position, balancing his body on one leg after the manner of his kind. As the Russian steamboat rattled past their standing-place the great wings were spread in the air, and, with neck and legs folded and bill thrust out, the pelicans and storks rose from the river and flapped away over the marsh into some more sequestered spot. Large wild-fowl of many sorts fluttered and splashed and flew about the rushy delta, where the only visible human habitations were the straw huts of two or three solitary fishermen, who sat among the reeds watching a fish trap they had set across a small inlet from the river, and the lonely huts of some basket and mat makers, who, I suppose, sold their manufactures to the skippers on the Danube.

The channel is marked in English miles with white figures on black boards nailed to high posts fixed into the banks, and flags and signal boards indicate the directions of the Commission as to anchorage and navigation. Our ship steamed twelve miles an hour through this narrow channel, with English coals—a pace for

which the passengers paid dearly. The fare from Odessa to Galatz—a voyage of twenty hours—is two pounds fifteen shillings, and as there were more than a hundred passengers on board, the freight, exclusive of merchandise, must have been tolerably profitable. The engines were consuming half Cardiff, half Newcastle coal—a mixture which costs at Odessa not more than twenty-three shillings per ton.

The river widened to half a mile after the meeting place of the St. George's with the Sulina channel, and at this point the curious scene was characteristic of the Lower Danube. In front of us, on the smooth, brown water, there was nothing but a single ship making slow progress with all her white sails, and even with the help of studding-sheets; on the right hand, a green line curving away into invisible distance, marked the reedy bank, and on the left, another green line, dotted with bushes, completed the strange simplicity of the landscape. Again the Danube widened as the waters of the Kilia mouth were joined to our course, and just above this junction, the Turkish town of Tuldscha rose upon the *terra firmâ* of Bulgaria. Below Isaktscha, the second Danubian town in Bulgaria, on a range of sloping hills, there is a conspicuous tumulus raised by the Russians during their inglorious war which ended with the fall of Sebastopol. The Russian territory of Bessarabia, on the opposite side, is a marshy tract quite

inaccessible except during summer or autumn droughts, but Reni, at the mouth of the tributary Pruth, the last Russian town we saw, was on solid ground, with a green-roofed church towering above fruit trees, a collection of poor cottages upon a clay bank which has fallen so perpendicularly to the river, that at first I mistook the brown, natural face of the clay for a wall.

The Pruth divides Moldavia from Bessarabia, the dominions of Prince Charles of Prussia from those of the Czar, and from this point to the Austrian frontier we passed a continuous line of guard-houses, in which the soldiery of Prince Charles watch the Moldo-Wallachian frontier against tobacco smugglers and other enemies. These wretched, ragged guard-houses amused us only less than the uncouth and half-dressed soldiers who turned out of them at our approach. In the marshes, these log-huts often stood upon stilts, and in all, the soldiers seemed content with one article of military dress. Some had official coats, and others trousers; some had a sort of regimental hat, and others wore their hair uncovered, or an unsoldierly straw hat; every one of Prince Charles' men had a musket and bayonet fixed, but some "presented" it on the passing of the Russian or the Austrian flag, while others carried it like a hay fork across their shoulder, and stood astride, gaping with stupid stare at the mail boat. It is the custom on the Danube for the "Powers" to promote poli-

tical brigandage—quite indirectly, of course—especially in the territory of any one of the riverain authorities which at the time is engaged in war in some other direction. Each one delights to exhibit the weakness and unfitness of the other; thus, Russian newspapers are now filled, to the exclusion of all other matter, with accounts of the cruel treatment which certain Jews have received in Prince Charles' dominions; and considering to what honours Judaism may attain in England, I was myself startled on reading in a Bucharest journal, civilised in the outward appearances of language, type, and paper, a letter from a mayor, calmly and courteously inviting three Israelites to quit the area of his jurisdiction, and acquainting them, that, if they failed to accept his invitation, "severe executive measures" would be rendered necessary. Again, he explained to them in another letter, that it had been determined to have no Jews in his district, with an imperturbable tyranny which we find it so hard to understand. In Odessa, the very numerous Jews are no more popular than in Wallachia, for trade is rapidly passing into Jewish hands, out of which neither Russians nor Armenians, still less the boorish Wallachs, can keep the profits.

Galatz, where they struggle together with Greeks and people of every nation, is a shipping place of the lowest type. There we found the white river-boat *Sophie*

waiting to carry us up the Danube. These Austrian river-boats are smaller models of the American steamers which run on the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, drawing not more than four or five feet of water, with glazed deck houses and deck raised above these aerial saloons.

The *Sophie* is an elegant boat with a foppish captain, who dresses in a white suit, with red-striped socks displayed largely by pretty, black slippers; her saloon is full of looking-glass, red velvet and white paint with gilded cornices. Without being crowded, we dined in it for three days with about a hundred fellow-passengers. There are a few private cabins, all of which were engaged three weeks before we arrived at Galatz, and the men's sleeping apartment, with accommodation for about fifty, is as well arranged with regard to ventilation and cleanliness as is possible; but the atmosphere of the ladies' cabin is shamefully horrible, neither better nor worse than that of a crowded, Russian vapour bath, for the windows—the only means of ventilation—are placed close to the paddle-wheels and below the exit of the steam and spray, so that when the ship is in motion it is impossible to open the windows next the paddles or the spray would drench everything, while the other windows admit only hot, steamy air, the pumpings of the paddle-wheels and the engine. I felt sincerely for the unhappy ladies who were confined in

this suffocating cabin, and for my wife obtained a more wholesome sleeping-place.

On descending for the first night, I found certain Wallachian habiliments and baggage lying on my berth, which I quietly but quickly transferred to the bed of a snoring Russian, and, strong in the knowledge that "possession is nine points of the law," climbed into my bed fearless of the Wallachian's revenge. Three hours after we left Galatz he had been shipped at Braila, and, seeing my berth untenanted by coats or baggage, had supposed himself quite free to take it. I knew he would regard me as the intruder, and was scarcely surprised to feel some one shaking me out of my first sleep. I made it tolerably clear to him that I was only in the enjoyment of my rights, and quite evident that nothing less than superior force would get me out of bed, but, having passed an unquiet night without a berth, the Wallachian returned to the charge in the morning, when I was obliged to call the steward to adjust the difference in my favour.

The red flag of Turkey, bearing the white crescent and star, was flying at Tchernavoda, where we received two or three passengers from the Kustendje railway; and of a Bulgarian who then came on the boat, I asked the political sentiments of the rich and large province. He seemed to think that the Bulgarians would prefer independence and autonomy to any

foreign rule; but—though almost exclusively Christians —that they would rather remain subjects of the Porte than be united to the Hellenes, whom they hate, or to the Russians, who would swallow them up entirely.

Yet their foreign sympathies are Russian rather than anything else. Their language is so like Russian that they can understand and be understood by the Russians. Roubles and copecks are familiar coins in Bulgaria, and if Russia could make them forget what they have suffered from her invasions, the Bulgarians might soon desire relationship with the Court of St. Petersburg. I asked,—"What cause had they at present for dissatisfaction with the Turkish Government?" In reply, he made me understand that the existing difficulty was chiefly religious. The Christian Church in Bulgaria was not native, but Greek. Phanariots of Stamboul were their spiritual directors and their bishops, and to this introduction of foreign priests the Bulgarians objected, claiming to have Bulgarian bishops with native ecclesiastical government.

For more than 600 miles, the Danube is the northern boundary of Turkish territory, and throughout, the Turkish land is much the more elevated, especially on the Lower Danube, where the Bulgarian frontier overlooks swamps and marshes, and low plains covered with stunted grass or woods impassable during the rains and frosts of winter, and in summer deadly with fevers

and ague. Uninhabitable and inhospitable, exposed to ravaging fire from guns placed on any point of the higher land of the Turkish frontier, these lowlands have been the Sultan's best protection against the ambition of the Czar.

It is quite easy for the Russians to cross the Pruth, to overrun Moldavia, and to make their way through Great Wallachia; but there they are stopped by swamps, the firmer portions of which become with the summer sun converted into unwholesome dust plains, from which the invaders can see, with envious eyes, the green slopes of Bulgaria, fruitful with all necessary supplies, dotted with villages, full of strong positions, and one of the most healthy camping grounds in Europe. Of course, Moldavia and Wallachia, which intervene between her territory and the Danube, are the immediate objects of Russian ambition. If the great powers were permitted to rectify their frontiers from a land-surveyor's point of view, all Moldavia and half Wallachia would go to Russia, and the other moiety of Wallachia would bring down the Transylvanian and Hungarian frontier of Austria to the Danube. But the Moldo-Wallachs have shown their dislike to both powers by accepting a Prussian prince as their ruler; and though a fellow-passenger from his dominions told me that Prince Charles had already been pelted with mud, and might any day follow his predecessor, Prince Couza, into

forced retirement, yet it will not be from love for the Russians or the Austrians that the turbulent people of these provinces will drive out their Prince.

The Wallachian language, both written and spoken, has much resemblance to Italian, and more affinity to the tongues of Western than to those of Eastern Europe. I was looking on the more enviable shore of Bulgaria, when a Russian prince, with whom I had talked upon the political situation, pointed to the rising minarets of Silistria, and with a theatrical grimace, accompanied by a shrug of his shoulders, which I could neither describe nor imitate, murmured, "*Ces pauvres Chrétiens, ils souffrent beaucoup!*" I believe he thought himself sincere, but his artificial manner so betrayed an *arrière pensée* regarding the aggrandisement of Russia, that one could see without difficulty he had become accustomed, in his capacity as diplomatist, to make use of the words as a political cry until he could repeat them without reflection. I asked him how it was, if the Turks were cruel oppressors, that the noise of religious tyranny only reached the ears of Europe from the Christian dominions of Prince Charles?—and his unsatisfactory reply was lost in the excitement of viewing Silistria, the northern stronghold of the Turks, of which, unaided, they forced the Russians to raise the siege.

Between the water's edge and the strong earthworks

which enclose the town were some wooden houses, two having large, roofed balconies, in which sat a number of Turks smoking the *narghileh* and sipping coffee. There was no opening in the front line of massive earthworks, above which the roofs of the houses appeared, overtopped by the great, white dome of a mosque, and the metalled cupola of a Christian church, shining like a burnished helmet,—and again above these, on slopes about a mile behind the town, were reared several batteries completely commanding the place and river and the plain on the Wallachian shore, where remain the earthworks of the Russians. A decisive engagement was fought on this plain, which was too wet for such work on the hot, June day when we rested at Silistria. The position of the town, on nearly level ground; has in it nothing of peculiar strength, but the semicircular range of hills which seem to rise from it,—fronting a level plain of immense extent, upon which an enemy can find no shelter, and from which it is divided by the Danube, half a mile in width,—make the situation one which no prudent general would attack except for reasons of unquestionable urgency.

The commerce of the Danube is to a great extent carried on by Turkish vessels of very peculiar build, something between a Chinese junk and a Dutch billiboy, with head and stern rising high out of the water, and rigged much like a brig. Their high, flat sterns

are generally ornamented with diapering of curious colours; their crews are often Turkish negroes, and the helmsman is conspicuous upon the high poop, a vantage ground from which he can easily survey the ship's course. These "karlasches," as they are called, seem exclusively Danube boats; they are sometimes propelled by long oars when the wind is unfavourable.

Three hours after leaving Silistria, we stopped at the landing-place for Oltenitza, a small town on the low land of Wallachia, about three miles from the Danube. All that we saw of Oltenitza was a shining cupola of a church, and some long, white, well-built storehouses for corn. At the landing-place, there was a crowd of bullock-carts, drawn by two or four beasts of the silver-grey breed so common in Italy. Two soldiers, one in a costume of ragged, dirty linen, the other in a long grey overcoat, which had seen quite sufficient wear, ran up with their bayonets fixed to guard the landing-stage, followed by a crowd of Wallachs, two rough-haired, slanting-eyed Tartars, and three turbaned Turks.

Near the landing-place were several new threshing-machines, carefully shrouded in tarpaulin, which bore the names of "Ransome and Sims" and "Clayton and Shuttleworth." At other stations on the Danube we saw more of these useful machines, which I found were generally the property of the Greek tax-farmers, to whom the peasants' crops were mortgaged; or of the

Greek merchants from whom they had received loans, secured upon the crop, and never belonging to the boyards, which is the title of the Wallachian landlords, nor to the peasants themselves.

At Giurgevo, the Danube is divided by an island into two channels. We had thought of disembarking there, and taking the diligence for Bucharest, the seat of Prince Charles' government. I asked a gentleman of the country what was the mode of securing places in these carriages, and he answered, laughing, "Book places!—throw your luggage into the cart, then jump in yourself and sit on it, and say you'll pay when you get there."

"And what sort of a place is Bucharest?" I asked.

"The hotels are pretending, and very dirty, the people are Jews, and the dust and heat are terrible."

So we abandoned the thought of leaving the boat at Giurgevo.

"There," continued my neighbour, "pointing to a stout, vulgar-faced woman who was just stepping on board the *Sophie*, followed by a military officer, "that old woman is the aunt of the Prince of Servia; the brother of the man who is now speaking to her, and offering his arm, was poisoned by order of the Prince's father, and the military officer following her as *aide-de-camp*, stabbed the father of the late Prime Minister of Servia in the back, and killed him."

Neither the woman, who had the face of a coarse vixen, nor the man, who had but one eye, and that as cruel as a shark's, could speak a word of any other language than Servian. I was prepared to dislike these trumpery governments, which are the worst results of the protection system as applied to Turkey in Europe, but I was disgusted at seeing this old woman, with the history of a bad, vicious life written in the lines of her face, the object of unworthy respect. I dare not repeat all that I heard of the private life and the public acts of the Prince of Servia, or concerning the late Prince of the Moldo-Wallachian provinces. All that is immoral and filthy and tyrannical—selfish prodigality, and greedy grasping of their subjects' wealth,—why such rulers were endured, I wondered, as I listened to scandalous stories, for which, if a tithe were true, these princes deserve flogging before banishment.

"But why not upset them?" I asked indignantly.

"How can you do it?" was the reply. "The internal position of the Prince of Servia is very strong. He governs with a Senate and a House of Representatives, the first being nominated by himself, and the second by the chief of his police. He has three thousand soldiers, whom he keeps in good humour, and the real use of this force is to put down any attempt at rebellion. He is just now taking the liberty of striking a coinage independent of Turkey; for a long time the Servians

have talked of paras and counted in piastres, while their currency is generally Russian and Austrian money. The Turks have lately given up the fortress of Belgrade to the Prince of Servia, a place coveted by the Austrians as one of the keys of the Danube. So much for the Prince's internal situation, and externally, he is sufficiently supported by the jealousies which protect all the territory of the Turks in Europe. If he needs a friend, Austria is always nigh at hand, ready with assistance, and if Austria's friendship is suspected, then there is Russia equally at the service of the Prince."

So he talked of one of the most contemptible powers, and one of the most corrupt governments in Europe, which feeds upon the pride of the Servians in their distinct nationality and language. They wish to be neither Turk nor Austrian, but Servian. Yet German is more commonly spoken among them than any language other than their own, and probably their destiny is to fall beneath the crown of the Kaiser when they are tired of their scandalous autonomy, and Europe is sick of holding the Turkish Empire together with her armed hands. But, as if to puzzle diplomatists and facile solvents of the Eastern question, there is Bosnia next to Servia, with a population of whom the majority are fanatical Mussulmans. There are no bigots like converts, and the Bosnians, who in their own interests sub-

mitted in crowds to forced conversion, will probably fight for the Osmanli.

Opposite Giurgevo, we stayed at Rustchuk, first at the Turkish town, which is ranged theatre-like around a rising slope, and fronted with battlemented fortifications. The roads and streets, without paving or making of any sort, mount the hill between houses, which, as to frontage, seem to have had no rule but that of securing the greatest irregularity. From the town we passed to the railway station, where everything was in striking contrast. English neatness and order, the mathematical gradients and station architecture, were quite foreign to Turkey, and appeared curiously accidental in Bulgaria. After we had waited but a short time, the train from Varna came from the hills down a steep descent, whistling and rattling, with a load of English, American, and Turkish passengers.

I was cruel enough to watch, with amusement, the faces of the English and Americans who came sauntering towards the *Sophie* under a mistaken belief that she lay empty awaiting their arrival, when they heard that there was not a cabin nor a berth unoccupied. The hardship of passing a night in the saloon was not very great, as the weather was excessively hot, and all bore their disappointment well. The last station we saw that night was Schistova, a small Bulgarian town overshadowed by a high hill. The Turkish coast con-

tinued to be elevated at Rahowa, where a hundred bullock-carts were discharging maize—which, all over the Danubian provinces, is known by a word pronounced exactly like "cuckoo-roots"—into great heaps upon the shore, and a party of soldiers were superintending the construction of a road upon the hill. Most of the workers were peasants, labouring without pay; the mode of getting such works accomplished in Bulgaria being for the Pacha to order their construction, the cost being levied upon the peasants, who, in default of payment, must give their labour; *pay or work* is the Turkish rule in such cases. At narrow intervals along the entire length of the Turkish shore were guard-houses, out of which the fezzed soldiers of the Sultan frequently turned to present arms as we passed. At each station there was a high pole with a faggot of dry wood tied to the top, for a fire-signal.

About the middle of the second day after leaving Galatz, we arrived at Widin, the last Turkish town upon the Danube, for Belgrade is only nominally in the dominions of the Sultan. The passengers crowded on shore into the streets and cafés on the water's edge, which had large balconies supported by beams painted bright green, and heavily roofed, where sat a number of Turks, turbaned with white, green, and lilac. Staring at our boat, stood a tall, black-haired woman, a Bulgarian, dressed in a cotton garment descending just below her

knees, and baggy trousers of the same material, the pattern and colour of which were most extraordinary—broad red stripes on a yellow ground, with a white pattern, something between a shell and a fleur-de-lis on the stripes. Her less conspicuous male companion wore a dress common in Bulgaria—a short jacket and pantaloons of dark red cloth braided with black. Almost every man wore the big, drum-shaped cap of black or white sheepskin which is everywhere seen about the Danube.

The afternoon was very hot, and in the bazaars there were clouds of flies, and street-dogs at every step. Some Wallachian women, with flowers and a few coins braided in their hair, braved the sun. Over a white chemise, they wore a petticoat open at the sides, manufactured of stout woollen, home-made material, full of gay colours in diamond pattern; a loose jacket of white linen completed this picturesque costume. Turks offered for sale packets of their fragrant tobacco, flowering stocks in red pots, the common ornament of every English cottage garden, and pipe-sticks, curiously mottled with red and blue. There were some Turkish soldiers lounging about the rugged, uneven street, with very economic clothing. They had ragged coats, frayed and faded, trousers torn and worn, their fez caps were black with dirt and grease, and their slippers scarcely kept their feet from the dust.

I could see that they wore neither shirt nor socks, and that their costume was no worse than that of the sentries on duty about Widin. We had time only to visit the bazaars; the residential and more substantial part of the town lies behind the white walls, over which the roofs of the houses can be seen from the Danube.

No glittering Greek cupola and only a few minarets appear above the wall, the line of which is broken with batteries; but Widin is not nearly so strong a military position as Silistria. Opposite, on the Wallachian side, there is a flat, woody marsh, and a little higher up, on the same shore, we stayed at Kalafat, where two Wallachian peasants were embarked. Their invariable summer costume consists of coarse linen trousers, wider in the legs than those of any sailor—immense "bags," which flutter like empty sails—and a long blouse or tunic of the same material, tied at the waist with a red scarf. The Wallachs always call themselves Roumains, and their country Roumania, Wallachs being a name given to them but not accepted, signifying strangers or foreigners.

Soon after leaving Kalafat, we passed, on the Turkish side, the mouth of the Timok,—a river which a man might step across dryshod during summer,—the boundary between Bulgaria and Servia, and then stopped at Radnievatz, the first Servian town, which looked like a half-savage village of stockades, for every peasant's

patch was enclosed with a high wooden fence, and the mean houses were strewn about, apparently at random. I inquired the reason, why fencing, so uncommon in Turkey, was so general in Servia that the practice at once had attracted my attention, and was told that when the Servians achieved their separation from the immediate rule of the Sultan, and the Turkish landlords were driven out, the peasants hastened to enclose their lands with fences, in order the better to maintain their doubtful right of possession, and so Servia became a fenced country.

A full moon was shining brilliantly when the *Sophie* was moored for the night at Turno-Severin, our last stopping-place in Wallachia. We landed, and strolled into a garden, dimly lighted with oil-lamps and set with tables, at which a few of Prince Charles' soldiers were smoking and drinking. Then, in the moonlight, under experienced guidance, we made an excursion in the background, to a massive ruin of brick and stone, the only remains of a bridge which Trajan constructed, or began to construct, across the Danube. We mounted a wooden platform on the ruin, arranged for the enjoyment of the view over the river. The broad, smooth current of silvery water, flowing between thickly-wooded slopes beneath the soft light of the moon, had a beautiful effect, and encouraged a reverie from which we were suddenly aroused by the music of "Il Trovatore,"

played, as we afterwards discovered, in a wooden theatre, hidden from us among the trees.

The passengers were on deck before sunrise in the morning to enjoy the famous scenery of the Iron Gates. Up to this point we had been much disappointed with the Danube. For 500 miles we had steamed over a broad, muddy river, flowing between banks, of which one was always low and marshy, varied with rushes and willows, and the other sloping, without grandeur or any variety of proportion. The scenery of the Thames is infinitely finer than that of the Danube from the Sulina mouth to the Iron Gates, and a more wearisome, tedious journey could scarcely be found in Europe.

Nor do I think the tourist is repaid for all that he has endured by seeing the Iron Gates, which, by the way, are composed of limestone rock. Where the boundaries of Hungary and Wallachia meet upon its banks, the Danube is narrowed between sloping hills 600 or 700 feet in height, the lines of which beautifully cross those of others more distant, clothed from top to foot with beech and oak, and a thick underwood of hazel, black-thorn, and maple. These Iron Gates, which, on the lovely June morning, Nature had painted with so fine a coat of exquisite green, slope directly into the water. I grudged the Turks the possession of the low island, which divides the stream between the Gates, where they have a fortress with a small garrison. They

have destroyed and lately abandoned Fort Elizabeth, which stood upon the point of the Servian land, a useless possession, for the Turks could have been stoned out of it by girls perched in security among the trees of the almost perpendicular hill. Having passed the Iron Gates we were upon the dominion of Austria, and at New Orsova, within sight of the Turkish fort lying close down upon the water, the *Sophie* was cleared of baggage and passengers for examination at the Imperial Royal Custom House.

Among the passengers with whom I had held most conversation during the wearisome journey from Galatz, was a tall Magyar of most interesting appearance, a noble, whose charming manners much more than atoned for his bad French. He was leaving the boat at Orsova, intending to pass a few days at Hercules Baden, or Mehadia, before returning to his home, near Versecz. We were tired of the boat and its crowd of noisy passengers, of its close cabins—which had no space for retirement—and listened, with ready ears, to his praises of the beauties and attractions of Hercules Baden. As soon as the search of our baggage was concluded we took a *wagen*—a double-seated rustic carriage, with a roof and curtains at the sides, but quite without springs—and before our fellow passengers had returned to the *Sophie* we were following the Magyar's lead, on the road to Mehadia. My wife

and I occupied the interior of the *wagen*, but the front seat, on which the Wallachian driver sat, had a width sufficient for a double row of persons, back to back. Though the road was excellent, we had a terrible jolting, for the *wagen* was as stiff as a wheelbarrow. All the way our path lay parallel to the frontier, on the Hungarian side of the boundary. We were soon out of sight of Orsova, and delighting in our escape from the steamboat into green valleys and rich fields and vineyards of Hungary.

LETTER VIII.

Mehadia — Hercules Baden — Wallach Peasant Women — Swinging Cradles — The Franz-Josef Hof—A Hungarian *Bad* — An Early Serenade—The Hot-Hole — Hungarian Costume — Magyars and Viennese—A *Kränschen*—Austrian Waltzing—Hungarian Politics —A Public Dinner—The *Kaiser* and *König*—"England fo Everr"— An Unknown Tongue—*Die Königin Victoria*—Taxes at Mehadia— News from Servia—Austrian Policy—On the Danube and in Poland —Bazias—Semendria—Semlin—Belgrade—Fortress of Belgrade— Servian Soldiers—Mourning for Prince Michael—The House of Obrenovitch—A Real Tragedy — Feminine Influences — Servian Ministers—A State of Siege—Prince Michael's Coffin—Servian Policy and Ambition—The Great Powers—Their Deadening Influence.

By the word of our Magyar friend we knew that Mehadia was a *Bad*, where thermal waters brought together gouty, paralytic, and rheumatic Hungarians; and upon the same authority we hoped for clean, comfortable rooms; for the rest, it was all *terra incognita*. I asked, where the good road led. "Mehadia!" "And the telegraph by the road-side?" "Mehadia!" "Neither road nor telegraph any farther?" "No!" Then I began to think Mehadia must be a place of some importance. After driving about ten miles up the

valley of a pretty river, often dashing into white foam over its rocky bed, we came to a village where the valley widened into a rich plain, laboriously cultivated with vines, wheat, and maize. The humble houses were mostly built of wood, with an appearance extremely neat. I thought this must be Mehadia, but our *wagen* jolted through the village and onward up the green valley.

Along the road, the majority of the men we saw were soldiers, most of them wearing a forage cap of blue cloth, a short jacket of white cloth, and blue pantaloons tightly fitting their legs, ornamented about the pockets with "clocks" of yellow braid. There were many people at work in the fields digging and hoeing, but nearly all these agricultural labourers were women, and we grieved to see the severe labour to which they were evidently accustomed. All were Wallachians, and knew but very few words of Hungarian or German, though they were Hungarian subjects of the Kaiser. Their peculiar costume was ill-adapted for their work. Many wore a handkerchief on their heads, but some had no other covering than their thick hair, in which all but the old had placed a flower. Over the long white chemise usually worn by the Wallach peasant women, they had a girdle to which, before and behind, was attached a heavy flap of woollen stuff closely woven and about six inches deep. From these flaps there hung

over the chemise a fringe of red worsted descending nearly to their heels, with the same depth in front. As they walk these women are nearly surrounded by this long, waving fringe, which is thin enough to show the under white garment frequently; and a more inconvenient costume for stooping in field labour could scarcely be invented. The women were generally barefooted, and some confined their dress while at work in a manner much more convenient than decent.

At least three-fourths of the workers upon the land were women, and on neighbouring boughs hung the infant children of some of these mothers, swinging easily in a coffin-shaped box, with a covering of coarse linen so arranged that the baby could have air without the possible danger of falling from its suspended cradle. In sequestered, sheltered spots, and further shaded by pretty wooden roofs, we passed three or four crosses hung with garlands of wild flowers, some withered into dead-brown, and some green and brightly-coloured —emblems of a living faith among these simple poor. After driving for more than two hours, the valley narrowed to a width only sufficient for the road and the noisy river; grey rocks of limestone, green on every crag with the richest verdure, rose a thousand feet above its stony bed, with dark pines upon their summit, and banks of wood,—hazel, and blackthorn, and wild vines at their feet. We could see no habitation before us, only

the lovely valley sloping upwards, with light shining through the windings of the green pass—upwards towards the many-peaked hills where the splashing river, our pleasant companion during all the drive, had its origin. A bend in the road, and we came suddenly upon a low, single-storeyed building, substantially constructed with brick and stone, with a Swiss roof, red tiled, and lighted with windows, like loopholes for musketry. I thought this must be Mehadia. It was somewhat dismal in appearance, but I supposed the *régime* might be strict, and—as we had heard the *Bad* was entirely under military rule—that this barrack-like edifice in its lovely situation might be our resting-place.

But it was only the stables, and the next curve of the road showed us Mehadia, like a painted scene; so bright, so pretty, so unexpected, so unlike the dirty barbarism of the Turkish villages upon the Danube. The towns which children rear with a few German toy-houses more resemble Mehadia than any place I have ever seen; but the sublime gift of Nature to the spot, the encircling rocks, some green with rich woods to their rounded tops, and others towering 1000 feet above the houses, broken into grey cliffs and cleft in gloomy crevasses, cannot be transferred. We passed a public garden well laid out in the Italian style with terraces mounted by flights of stone steps, with two fountains flashing from their waters a thousand brilliant

diamonds, an orchestra for a band, and upon the highest terrace, a covered alcove neatly set with refreshment tables, and behind it a range of shops shaded by a paved verandah. In the centre of this range was a large building of light and elegant design—the dining-rooms and ball-room, the Kursaal of the *Bad.* A corridor, frescoed in Pompeian style, led from this terrace to a large house, full of windows and balconies, a hundred yards long, something like one of our monster hotels, but whiter and brighter in appearance than any house can be in dear, smoky England. This is the Franz-Josef Hof, and almost adjoining it there are three other houses nearly as large, the Franzen Hof, the Ferdinand's Hof, the Theresien Hof, and the offices of the Commandant and his inspecting staff. These are ranged on two sides of a narrow Platz which has in the centre a statue of Hercules, from beneath whose feet a bronze crocodile pours out delicious water, crystal clear and cold as ice in days when the thermometer ranged between 70° and 80°.

There are no small houses in Mehadia, and these big "Hofs" stand quite alone. Just like toy-houses, their walls are washed with a spotless tint of pale green or yellow, and their high-peaked roofs, with tiling of brownish red; the eaves, far overhanging, are such as harmonise best with the towering rocks which dwarf these handsome houses into nothingness of elevation.

The river is walled and bridged where it dashes between the Franz-Josef Hof and the Ferdinand's Hof, to which it descends through a lovely valley behind the houses in the Platz.

We took pleasant apartments in the Franz-Josef Hof, spacious and sunny, but slightly defective in minor points, not unlikely to be neglected where chambermaids are under the supervision of soldiers. Though the corridors and staircases were stone without any covering, the house was quiet, for the thickness of the walls and doors prevented the transmission of sound. There are no restaurants in the houses; nothing whatever to be had of their custodians but lodging. There are two large *Speise-Salons* in Mehadia; one, the more elegant and expensive, with the worse food, in the Kursaal; the other, always more crowded, in the Platz. From either of these places, the quick-footed "kellners" will carry anything to those who prefer to eat and drink in their own apartments.

The first morning after our arrival I was awoke by the sound of music, and opened the sun-blinds half in doubt if the players were not upon our balcony. But they were fourteen in number, just beneath, trumpeting and fiddling at six o'clock in the morning in a way which could only be intended for a serenade. "But for the honour of the thing," as the Irishman said, I would rather have been allowed to sleep on, and, moreover, I

knew that these stirring airs would cost me dear. Presently, the music ceased, and I sleepily opened the door in response to a loud knocking, to find a long-haired Austrian, bowing, with a trumpet in his hand and harsh words of welcome on his smiling mouth, which I acknowledged with some paper money of the State Bank of Vienna, and false thanks for the awakening noise. But the honour of our country rested upon us, as we were the only English in Mehadia, and during all our stay we felt this onerous responsibility.

Up the valley and down both sides of the laughing river, in which I have no doubt Germans can meet with Undines and Kuhleborns, there are neatly-made and well-kept walks, shady and quiet, with a seat at every turn, and at the choicest points of view, summer-houses and temples enough to give every one who cares for the luxury a delightful resting-place. The wooded spurs of the giant cliffs are terraced with zigzags, so screened and shaded by thick underwood that scarcely one of these paths can be seen from below. Only here and there upon the wooded slopes, those who are ascending emerge from their leafy obscurity on to some pretty platform or summer-house, which, viewed from the valley, appears almost inaccessible. There must be many miles of these well-kept and beautiful walks in the immediate neighbourhood of Mehadia. Prettily-coloured direction-posts guide to several caverns, all of which

have distinct names; in one, the Hot-Hole, sulphurous vapour is ejected from the earth near the entrance, and never since I was on Vesuvius had I smelt such a brimstone odour as the waters of the Carolinensbad at Mehadia constantly exhaled. The German doctors at Mehadia are learned upon the relative merits of the waters; all I know is that some emit a strong smell of sulphur, and are very hot, and that others are hot with less smell. Beside Carolinensbad, there are Ludwigsbad and Herkulesbad, each with a number of small, well-constructed bath-rooms and good attendance. The patients with whom I talked in our walks were full of accounts of the wondrous cures which the waters had wrought; if I had credited them, I should have done my best to make you believe Herkulesbad a very pool of Bethesda; but I am quite willing to believe in the healing virtues of mineral waters, and that those of Mehadia are not inferior to the waters of any bath in Europe, while I am more sure that the scenery of the place has scarcely an equal for natural beauty.

And the accessories are so interesting. In the morning and evening, when the band is playing, the pretty garden is crowded with strange toilets nowhere else to be seen upon any such well-ordered promenade. Hungarian peasants, unconsciously picturesque, sitting on the terrace-steps, or lounging with heavy tread up and down the gravelled walks, their heads cased in huge

caps of black or white sheepskin, with the wool closely curled, or with low-crowned hats of black beaver, and brims six inches wide; in long coats of sheepskin, the woolly side inwards, and the outer surface decorated with strips of red leather; their loose linen trousers showing their substitute for socks, a piece of cloth generally resembling shepherd's plaid in pattern, bound round their ankles; and their shoes, simply a piece of leather tied with thongs around their feet, the easiest *chaussure* imaginable. The peasant women also frequent the music, usually without shoes, and with their long fringes of red worsted dangling like yaks' tails before and behind them. Then there are Hungarians, shrewd and grey-eyed, of the *bourgeois* class, and tall and thin of the Magyar aristocracy. These wear coats braided and frogged and buttoned in every uncommon variety, and braided pantaloons with polished boots showing to the knee. The highly-bred Hungarians are easily separated from the crowd by their length and leanness and their well-made features. So are the fat, beer-drinking Viennese, whose disgusting rotundity would be less conspicuous if they did not wear short jackets and military caps; their "Fraus" are usually obese also, to be seen sitting while the male smokes, and waddling after him and his pipe when they rise, both unwillingly, to change their resting-place. There are Austrian officers in white, and brown, and blue, with chins shorn

by regulation, and stalwart strength, too good to be used as food for Prussian needle-guns; and visitors, Servian, Roumain, Greek, with two or three Turks, who contribute other curiosities of costume.

I went to a ball last night at the Kursaal, where no one else could speak even a few words of French or English. The Commandant of Mehadia, under whose government we live — a dapper colonel, a favourite with the ladies and himself—smiled and smirked upon me with courteous words of Italian; he ought to have spoken the sweet language better, for he wore a Papal decoration for services done to despotism in Italy.

A lady, warm from waltzing, and perhaps with some contempt for my languid sauntering from seat to seat, asked me what I thought of the performance of the Austrian officers in the dance. "They are different from the English gentlemen," she said, with a smile, slightly malicious. "Very," I replied; "they are the best waltzers I have ever seen except the dancing dervishes of Constantinople, who, believe me, Madame, are as much superior in the dance to these gentlemen, as they are to my clumsy compatriots." My answer went round the room without giving much pleasure to the white-coated dancers, who certainly did waltz "excellent well," flying swiftly over the floor with light, small steps, a movement not possible to an Englishman accustomed to parade moors or stubbles in double-soled shooting-boots.

The third day of our stay I was taking coffee with my Hungarian friend in the Platz, which is the only street in Mehadia, when he told me that the day was the anniversary of the crowning of Francis Joseph as King of Hungary, and that there would be a religious fête at the Roman Catholic Church, followed by a Hungarian dinner. I asked him if we might be permitted to take tickets for this latter festivity, to which he replied that our presence would be considered by the company as a compliment, and I gladly accepted his offer to take my five *gulden* for the purchase of two tickets. From this, we passed into a conversation touching the politics of his country. He said that, thanks to Herr Deak and the patriotic people of Hungary, they had gained, at least, the existence of constitutional government, and much independence of Austria. He would not speak against the Emperor, but I could see that in his heart he thought Francis Joseph could never be loved by the Magyar people.

"We must have a king," he said, "and he must have the rank and blood of a king,—so who could we have better than Franz Josef?"

But in the minds of too many the Emperor's name is associated with past sufferings, with resistance to their claims, ever to become dear to Hungary.

"We have a separate parliament," my friend went on to say, "but we are not content, because we cannot

control our expenditure in regard to the national disbursements. This is settled by a delegation from our Parliament sitting with the Austrian Parliament. You will understand," he continued, "how this separation of parliaments for local purposes, and union of disjointed parliaments for the great national purposes, undoes all that we thought we had gained, and makes the Emperor more than ever our absolute master. *Divide et impera.* He has divided the empire, and commands it."

"But you accept loyally the present state of things?" I asked.

"Yes; I obey the law and accept the law, and give willing allegiance to the King, though all is not as I could wish; I do not think we could have any other King; but, to say the truth, we would rather have the King a little more to ourselves. Then we would be content with Franz Josef. Perhaps some day, when the whole of Germany is united under Prussia, the House of Hapsburg will be glad to rest their throne at Pesth. Hungary you will say is too small for a separate state. We know that, and we think that the Poles are our nearest relations in Europe, and, perhaps, some day, Hungary and Poland united will form one kingdom."

The object of the dinner was pure loyalty to the King and Hungary, and Austrian flags fluttered

gaily as we mounted to the dining-room, where a company of fifty ladies and gentlemen were already assembled, who had kindly reserved excellent places for the two foreigners. Our governor, the Colonel-Commandant of Mehadia, was in the chair, his breast ablaze with medals and decorations, his eyes rolling to right and left with humour and gallantry upon one or other of the full-dressed dames who sat beside him. A stout lady in black silk, with diamond earrings, divided him from a tall, thin Magyar, with white hair and beard and restless grey eyes, who had fought and bled, and suffered eight years imprisonment on behalf of his country. But all this seemed to have left General Asboth straight as a hop-pole, and nearly as thin.

My next neighbour was a landed proprietor from near Versecz, who told me that Hungary was the richest country in the world, and Hungarian wine the best. I don't agree with him, if the sparkling wine we drank was a fair sample, for then the worst of Epernay is better than all the cellars of the Magyar. He asked me if I had ever met Kossuth, and told me that he and every man in the room, except myself, had joined with Kossuth in the revolution; but now, the company, sprinkled with Austrian uniforms, seemed indeed to have become reconciled to the rule of the Emperor-King. I asked my neighbour if the Kaiser was at Pesth. "We have no Kaiser," he replied; "not Kaiser, but König."

Then rose a stout man at the foot of one of the tables, and with ineloquent fluency, in unintelligible Magyar language, proposed "*Ungarn*," a toast which was drank with much clinking of glasses, and many shouts of "*Eljen, eljen!*" The signal for the cheers to cease was the rising of the Commandant, who, in good, official German, as became his office, gave the "*Kaiser und König, Franz Josef*," which was drank with real demonstrations of joy, many of the company leaving their seats to clink their glasses with that of the proposer, who turned to all comers, and bowed and cried "*Hoch*," till the salute of artillery, which followed all the principal toasts, shook the windows and drowned the small voices of the dinner-table.

In gutturals, shot from his mouth, General Asboth gave "*Die Kaiserin.*" The hearts of the company began to warm, and men were not content with merely clinking their glasses. I saw the Commandant put his half-empty glass to that of the General, and then pour a little wine from his own glass into that of his friend, a token of good fellowship which was often practised. The patriots grasped each others' hands across the table and cheered, while the resounding band of fiddles was playing national music near the door. Then we drank to the health of "the Deputies" and "Herr Deak," and in the succeeding speech I caught the word "Englisch," often repeated between

unknown Hungarian words with many eyes turned upon us, and the cheers told me that the speaker was praising our dear country and proposing our health as a toast. The moment he sat down, the whole company—at least all the male part of it—rushed towards us, some with champagne glasses, some with tumblers, two or three with coffee-cups, all with outstretched hands, to touch our glasses. Some gave their good wishes in Magyar, some in German, and the old General Asboth shouted, "England fo everr!" an unexpected accomplishment which delighted everybody.

The Commandant politely patted my hand, and with a mournful roll of his comical eyes, said, "*Ich kann nicht Englisch sprechen.*" I remained standing to thank the company for the honour they had paid to England, to my wife and to myself, but I could not help laughing, while I spoke my brief thanks, as I thought how ridiculously unintelligible was every word I uttered to every man and woman I was addressing. I tried to give them much gesture and few words, and immediately I finished speaking the band kept me on my legs by playing our "God Save the Queen."

Again and again I bowed low my thanks to the musicians for their performance, which moved the company a second time to cross chairs and tables towards us, shouting, "*Königin Victoria.*" Again we clinked our glasses fifty times; luckily all the glass is very thick in Meha-

dia, and I joined an English "hurrah" to their loud "*eljens*" and "*hochs*" in honour of our Queen, whose great name, though late among the toasts, was received by the company with unbounded enthusiasm.

I was writing to you yesterday, when, quickly following a sudden tap, an Austrian soldier stood bowing in our private *salon*, and presenting the rules of the Mehadia Government, requested me to read Article XIV. I began to fear I was about to be expelled by my polite friend the Colonel-Commandant, for some unknown reason, from the lovely valley, until I made out that the article in question directed that all princes and high functionaries staying longer than five days at the *Bad* should pay a tax of four florins towards the cost of administration and the music; that all proprietors and persons of distinction should pay two florins; and other persons one florin. I was debating in my mind as to which class we belonged, when the soldier settled my doubts by showing a list in which he had set us down at four florins and twenty kreutzers for the pair, which I at once paid, seeing that, as the only English in the place, we could not deny we were persons of distinction.

Our presence at the Hungarian dinner gained us many acquaintances in Mehadia, who had curious differences of manner from that common among the English. One of them, an Austrian major of infantry,

met me alone upon the Platz one evening, and, taking a freshly-gathered rosebud from his button-hole, begged me to present it, in his name, to "*die gnädige Frau,*" and when again I met him shortly afterwards, and gave him her thanks, his long face was portentous of some grave intelligence.

A telegram had just brought news of the murder of the Prince of Servia, and the Austrians thought that war would quickly follow. "That which makes it more sad," he said, with a woeful face, "is that the murder is the deed of Russia." And from his manner I am really inclined to believe he suspected Russian diplomacy of a direct hand in the crime. With the Austrians, Russia is Bogy. In the dominions of Francis Joseph, Russia s represented as standing with a knout in one hand and a port-fire in the other, ready to thrash her peasants into submission, or to exterminate the foreign sympathisers with Poland. Each power has its own way of making love to the populations of the Lower Danube—Russia by preaching Pan-Slavism, calling Bulgarians and Serbs her legitimate children, and Austria, by saying that their choice lies between Russia of the knout,—Russia, the tyrant of Poland,—and herself, so mildly constitutional, already possessed of Slavish subjects, already practised in the giving of separate institutions to subject nationalities. "Do not fancy," says Austria, "that we wish to absorb you into a German empire, with peoples to

whom we well know you are not closely related; we are content that you should be one of us; you shall be Servian as well as Austrian; you shall be Wallachian though you are Austrian; we will do for you that which we have done for Hungary; and our united empire shall be a bulwark against the Russian and the Turk."

If I must live under the surveillance of a double-headed eagle, I would prefer the Austrian; for though the spirit which animates both governments is much alike, though the four beaks are always tearing the peoples' substance for the support of military imperialism, yet those of the Austrian eagle are blunted, and his talons less securely placed, for beneath them there is a Constitution which is slippery standing-ground for such birds.

And what they do on the Danube, these two powers repeat in Poland, each wishing to be the stronger in the dismembered kingdom; but Russia intends to keep her own share of Poland with the sword, and perhaps, if opportunity serves, to win Gallicia with the same weapon from Austria; while the Court of Vienna, less autocratic than that of St. Petersburg, hopes to be loved by Poland for the contrast her milder sway in Gallicia makes in comparison with that of the Russians at Warsaw.

In this manner she may succeed, for the people of Cracow are certainly more contented with their government than those of Warsaw. I met with an Austrian officer at Mehadia, who said that a Pole in his regiment,

whose mother lived in Russian Poland, had frequently addressed letters to her in the Polish language, but they never reached her, and it was only when he was informed by a comrade that the language was not acknowledged by the Russian post offices in Poland, that he succeeded in communicating with his mother by having his letter addressed in Russian. Now-a-days, Austria, humbled and reformed, does not attempt actions so tyrannical as this, and if Russia should be too intent upon extending her empire southwards, she may find that the promise of better things from Austria, with a milder mastery, and community of religion, may draw her rebellious Poles to the throne of the House of Hapsburg.

The intolerant government of Austria has built at Mehadia a Greek church for the heretics from Roumania and Servia. Like the Latin church, this temple has a red dome, and both look neat and bright, just like wooden churches fresh from a German toy-shop, the only difference being that the "Orthodox" church is orthodox in plan, the dome forming the centre of a cross, while the Roman Catholic church is nearly all dome. There are no Protestant provinces to be cajoled, so Austria does not provide for such worship at Mehadia, though there are three millions of Protestants in Hungary, among whom are included a large number of the most respectable visitors at the *Bad.*

On returning to Orsova, to resume our interrupted voyage up the Danube, we met with a steamboat of the same pattern as the *Sophie*, and, unfortunately for us, quite as crowded. For about thirty miles from Orsova and the Iron Gates, the scenery upon the banks of the river continued to be pretty; the water is deep and rapid, and the surface has a blacker colour than at any other part of its course between Pesth and the Black Sea. Limestone rocks, green with the most luxuriant woods, slope into it from heights of 500 or 700 feet; in places, the rocks rise bare and almost perpendicular from the water—grey cliffs, broken into peaks above, some quite inaccessible. The Danube winds through these beautiful hills and rocks from one land-locked curve into another; but there is nothing which deserves to be called grand in the scenery, nor any sufficient recompense for the dreary monotony of the hundreds of miles which precede and follow this single beauty of the river.

The Danube widened again to double its width at the Iron Gates, as we approached Bazias, where many passengers are glad to escape from the tiresome river to the railway which carries them to Pesth or Vienna, or anywhere else in Europe. Bazias is nothing more than a railway station built on a platform cut out of a limestone rock, where no one but a very tired tourist would think of resting. We, who were bound for Belgrade,

envied those who left the boat, for we could scarcely hope to meet with the cleanliness and comfort that waited them in the Austrian capitals.

In two hours we arrived at Semendria, next to Belgrade the most important place in Servia. There is no high land about the town, which has a strong citadel at the lower end, its longest front to the water, and is surrounded with four-and-twenty towers. The only conspicuous object in the town is a church with three small, white towers, and one of larger size, all clustered curiously together, and topped with red domes, like a Turk's fez. It was the day of Prince Michael's funeral, and a black flag fluttered half-way up a mast upon the citadel of Semendria; but of Belgrade, his capital, which we passed in the dark, we could see nothing except a few lights on the high point of land which the city occupies. At Belgrade, the Danube is reinforced by the waters of the Save. We crossed the mouth of this river to Semlin, in Austrian Slavonia, where we disembarked in the darkness, and, under the guidance of a ragged Slave, walked through a woody avenue, dimly lighted with an occasional oil-lamp, into a wide, straggling street, to the Hotel of the Golden Eagle, who must have had his wings clipped before he would consent to dwell, where all the apartments were on the ground floor, ranged like cattle-pens round a square yard. The only occupants of this yard were a

few Austrian soldiers, who sat over their final coffee, near a well and two or three carts, amid a noise of stabling. We had some difficulty in convincing the landlord that clean bed-linen was absolutely indispensable to our repose; but this matter arranged, we were lodged in tolerable comfort at Semlin.

Early the next morning, we crossed the Save to Belgrade, which no one is allowed to enter from the river after dark. It needs no Todleben to understand that the natural position of Belgrade is one of great strength. The point of the tongue of land on which it stands, is occupied by the fortress, which has low batteries on the Danube and the Save, of which the embrasures were not more than three feet above the stream of the flooded rivers. These fortifications enclose a platform equally low, on which are magazines and storehouses, scarcely visible from the water. This tip of the tongue is overlooked by a bank, about 150 feet in extreme height, included in the fortress, which is zigzaged with walls and crowned with official residences and barracks, easy marks for the artillery of an enemy.

At some distance from the cliff, a wide trench and a strong wall secure the fortress on the town side, these defences being continued down the sloping banks to the water of the Danube on one side, and to that of the Save on the other. The town, scattered over the widening tongue of land, slopes away inland from the

fortress which occupies the highest ground within cannon range. On the Danube, the opposite shore of Hungary is very low and level; in winter, swampy and inaccessible; while across the Save a flat marsh in Austrian Slavonia divides Belgrade from Semlin. There would be no shelter nor commanding point of attack for any force besieging the fortress, unless they were protected in the town of Belgrade, from which, to assault the fortress, they must cross a wide glacis sloping upwards to the Servian guns.

The view of the town suggests that the Germanising movement in Servia is likely to be successful. For the churches are German or Hungarian, if the Magyars are willing to claim their "no style" of architecture for their own. In every town of Hungary there are such churches as those of Belgrade, substantial, white-walled, and high-roofed, with windows like lengthened embrasures of a fortress, with a square, white tower at the west end, supporting a number of cubes and globes piled one upon another, which are painted dark red, with much gilding. Here and there, strewn over a wide area, German houses, with green sun-blinds, seem to be struggling to get at each other, and so make up a decent town, across intervening sheds and hovels, the remains of Turkish dominion.

The soldiers who demanded our passports on landing, were, I afterwards saw, only fair specimens of the troops composing the small army of Servia. They

were fine, strong, intelligent-looking men, with nothing of the Turk about them, and less stolid than Germans, dressed in coarse linen, with caps like those worn in undress by the English Horse Guards. Before we entered the town, black flags flying half-mast upon the fortress and from the high church tower, spoke eloquently of mourning, but in the streets the exhibition of such loyalty to the memory of Prince Michael was very general. From almost every window was suspended a black banner—generally a yard or two of alpaca or Saxony cloth cut from the piece and nailed to a stick; some had streamers of black crape tied to the corners.

I took off the white muslin I was wearing round my hat, for it seemed offensively conspicuous where almost every one wore black crape. If Prince Michael had been the best ruler that ever lived, the outward appearances of mourning, at least, could not have been more general. After converting a few napoleons into Austrian paper at a money changer's, I began to talk with him about the funeral, which had taken place the day before, and the man's eyes swelled with tears, which ran down his cheeks as he spoke of the murdered Prince. He gave me a printed copy in the Servian language of the address pronounced by the Metropolitan of Servia, in which the form of the letters and the aspect of the words exactly resembles the Russian lan-

guage. Directed by him, we toiled up the hill to the wide market-place, from which the principal streets diverge. There was not so much black in the market-place as in the lower town, and, indeed, the throng was gay with bright-coloured handkerchiefs, the head-dresses of the peasant women, and pretty, rural costumes of Servia.

A crowd stood round a *carte-de-visite* exhibited in a photographer's window, representing a plain, heavy-featured boy, about fourteen years old, dressed in jacket and trousers of black cloth with a turn-over collar. This was the nephew of the murdered Prince, whom his family are pushing forward to the throne under the title of Milan Obrenovitch IV. In Servian as in Russian, the termination "ovitch" simply means "the son of;" thus, the Czarovitch is the son of the Czar, and Obrenovitch, the son of Obren, a diminution which may suggest to some needy Irishman that a better claim than Milan's to the throne may be made by some member of the family of O'Brien. In another part of the market-place, a patrol of mounted soldiers evidenced that the order which prevailed in Belgrade was not very secure in the opinion of the Servian Ministry.

The palace, which is no more than a large villa—there are many as extensive belonging to merchant-princes in London or Manchester—was well guarded by soldiers,

and as I passed the gates, the mother of Anka Constantinovitch, who was murdered with the Prince, drove out in an open carriage; the same old lady with whom we had travelled on the Danube from Giurgevo. I could not help thinking, with much sorrow, how, in so short a time, without notice or warning, her position had been changed. She was in deepest mourning, but her hard, cruel face seemed without those nerves of sensibility which could compose it into harmony with her dress, that spoke of a sovereign and a daughter murdered.

The personal history of these petty princes is not important to the world, but there are the materials for a tragic drama in this Servian episode. The known vices of Milosch, the father of Michael, need not be introduced, but there are Prince Michael, and Princess Julie, his divorced wife,—*née* Hunyady, of a noble Hungarian family, who, until the day of her husband's funeral had not for a long time set foot in Servia,—and Anka Constantinovitch, the *intrigante* and feminine politician, a woman with a resolute mouth and well-formed face, though somewhat too square for beauty,—with eyes of dark hazel brown, sleepy and introspective, like those of a reflective listener rather than an impulsive talker,—with black hair waving over a square forehead, and a plump, maternal figure. Such is the nearest portrait I can draw of the woman who was murdered with the Prince—a woman who, report says, has been for years

the real ruler of Servia. Her pretty daughter Catherine, wounded by the assassins, who, they say, the mother would have married to the Prince, has lost an ambitious future, for the quietest of Servian politicians aimed at an independent crown for their Prince, while the "go aheads" dreamed of a Slave kingdom unto which Montenegro and much more might be joined.

While in Belgrade, we always heard good words of the Prince; no one spoke of this family of women. "He was the best fellow in Servia," the English Consul-General said to me. I had heard him spoken of as "bon Prince" by many Hungarians at Mehadia, but no one mentioned the murdered Madame Anka, and the funeral brought back the divorced wife who is to be entrusted with a share of the Regency and the guardianship of the young Prince. In a princedom not hereditary, the Servian Government stretched their powers in naming the boy Milan to the troops, and securing their powerful favour for him before the assembly of the "Skupchina," or National Assembly.

The Prince had often been warned of his danger if he went about unguarded, to which he replied that he would rather be shot than constantly followed by *gens-d'armes*. With regard to all these petty governments I have observed that the more deeply their detail is examined the more unprincipled and worthless do they appear. It can scarcely, indeed, be otherwise. The

men who handle their authority as Ministers live in a sphere too small for public opinion to oppose their tyranny, and they are often men who have visited civilisation to import only its vices to their own country. They betake themselves to the trade of politics in a country which the world is heedless to correct or improve; where politics mean intrigue, and chicanery, and the flattery of favourites. After all that I had seen and heard of Servia, I could agree with one of its most respectable inhabitants,—who knows the country well and has had intimate acquaintance with the murdered Prince and his father Milosch,—when he said to me at parting, "It is a wretched country to live in."

At one end of Belgrade, we found the barracks quite ready for action in case the population were disaffected. Before the soldiers' quarters, loaded artillery was placed facing the town, with sponges and ramrods leaning on the guns, and all round the field in which the barracks stood, lines of horses were lightly tethered to the hedges, ready at a moment's notice to be saddled and mounted. At the other end of the town, the guns of the fortress had been run out, and frowned upon the people with the same appearance of readiness. We were told that the Minister of War was a man of great energy, and that he ordered all this to be done directly he heard of the Prince's death. By his advice, too, a very salutary proclamation was issued to the effect that any one who

stole anything exceeding the value of twenty paras should be shot, and as there was certainty that this extreme punishment would be carried out, the "roughs" of Belgrade were denied the enjoyment of anarchy.

We followed a thin stream of people pouring in to the great church to visit the unclosed grave of Prince Michael. A dense group stood round a hole in the pavement, of which two sides were guarded by a line of shrubs in pots, a third by the church wall, while, on the open side, people were descending and ascending a dark flight of steps guarded by two soldiers. Passing between the guards, I followed down the steps into a small vaulted chamber, which contained two coffins: one was that of Milosch, the father of Michael, while the new, bright gilding on the other, and the wreath of almost fresh flowers lying upon it, would have told me that it contained the body of the late Prince. Before this each person crossed himself, and then reverently kissed the head of the coffin. As I could not find it in my heart to do either, I feared that I might be taken for a conspirator among the excited crowd pressed into the little vault, which was lighted only with two candles.

Some were sobbing, others praying aloud, and all looked unfeignedly sad as they bent over the coffin; yet a correct estimate of their loyalty could scarcely be founded upon these tears, which I think were quite

as much due to excitement as to grief. Prince Michael was a genuine Servian, and the Servians are very patriotic; but he regarded as unsafe and dangerous the ambitious ideas of the party of progress, which aims at the aggrandisement of Servia and the erection of a Servian throne. This was the policy to have made him an idol of the people, but Prince Michael preferred one easier and less hazardous. He kept on good terms with Russia as a Slave and with Austria by favouring Servian independence of Russia; but of great or daring qualities he had never shown any. As the telegrams from Belgrade are probably manipulated, if not prepared by the Government, little reliance must be placed upon the accuracy of their reports. The rumour that the assassination was arranged by the deposed Prince Karageorgevitch is evidently put forth to damage his reputation, and so favour the election of young Milan, though stabbing and shooting are not unrecognised modes of action in Servia.

Amid the tragic scene, there is a touch of comedy in the attitude of the great powers, each one anxious to grasp the heirless province, but more devoted in keeping off others. The condition of Servia or the Servians never seems to enter the thoughts of their diplomatists; each appears to think he is doing God service by solemnly regarding the crisis, and declaring that Servia ought to be allowed free choice of a ruler, while

probably each one knows that she has no free choice in the matter—that the soldiery are paid by the Obrenovitches, and will serve them, keeping them on the throne until a higher bidder appears with more ready money. Virtue is not much prized in Servia, and therefore their failings in this respect may be no hindrance to the popularity of the Obrenovitch family; but what right or duty of interference England has, or what advantage is served by the expression of a half-informed opinion on the subject of Servian succession, I am at a loss to imagine. Would it be possible for the province to be worse governed and less productive than it has been? I think not. While Austrian and Russian jealousies—while English and French interference fight around Servia, there will be no railways led through the country, because of their military importance in the eyes of some jealous power. Already excellent projects have been defeated by such political interference, which has taken the most hurtful form of hypocritical non-intervention.

LETTER IX.

Belgrade—A Turk Insulted—The "Ban of Croatia"—Feldzeugmeister Baron Gablentz—The Danube and the Theiss—Myriads of Mosquitoes—The Danube and the Drave—Austrian Coal—Labouring Women and Idle Soldiers—Buda-Pesth—View of Pesth—Aspect of Buda—Blocksberg—Prince Napoleon—Austria and Russia—Political Cannon—Hungarian Braid—Mills on the Danube—Hungarian Architecture—Waitzen—Presbourg—Vienna—Streets and Shops—St. Stephen's—The Emperor's Box—The Augustiner Kirche—Maria Christina's Tomb—The K. K. Burg—The Volksgarten—The Prater—A Sensation Tableau—A Fat Boy—A Hare in the Prater—The People in the Prater—Schönbrunn—The Palace Gardens—Viennese Loyalty—New Life in Austria—The Imperial Vaults—Tomb of Maria Theresa—Tomb of Napoleon II.—The Archduchess Mathilde—The Emperor Maximilian—The Empress Charlotte's Wreath.

In Belgrade, passports are returned on application at the police-office if the foreigner has not been in the town more than twenty-four hours; at the end of that time, a passport can only be regained through the consul of his country, to whom it is then referred. We had no difficulty in getting ours; but while I was making the application, a fezzed Turk was standing beside me, who followed with a similar request. My hat was in my hand, and the official, obsequious to me, suddenly

snatched the Turk's fez from his shaved head, and threw it at the bewildered Mahometan, who stood, looking very ridiculous, the white skin of his skull and forehead contrasting with the bronze of his face up to the line of the fez. I did what I could, without the knowledge of any Servian words, to protest against the affront, and I understood the official's defence to be that, because I took off my hat, the Turk ought to have done likewise. I dare say the Mahometan longed for the impossible return of the old times, when this "Christian dog" would not have dared so to uncover him. The rule of the Turks in Servia is gone for ever; the mosques and minarets of Belgrade are falling in ruins, and there is no one to repair them.

But our attention was diverted from the insulted Turk by the rattle of carriages, in one of which sat a tall man in Austrian military dress, his breast covered with medals and orders, to whom the people bowed as to a sovereign prince. I inquired who the personage was, and was told, the "Ban of Croatia." The great man crossed to Semlin in the same boat with us, receiving high honours and homage from the Austrians on both shores, and when we embarked in another steamboat to follow for two days the windings of the Danube to Pesth, I was pleased to see this distinguished personage escorted to the same boat by military music and a crowd of Austrian officers. He was a man

over middle age, with a face expressive of common sense, good-humour, and self-esteem, with moustache fiercely bristling,—a big dragoon, with some mixture of the man of the world. He was Feldzeugmeister Baron Gablentz, the Austrian hero in the war of Sleswig-Holstein—the battles in which German giants thought they gained honour by together defeating poor little Denmark—and military Governor of Croatia, who had been sent by the Emperor Francis Joseph to attend the funeral of Prince Michael.

In subsequent conversation with Baron Gablentz—of which, as a stranger to him, I am at liberty anywhere to speak—he expressed an opinion that Servia would gladly unite with Austria if she were assured that the Servian nationality would be respected, and such independence conceded as had been granted to Hungary. I asked him what he thought of the fortress of Belgrade. He said that it was a strong position, but that modern rifled-guns would knock the present defences to pieces in no time—that its strength lay in standing alone with no high ground for advantageous attack; and that it might be made a formidable stronghold.

He agreed with me that our army system was grievously in need of reform; but in discussing English policy, that which seemed most to puzzle Baron Gablentz was our surrender of the Ionian Islands. This is the stumbling-block of all continental politicians; they are

already doubtful of the policy of conquest, but have not yet attained to the virtue of renunciation. He was smiling almost contemptuously when I expressed the feeling of shame with which I visited Gibraltar last year, and the sincere hope I entertained that Spain, by the exhibition of a policy of financial honesty and permanent, progressive government, would invite England to relinquish the trust of the famous rock.

The scenery of the Danube offered no counter-attractions to the charms of the Baron's conversation From Semlin to where the great river received the waters of the Theiss, it resembled a wide ditch, flowing between green marshes and swamps dense with vegetation. Occasionally the Sclavonian banks rose in sloping hills 200 or 300 feet high, but generally the scenery was of the lowest Dutch character. The brown Theiss, like another wide ditch, nearly level with its banks, came flowing through a flat plain to meet the Danube in a scene as uninteresting. Later in the evening, the setting sun made beauty of these poor materials; the green banks became dark and almost black, the distant water was gilded, and that near to us dyed crimson with its last rays; the unbroken flat, so tedious in the daylight, seemed mysteriously vast, and our rate of progress over it incapable o reaching a change of scene. But we were not long allowed to indulge in such romantic reverie; the night

was hot, the air heavy, and the mosquitoes came in armies to trouble our repose. We had secured a private cabin on the deck, mindful of our previous sufferings on the Danube, but the mosquitoes did not respect its privacy. I fell asleep, tired with slaughter, and sorely wounded by the enemy; the next night, my wife invented an arrangement which completely baffled them. After driving everything with wings out of our cabin, and killing the gorged tormentors who would not fly, we fastened cotton-net over the window, and slept in comfort.

Peterwardein I did not see, because we passed it in the night; but we looked long at Dalia, a clean town, the last in Sclavonia, with white houses—mostly roofed with tiles of oak, very neatly cut and fixed together—a white church, with a tower at the west end, and a wonderful finial like that at Belgrade, such a church as you may find in many boxes of toys. Where the Drave meets the Danube, the latter bends sharply, so that the line of the Drave seems to be that of the great river. The full streams looked like water-paths upon an immense green field. The point, round which the Danube turns, was occupied by three huts of fishermen, mere cones of poles and leafy boughs, and one good cottage. Two of the huts were flooded, and the water stood within ten inches of the door-sill of the cottage. There were nets spread to dry, and wood-

cutters had collected piles of wood just out of reach of the flood; but if the waters rose a foot higher, these poor people must all take to their boats. At the junctions of the Drave and the Theiss, steamers were waiting to transfer to our boat the passengers they had brought down those rivers. The Danube, from the Drave to Mohacs, has a sameness of character monotonous enough to drive an excitable and disappointed tourist to despair. For hours we saw scarcely a person upon the land, which never varied from its double line of low forest and green swamp. Timber there was in plenty, with feed beneath it for cattle, sheep, or swine; oaks and beech where the ground was firm, rushes and willows where the swamps belonged to frogs and wild-fowl.

At Mohacs, where we stayed to take in coal, we touched the railway from Fünfkirchen. Baron Gablentz proudly pointed out to me that the dust-heaps, from which brawny-armed women were wheeling heavy loads, were obtained near Mohacs from Austrian coal-pits. "A few years ago," he said, "all the coal we had here was English, now we have it of our own." I blamed the Austrian system severely when I saw these Hungarian women engaged in such improper labour, while always within sight there are soldiers lounging about in uniforms of white and blue. It is impossible to convince me that any government is very valuable which

needs the support and incurs the cost of an army of 800,000 men, and such governments should not expect to meet with sympathy when they fall, or rather when those they oppress are relieved of their burden.

If, with our comparative temperance in the consumption of tobacco, we could imitate the continental sobriety in regard to strong drinks, we should have a great advantage among the nations of the world, who all smoke excessively. Probably in none but German territory would the chief saloon of a river-boat be given up to smokers; the small division at the end of it, "*fur nichtraucher*," was quite unpopular, even the ladies preferring to linger in the curling fumes from *big* meerschaums, from the national bowls of white earthenware, from cigars and cigarettes—a preference curious, and not betokening much refinement, especially during weather of excessive heat.

All through Hungary we saw no picturesque costume, and on the second morning after our departure from Belgrade, our ship was moored beside the stone embankments of the city of Pesth, just below Tierney Clark's suspension bridge, which, in an age crowded with engineering marvels, has soon ceased to be famous. Looking up the stream, Buda, the official city, is on the left, and Pesth, the capital of Hungary, on the right bank. I was not so well pleased with the scene afterwards,

which the heat and dust had been endured for hours, but at the first glance in the fresh morning air I thought the *coup d'œil* from the Danube one of the most beautiful belonging to any European city. Pesth is more easily described than Buda. Along the length of a handsome stone quay, Pesth extends in large, stately houses; some of the largest are public institutions, and two hotels, one of which is named "*Die Königin von England.*" The quays are busy with life,—passengers and merchandise passing to and from ships; in another place, a market, where hundreds of fowls cackle away their last hours in wicker confinement, and the cumbrous waggons of Danubian peasants drawn up in line are filled with vegetables and country produce of all sorts ready for sale. Farther on, upon the quay, there rises an inelegant and obstructive mound of earth, the top of which, about ten feet high, is crossed by four paths, each protected by an ornamental balustrade of carved stone. This is placed on the middle of the quay before the entrance to the suspension bridge, and is preserved as the sacred mound on which Francis Joseph was crowned King of Hungary. It is made up of soil brought from many parts of Hungary, and, according to ancient Magyar custom, the Emperor-King had to ride to the top of this hillock and wave his sword to north, south, east, and west. Beyond this curious monument, is the Magyar Academy, perhaps the handsomest build-

ing in Pesth, but entirely without architectural style, or perhaps with some lingering traces of debased Venetian. The Hungarians, a clever and versatile people, seem quite careless or ignorant as to style of architecture, though in this front view of Pesth there is much that is handsome, with a good balance of proportions.

For Buda, Nature has done more and Art still less. In coming up the Danube, Buda commences with the high, green hill of Blocksberg, on the top of which there is a low, grey fortress, from which a vindictive garrison might quickly destroy the capital of Hungary. For miles around, Blocksberg commands the scene; near Pesth the land is flat, but in Buda there is another hill, not so elevated, on which stand the Emperor's chateau and a long tail of official buildings surrounded by a fortified wall. In the valley between the two hills lies the old working town of Buda, a collection of white cottages straggling up the hill-sides to where the yellow-walled chateau, with innumerable windows and a high-peaked red roof, faces the grey fort of Blocksberg. In the great fight of 1849, the Hungarians occupied the position of the fort, and the Austrians that about the palace, near to which a high, black monument, canopied above an angel who is crowning a dying knight, has been erected to the memory of General Hentzi, an *Oberst*, and 418 "braves" who died "*fur Kaiser und Vaterland*, 1849."

The road into Buda, over the suspension bridge, lies directly beneath the chateau, below which the hill-side is green, with terraced walks, and beyond the chateau, Buda descends gradually to the level of the river, the descent covered with old-fashioned, substantial houses, the residences, private and official, of the *K. K. General Commando*, the inferior military officers, the Ministers, and almost all who hold authority in Hungary. In the large Platz of the official enclosure there is one of those extravagant religious monuments, with angels and saints, cherubin and gilded glories, and even clouds, all ascending a high stone pedestal, like the dream of a disordered fanatic done rudely into masonry, or a picture of Paul Veronese, copied in stone by no master-hand.

I laboured one morning up the Blocksberg hill, and sat cooling at the gate with an Austrian officer, awaiting the expected visit of Prince Napoleon, who I had met the night before on the staircase of his and our hotel. While waiting for the Prince, who after all did not come, we talked over Austrian politics, the officer maintaining that Austria ought to achieve the possession of the whole course and the mouths of the Danube, and I denouncing a military system of government, which, merely to secure the Emperor's throne, kept all the men under arms, and compelled the women to undertake the neglected labours of the field. I would not

admit that the possession of the mouth of the Thames by foreigners was a parallel case, nor that the improbable hold of all the length of the Danube was of vital importance to Austria, if, in the downfall of the system of political protection, the establishment of a freer policy in the Danubian provinces encouraged the construction of railways to the coasts of the Mediterranean on one side, and on the other, in connection with lines already constructed. I maintained that the possession of the mouths of the Danube by Austria would be of little use against Russia, who may, with equal probability, revive Sebastopol and possess herself of the Bosphorus—and that, even supposing Russia all-powerful in the Black Sea, and the enemy of Austria—the blockade of the Danube would be ineffectual to damage Austrian commerce when railways are constructed to carry it right or left of the great river.

Like all Austrians, he was fearful of the extension of Russia southwards; yet Austria dare not fight in alliance with the Turks lest she should lose the friendship she hopes to strengthen into unity with the provinces which are ever ready to divest themselves of the Sultan's supremacy. I am inclined to think that the Russians will sooner or later advance their empire southwards, because they are the ablest and the most unanimous power in the East of Europe. But they will probably pay for this in the dismemberment of

their empire, and shattered Poland will then re-unite, possibly, under a Prince of the House of Hapsburg. I had some success in endeavouring to convince my acquaintance that extension of territory is generally accompanied by a loss, not an increase of strength, and that this accounted for the strange and contradictory circumstance that the government of enlarged areas was often more burdensome to the people than the small governments. Where this policy of annexation is justifiable, as in Italy, the increase of cost will, it may be hoped, diminish and disappear as the new order of things becomes secure against foreign menace; where it is unjustifiable, as in the case of Russian Poland,—where the difference of religion and the autocratic system of government makes the bond of conquest so much more severely felt than in Silesia or Gallicia,—it is a source of continual expense and degradation to the rest of the empire.

So we talked, until another officer arrived to say that Prince Napoleon was unable to visit Blocksberg that morning. I expressed my surprise at parting that the Hungarians, now so powerful at the Court of Vienna, had allowed this threatening fortress to be occupied as a military station with even two rifled cannon; "with which," I said, "you could command the sentiments of the town."

"Ah!" replied the officer, "we don't do that sort of

thing now-a-days: bombardments have passed out of fashion, but certainly we could regulate (*regler*) them." "*You* will be sorry," he continued, with an emphasis, which was a hit at my peace sentiments, "that the place has been re-converted from an observatory to a fortress."

I should indeed like to see every fortress in the world blown up with the last powder that could be manufactured, but I hope and believe that the Hungarians are in little danger from Blocksberg. If you were to ask me what I thought most peculiar to them as a people, I should say braid, without hesitation. I never remember to have seen a genuine Magyar coat, or even a pair of Hungarian pantaloons, that were not braided. I think the fashion is very pretty, especially in colours. I met two gentlemen to-day, whose coats, of some material like brown holland, were braided with red; I admit that for males the costume was striking, but Hungary presents every variety of braiding.

The Bulgarians, and the Albanians, wear quantities of braid, and the fashion may have come from them, but the Hungarians have allied it to the costume of Western Europe, and I think that the appearance of the men will be improved if the fashion travels still farther to the west. They have, too, in Pesth open omnibuses, very comfortable indeed in hot weather, roofed, and with an arrangement of seats like a large gig fixed in front of an equally big waggonette. The

people of Pesth have an antipathy to hats of the tall cylinder shape, and such head-gear is very rarely seen in the city. Before Austria and Hungary were really united in the person of the Emperor-King, such hats were often smashed in upon the wearer's head, on the supposition, generally well-founded, that he was an Austrian; and I am told that in the back ways of Pesth the dislike to this description of head-dress still exists.

The streets of Pesth are broad and well-paved, but there is a conspicuous absence of elegance and refinement, and of that repose which is generally observable in the home of the large leisure class usually congregated in a capital. The shops look grimy and dusty; but there is an unmistakeable and prominent aspect of wholesale business about Pesth which looks well for the future of Hungary. The English agricultural machine-makers appear to do a great trade, but the chief miller is the Danube. From Belgrade to Pesth we passed some hundreds of floating mills, moored in the stream by which the mill-wheel is turned, one extremity of the axle resting on the floating mill-house, which is usually covered with wooden tiles, and the other on an open barge.

The old houses in Buda and Pesth all have high roofs, covered with dark red tiling, which has so good an effect above houses coloured pale-green, red, or yellow; they are far more beautiful than the modern

and more pretentious buildings which usually have no visible covering, in a climate where, during the extreme heat of summer and the severe cold of winter, a roof is most indispensably necessary. In the great warmth of midsummer at Pesth, one could hardly understand the need of the double casements which are fixed in nearly all the houses, nor believe that the Danube is frozen hard for months together in the winter season.

To Vienna, the railway accomplishes in seven hours, what the boat, labouring against the current, does in twenty-two; therefore we took the train from Pesth. The rail nearly follows the course of the Danube, which at the Hungarian capital is about 500 yards wide. Between Waitzen and Gran the scenery of the river is pretty, a repetition on a smaller scale of the country between Orsova and Bazias. Between these two scenes there are four or five hundred miles of country as uninteresting as it is possible to endure, excepting the cities of Belgrade and Pesth, the only points of interest.

When we arrived at Presburg, which has a strong citadel, and is rather a handsome town, I could connect the place with nothing but the *zwieback*, which, wherever eaten, carries with it the name of this border town of Hungary. The weather was very hot, and boys and girls who at the stations noisily vended "*frisches Wasser*" and "*frisches Bier*" did a great business. Our railway-

carriage had a looking-glass and table, comforts unknown on English lines, and, what is more important, plenty of leg-room, which prevented the doubt that must often arise in the mind of travellers in England as to whether their legs are their own or their neighbours'.

I think Vienna is a handsome city, with less puff and rubbish than either London or Paris. As in the French capital, a Londoner would be at first puzzled to find out where the poor dwell, for there are few small houses, and as in Paris, he would, if he cared to search, find them living above and beneath the rich, in the ground and cellar floors where the air is too much loaded with dust and smoke, or beneath the roofs where it is hottest in July and coldest in January. But this mode of living is far more wholesome than the London system, where the poor are confined in narrow alleys and noisome quarters, which no man of property is personally interested in keeping clean and ventilated. The life of Vienna wears a sober aspect, solemn and slow, respectable, and without the claptrap and the noise of Mammon which resounds throughout the English and French capitals. I would have more confidence in the honesty of the shopkeepers of Vienna, who seem less driven by competition to knavish practices, and whose taste in matters of dress and ornament is excellent for purity and intrinsic value. They appear less familiar with

the "awful sacrifice" and "*liquidation*" dodges; and while their prices are not so immoveable as those of London, their shopmen are not left with the annoying license to get what they can of the purchaser, a method which is the ruin of French retail business. The plan of the Austrian capital is peculiar in having one city within another, and a belt of green between the inner and the encompassing city. The street architecture of Vienna is imposing and uniform; there are any number of terraces with big houses five or six storeys high, less ornate than the new boulevards of Paris, with an infinity of windows and as regular as the ranks of the Emperor's Guard.

The Austrian capital is not rich in archæology. The inner town (*die Stadt*) is the heart of Vienna, and outside of it there is little that is worth seeing. There are, at least, two gems of art, the Church of St. Stephen's and Canova's monument to Maria Christina, Archduchess of Austria and daughter of Maria Theresa. In the formal German city, which seems to have natural antipathies to Gothic art, the elegant tracery and the slender, aspiring architecture of St. Stephen's are a welcome surprise. The crocketted spire rises out of a cluster of lesser pinnacles with beautiful proportion; a tapering mass of fretted stone richly worked to an appearance of extreme but not inartistic fragility, and the windows are canopied with the same richness of

design. There are a hundred fantastic tricks of art about this church to be seen nowhere else. The square angles of the projecting western doorway are not broken with quoins or buttresses, but at irregular intervals a stone is carved into a representation of some beast which supports the superstructure on its back, or bends its head round a dwarfish column which assists in sustaining the load. Around the basement are Christian scenes carved in high relief, and in many, no sense of the ridiculous has prevented the Viennese from crowning the blackened, broken figure of Christ with bright wreaths of artificial flowers, such as the girls wear upon their summer straw hats in the Prater.

In one very curious work Christ is praying in the Garden with a bright wreath of red flowers tied under His chin with blue ribbons, having between His outstretched hands an artificial bouquet. There is a representation of the Crucifixion, and in this scene, the head supported one of these too-gay wreaths. Near this crucifix is the pulpit of St. Joannes Capistrano, from which the saint is said to have worked wonders. We have no cathedral roof in England pitched so high as that of St. Stephen's. A Gothic church without a high roof is to me as painful a sight as "the flattened forehead of the fool," and I think the red roof of this Viennese church, diapered with white, green, and yellow tiles, one of the most beautiful features in the design. The

lines of the clustered columns in the nave are broken with canopied images at different heights, a plan which succeeds in giving variety where there is not much extent. It needed a great architect to make so bold an innovation successful from any point of view. In the aspect of the choir, the mellow beauty of the coloured glass is some compensation for the ignorant insertion of the Emperor's box, a dingy conservatory of glass and gilding, lifted up between two columns above the dark wood-work of the stalls, and surmounted by an enormous double-headed eagle clawing a sceptre and ball,—a sad blot upon the church, the interior of which seemed dirty and neglected.

In the Augustiner Kirche is Maria Christina's tomb, which Canova's genius has made famous. Probably you know the design—a marble pyramid, above the door of which is a medallion portrait of the archduchess borne by Felicity, a sweet aërial figure in robes, that, although they are of marble on marble, seem to flutter through space. Facing her, and also flying upwards, a young inhabitant of the sky bears a palm branch towards the lady, and beneath, in gilded letters, is the only inscription, "*Uxori—Optimæ—Albertus.*" The more important part of the composition is beneath. Upon the highest of three steps which conduct to the pyramid is a lovely feminine figure, with majestic sadness expressed in every fold and feature—with bowed

head and slow step, bearing a funereal urn into the doorway of the pyramid. Linked with her by a long chain of flowers are two young girls, whose slender forms and solemn drapery resemble the attributes of the larger figure, which represents Virtue bearing the ashes of the deceased into the tomb. The doorway is open, and nothing but black obscurity seen through it, against which the outline of these white figures is shown with wonderful effect. Behind them, on the lower steps, another graceful form—that of Benevolence—is leading an old man, whose shrinking limbs seem life-like with grateful effort, and an orphan child, to whom the artist's power has given an indescribable appearance of orphanage, while opposite this second group, to complete the composition, there is a youthful genius asleep upon a recumbent lion, his delicate limbs so carelessly stretched, so exquisitely moulded, that they rather resemble a petrifaction than a copy of Nature's best work.

The design is infinitely more beautiful than that of the celebrated tomb in St. Peter's, also by Canova, which, in certain points of composition, it much resembles. None of the masterpieces of Italy are, to my thinking, so endowed with life as this. The organ of the Augustiner Kirche was playing solemn music as I took my last view of the tomb, and really I could fancy that the figures moved in solemn procession—that the slumbering youth and the lion might awake at any

moment and adore the beautiful Virtues who are always moving to that magic portal.

The Burg, the city palace of the Kaiser, to which this church is adjacent, is an emblem in stone of the House of Austria. Beginning without imperial or architectural style, it has apparently grown by incongruous additions into a very large, if not a grand, palace. One part is like the Holy Roman empire done into stone,—that is to say, a mixture of Roman and mediæval ornaments; others, more difficult to describe, are in the St. James's Palace style of art. One "platz" of the Burg is almost blocked up with a colossal statue of the Emperor Francis I., and in another "platz" another emperor is riding in classic costume a bare-backed steed of bronze. We have at least one such monument in London. I never could understand why a monarch who was disreputable in his life should be made ridiculous after his death. Fancy George IV. riding in Trafalgar Square with bare legs on a bare-backed horse! I remember hearing a country boy say, as he looked at that statue, "He be a takin' that ere 'oarse to water."

The K. K. Burg looks as if each one of the incoherent provinces of Austria had made an addition to the original building; but the grounds in front of it are laid out by a master-hand. The palace stands upon the extreme border of the Stadt, overlooking the widest portion of the glacis or belt which divides the inner

from the surrounding city. At first, I presume, this space was kept clear for military purposes, to give the defenders of the Stadt full sight of their enemies; it is now devoted to parks and gardens and a fruit-market and fine boulevards. The handsome enclosure before the Burg is indeed included in the Stadt, and contains two colossal equestrian statues of bronze—one of Prince Eugene, the other of Archduke Charles of Austria—both on prancing horses, who only touch their pedestals with their hind-legs. At one end of this enclosure is the Kaisergarten, which no one may visit, and at the other, the Volksgarten, which every one should visit.

The Viennese stroll, sit in chairs that cost two kreutzers each, drink coffee, eat ices, listen to sweet music, quiz and flirt in the Volksgarten. There are no well-kept flower-beds out of England, but the gardening of this place is a good specimen of continental horticulture. In the Volksgarten, there is a copy in limestone of the Athenian Temple of Theseus, before which I watched groups of little ladies of Vienna playing childish games; and inside the Temple there is a statue by Canova of Theseus slaying a Centaur.

The Prater is not so well-behaved, nor so well-kept as the Volksgarten; there are no beds of flowers or gilded railings, no classic temples in the Prater, which is the people's playground, a place more rough and rural than Regent's Park, with beer-houses and swimming-baths

and shows of many kinds. I followed a stream to the Prater on Sunday afternoon, and the first object that arrested its flow was one of those maddening merry-go-rounds confined in a rotunda. The wife of the proprietor, who was probably engaged at the wheel, was revolving with the children on the wooden horses. With a heavy air, indicative of anything but enjoyment, she stopped the works to take in more riders, and then the crowd passed on to the next exhibition—a dance of marionettes. A laughing throng stood before a "Punch and Judy" show; with a comic scene in which a live rabbit was put into a coffin. Then there was an exhibition of waxwork, with a "sensation" tableau outside.

A veiled lady, dressed in tissue of silver and gold, wearing rings and bracelets that an empress might envy—if they were real—reclined uneasily on green baize, and before her, in an attitude which suggested that he had fallen asleep in an attempt to reach his toes, was a Greek, with fez upon his head and delicately-pencilled moustache. These figures remained stationary. But behind the Greek there stood a gorgeous Moor, with jewelled scimitar and grand turban, who in the space of every minute looked sadly at the lady, and then turned his head away and his eyes upwards, as though, stricken with this scene of infidelity, he was sorrowfully renouncing the sex for ever and ever. These two gentlemen were, I imagine, the equally-

favoured and equally-clandestine lovers of the lady. For at the side, the threatening figure of an old Turk drew apart the curtains, and looked daggers at the Greek and the lady, then wagged his head vengefully, and closed the hangings. As no one was content till he had seen the old Turk appear half-a-dozen times, and the handsome Moor throw up his melancholy eyes at least as often, the crowd grew dense before this exhibition, and would have been greater but for the bawling of a young man in front of the next shed, who flourished the waist-belt of a boy six and a half years old, big enough to enclose three ordinary men. The exhibition of this fat boy's photograph among the crowd, drew off the German mothers in flocks, who then gazed with stolid wonder at a canvas daub, showing a little woman standing behind a monstrous child with this speech above her head, which was not nearly so high as that of the child, "*Mein Kind hat nur sèchs Jahre und ein halb.*"

Farther on was a *Feuerwerksplatz*, with frames and platform, which, like most things arranged exclusively for night service, looked very unattractive by daylight, and near this, the cynosure of a ring of Viennese, in a netted enclosure, to be entered only by payment of fifty kreutzers, was a monster balloon, tugging at the ropes which held it to the earth, as if anxious to escape from the noise of the brass band, the "*hochs*" and

shouts and tobacco smoke of the heated crowd. While I was looking at the balloon, I saw a hare scamper from one plantation to another, which is good evidence that the Prater has at least some remains of rural character.

All these diversions I have mentioned, with many a *bier* and *gasthaus*, and a large *schwimanstalt*—a collection of floating baths in a muddy lagoon—are collected in the end of the Prater nearest to the town; beyond, there is wide space for drives and walks over roads and grass, full on Sunday evenings with streams of well-dressed people.

The higher class of Germans are certainly more noisy and the lower classes more quiet than their correlatives in England. If at a foreign *table d'hôte*, I hear any man making unusual noise, I have come to think he must be a German, and the rule is generally unfailing. But our soldiers are not such quiet fellows as the white-coated lads, who are conspicuous and numerous in every Prater group. This is the last year of the white tunic; at length the Austrians have discovered that no other colour affords such a prominent mark for an enemy's shot, and so it is decreed that no more white coats shall be made. Next year, blue will be the general colour of the Kaiser's troops. The beer of Vienna is potent; but I saw no drunkenness in the Prater; the *Fraus* seemed greatly to enjoy the holyday, and the

Fräuleins—the misses of Vienna—frequently displayed bare arms and necks, their out-door costume being only an addition of gloves and hat. Certainly a greater proportion of people in Vienna wear spectacles than in London, and all sorts of eye-glasses are very well made in the Austrian capital; I think it is possible that the greater demand is occasioned by excessive use of tobacco.

A more select, because more distant promenade is the palace garden at Schönbrunn. The palace quite accords with the architectural ideas of the Maria Theresa period in which it was erected. Its walls full of windows, covered with green sun-blinds, are coloured with a yellowish tint. I like its roof of brownish red tiles, but the situation of the palace, in a hollow between two sloping ridges, affords no variety of prospect. It is a heavy-looking house, grand with great size only, and not much more ornamental in construction than an old cotton-mill. There are handsomer barracks both in Constantinople and in Vienna, but it is the grounds of Schönbrunn which give an unmistakeable air of royalty to the place. On the entrance side of the palace there is a dusty courtyard, with guards and sentry-boxes, and not a tree or flower; but the opposite front looks upon a garden wide as the palace, bounded by straight walls of green leaves thirty feet high, extending in flat lawns, and paths, and flower-beds, for about a quarter of a mile,

to a fountain where Neptune, and sea-horses, and men with finny tails make play with artificial waters.

Behind this, the grounds, preserving the same open width, rise to a pavilion on the top of the hill, all the columns of which are seen against the sky from the palace of Schönbrunn. The gardens are badly kept, the lawns are ragged, the grass tufty, and the flowers, of the most ordinary character, are badly assorted. The oak and lime trees, the acacias and maples, which make up the green walls, have for years and years been clipped with almost mathematical precision, and in these walls, half hidden beneath leafy niches, are marble statues on pedestals, of which the general effect is more striking than individual excellence. From this grand central avenue, bowered walks radiate, and through their green arcades there are vistas, royal in their formality and stately length. Long lines of clipped trees always seem to me suggestive of royalty. It is more easy, I dare say, for you to follow the train of thought which connects the artificial reduction of trees with the artificial elevation of humanity than for me to disconnect it with explanation.

I do not think that there is much of the *moriamur-pro-nostro-rege* spirit remaining in Austria. Even in Vienna, the Emperor's movements excite very languid interest; but capitals are always ready to fight rather than lose the expenditure of an Imperial Court. There is no

city in Europe where the shop windows display so many elegant wares of high taste and latest fashion, with so small a proportion of rubbish, as Vienna. They have not the world for customers, like the Parisians, nor a very rich *bourgeoisie*, like the Londoners. The patrons of the Viennese tradesmen are a wealthy and highly-refined aristocracy, who are divided from the middle class by even sharper lines than those which separate London society. As Germans, the hearts of the people of the Kaiser's capital are with Bismarck and German unity, but as Viennese, better than national ideas and songs of *Vaterland*, they love the solemn magnificence of the Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Court.

The male sovereigns of Austria have never had much personal love from their subjects, and Francis Joseph, though he may have deserved it, is only thought of, and will only be remembered, in connection with costly disasters and imperial humiliations. Since the days of Maria Theresa, Austria has been divided against herself, because she has been composed of a bundle of provinces bound together only with chains of royalty. It seems that defeat and partial detachment have forced upon Austria the knowledge that the only chain by which peoples can be permanently held together is formed of links of self-interest, for throughout all the Austrian Empire there are new signs of vitality and increasing wealth, which seem to promise a more happy

future and a more stable power, because resting upon surer foundations.

When the monarchs of Austria die their remains are put away in the meanest vault that ever held the dust of a line of kings. In the *Kloster Gasse*, at No. 2, there is a door painted and grained in humble imitation of oak, with a fan-light over it in a yellow-washed wall, with a rusty hand-bell hanging at the side. It is just such a door as leads to the back-yard of many Viennese shops, and you would probably think the German was drunk with strong beer who directed you to No. 2 *Kloster Gasse*, as the entrance to the family vault of the House of Hapsburg. But if you wish to see the bronze sarcophagi which contain their Apostolic remains, you must ring this rusty bell, and perhaps an old woman, anxious for kreutzers, will answer to your call, as one such did to our summons, or perhaps a man in priestly dress will tardily arrive. The door opens into a plain corridor, connected by a rectangular passage with the neighbouring church of the Capuchins, an edifice with a whitewashed street front, in that pedimental style of chapel-building which the English Methodists have long since discarded, as being needlessly offensive to the sight. In this passage a door less imposing than that of No. 2 *Kloster Gasse* opens upon a steep flight of narrow steps, at the bottom of which, with the assistance of the attendant's taper, I saw

we were in a large, low vault, of which some part was comparatively light, and the rest, gloomy with obscurity —with a groined ceiling ill-cared for, patched with damp or dirt, the walls without colour, the whole vault without any architectural adornment, without any costly materials,—the meanest dead-house that ever attracted the footsteps of travellers.

The bronze sarcophagi of the earlier monarchs are generally of monumental size—railed tombs, with some appearance of immoveability. The largest and the highest is that in which the remains of Maria Theresa and her husband seem to rest in one broad coffin, above which their bronze effigies regard each other with stately love. Charles VI. has a grand tomb, and on one side of the sarcophagus which encloses his remains is a bas-relief, showing the city of Belgrade, with a battle raging in the foreground. But most of the Imperial and Royal dead rest in plainer bronze cases, which lie about the floor so numerous and so indistinguishable, that one is almost surprised to find even the monotonous voice of the attendant running off the names correctly, without a glance at the iron boxes. Most consequentially and most sonorously he raised his voice as he spoke of Maria Theresa; then he gabbled off the names of half a score; emperors, empresses, archdukes, and archduchesses, pausing as he touched the coffin of

Maria Louisa, wife of Napoleon "the Great," and again as he laid his hand on one beside hers, that of her son, the Duke of Reichstadt. The plate on his plain bronze coffin records that he was King of Rome, but it was left for his cousin, the present Emperor of the French, to name him Napoleon II.

Wreaths made of leaves, which we mortals foolishly call evergreen, were withering upon the simple sarcophagus in which lay the remains of the young Archduchess Mathilde, the unfortunate princess who was lately burnt to death, her clothes having caught fire by the lighting of a lucifer-match upon which she trod, —the proposed bride of Prince Humbert of Italy, whose marriage feast has been so lately celebrated.

Greener wreaths, fresh emblems of still more recent death, lay on a coffin placed apart, which we at once knew to be that of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. The first anniversary of his violent death had occurred but a few days before our visit to the Imperial vault, and the wreath of silver leaves which lay above his feet had but just then arrived from Brussels, a sad memento from the Empress Charlotte. Over where his head lay there were fresh flowers, and beneath his wife's silver wreath was the meeting place of three broad ribbons, the offering of his brother. Two of crimson fell one on either side of the coffin, and the

third, a broad white ribbon, lay over its foot, the gilded fringe of all three trailing upon the floor. If I can trust my memory, there was upon each ribbon three words worked in golden thread. On one, "The Unfortunate Brother;" on another, "The Good Christian;" and on the third, "The Noble Knight."

LETTER X.

Vienna—The Belvidere Gallery—"Apostolic" Majesty—German and Roman Letters—Ratisbon—Twelve Hundred Miles of the Danube—Wiesbaden—Mayence—The Rhine—Cologne—Eau-de-Cologne—An Unwashed Belgian—Belgian Iron Trade—The Land System—Rich Crops and No Waste.

VIENNA is not rich in works of art, and the Belvidere, which contains, the royal collection of pictures, is a gallery worthy of fine paintings. But the collection is rich in the works of masters of the Flemish school, and especially the gorgeous pencil of Rubens has made grand contributions. Nowhere, except perhaps in the unrivalled gallery of Madrid, is this great artist represented by more splendid pictures. There is little in Vienna, except the works of Canova and Rubens, to attract an artist, little to study in the works of others, and little of the picturesque to occupy his own canvas. The Viennese have no fantastic costume: they are generally a respectable, well-dressed people, with very ordinary and often ungraceful appearance—not enthusiastic—not fine-featured—a quiet, humdrum people, not very intelligent, not very moral, very Catholic, not

given to treason, and not caring much about constitutions or forms of government. They would be more moral had it not been for marriage laws, requiring money qualifications for matrimony, and under constitutional government they are beginning to manifest a wholesome impatience of priestly rule. I think Baron Beust, who is rather a bold man, would do well to counsel his master to drop the unmeaning epithet of "Apostolic" Majesty; it is quite enough, in all conscience, to be Imperial and Royal, "*Kaiserlich und Königlich:*" and if Francis Joseph can keep the crowns of Emperor and King upon his head, the care of them will be sufficiently weighty, without contending for Apostolic honours also, which, whatever they are, may well be left among the curious regalia of Rome.

In their trade announcements the shopkeepers of Vienna seem generally to prefer Roman to German letters, as being more widely known among Europeans. It would be well if this disuse of German characters were more general, were adopted in books and journals also: it would greatly diminish the difficulty of foreign intercourse, and, moreover, every approach towards international resemblance strengthens the bonds of peace.

At Ratisbon, nearly twelve hours after leaving Vienna, we were for the last time on the Danube, having followed up its windings for nearly 1200 miles. From Ratisbon to Mayence we crossed the interval between

the Danube and the Rhine. At Wiesbaden we saw "all the world and his wife" in the gardens of the Kursaal. To those who are careless as to its supports, and do not look beneath the surface to find the gaming-tables upon which Wiesbaden stands, it is a very charming place. At Mayence, there seemed to be thousands of King William's soldiers, generally very young men, and evidently in the early stages of their drill. It seemed to me that I read the weakness of federations in the motto upon the fortified gate of the citadel of Mayence, "*Cura Confoederationis Conditum* 1832."

What most attracted my attention on the Rhine was the amazing industry with which the vine-terraces are constructed and cultivated. As to scenery, the Rhine is prettier than the Danube. The view including Ehrenbreitstein with Coblentz is a scene that one recalls with pleasure, and the Crag of Drachenfels, among the Siebengebirge, is much like the hills about the Iron Gates. But every one knows the Rhine; we met the "Kickleburys" there in great force, and one stout lady of the family, who was making the return journey to Cologne, amused us by saying, as she offered her scent-bottle to her neighbour, "Do take some; I know it's good, for I bought it at *Ho-dy-Kalone.*"

Cologne has an evil reputation for bad smells, and deserves it; and I do not wonder that the nasty place was called "Eau-de-Cologne" by the stout lady, for

from the time we entered the town till our departure we were pestered by vendors of the famous "water." On the railroad between Cologne and Brussels I overheard a conversation which made me laugh almost noisily behind the *Independence Belge*. A sprightly lady dressed in black, who talked French and German most elegantly, was engaged in conversation with a young man, evidently a stranger to her, he, leaning forward from the red velvet cushions of the carriage across the open window:

"*Sur quel côté,*" the lady asked, "*vient la poussière, Monsieur?*"

"*Sur votre côté, Madame.*"

"*En ce cas,*" she replied, "*je changerai ma place, parce que je viens de me laver, et je ne voudrais pas être sale.*"

"*Et pour moi, Madame,*" returned the young man with an air of conscious gallantry, "*je ne me suis lavé du tout, comme cela la poussière ne me fera pas mal.*"

I remember reading last year with interest the letters of two gentlemen, who, for the public good, investigated the iron trade of Belgium, and reported in the columns of the *Times*. I felt at the time how completely they had ignored one great element in the success of the Belgians. But in traversing again the careful tillage of the country, among the patches of heavy crops and the neat cottages, I was more than ever convinced that the land system of Belgium is the foundation of her

great prosperity. In the Belgian iron trade, as in that of England, the fires grow cold sometimes for want of orders, but when this happens the Belgian workers are not thrown into misery, drunkenness, and vice, as are so many in the Black Country. And why? Because among the Flemish workmen it is the rare exception to find a spendthrift, just as in England it is the rare exception to find one who is careful and saving. The Belgian is brought up among people accustomed always to depend upon themselves. It comes natural to him when iron-work fails to give his hand to the land; if not his own, it is the little farm of his father, or brother, or neighbour, where he finds work and food. Let any one who is sceptical as to the productive success of small holdings take a walk through Belgium. I doubt if upon the most highly-farmed district in England there could be found such crops of wheat, oats, and potatoes; certainly upon no English estate is there so small an area of waste land; and if steam tillage should be found desirable, there are no hedges between the fields to render such a mode of cultivation impracticable with co-operative agriculture, which, when it is accomplished, will be more successful than peasant-holdings or the capitalist farmer system.

THE END.

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